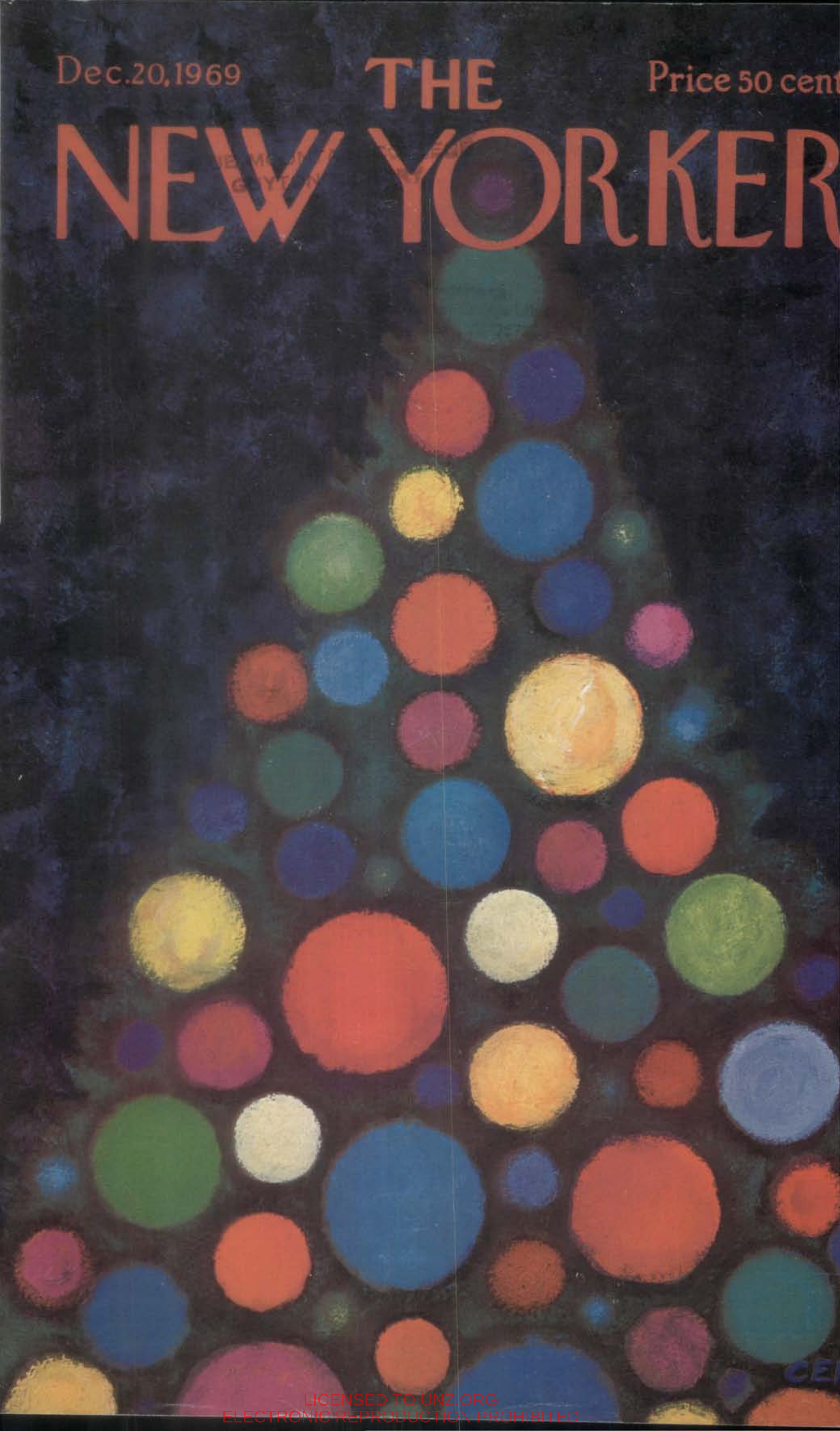
Dec. 20, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cent

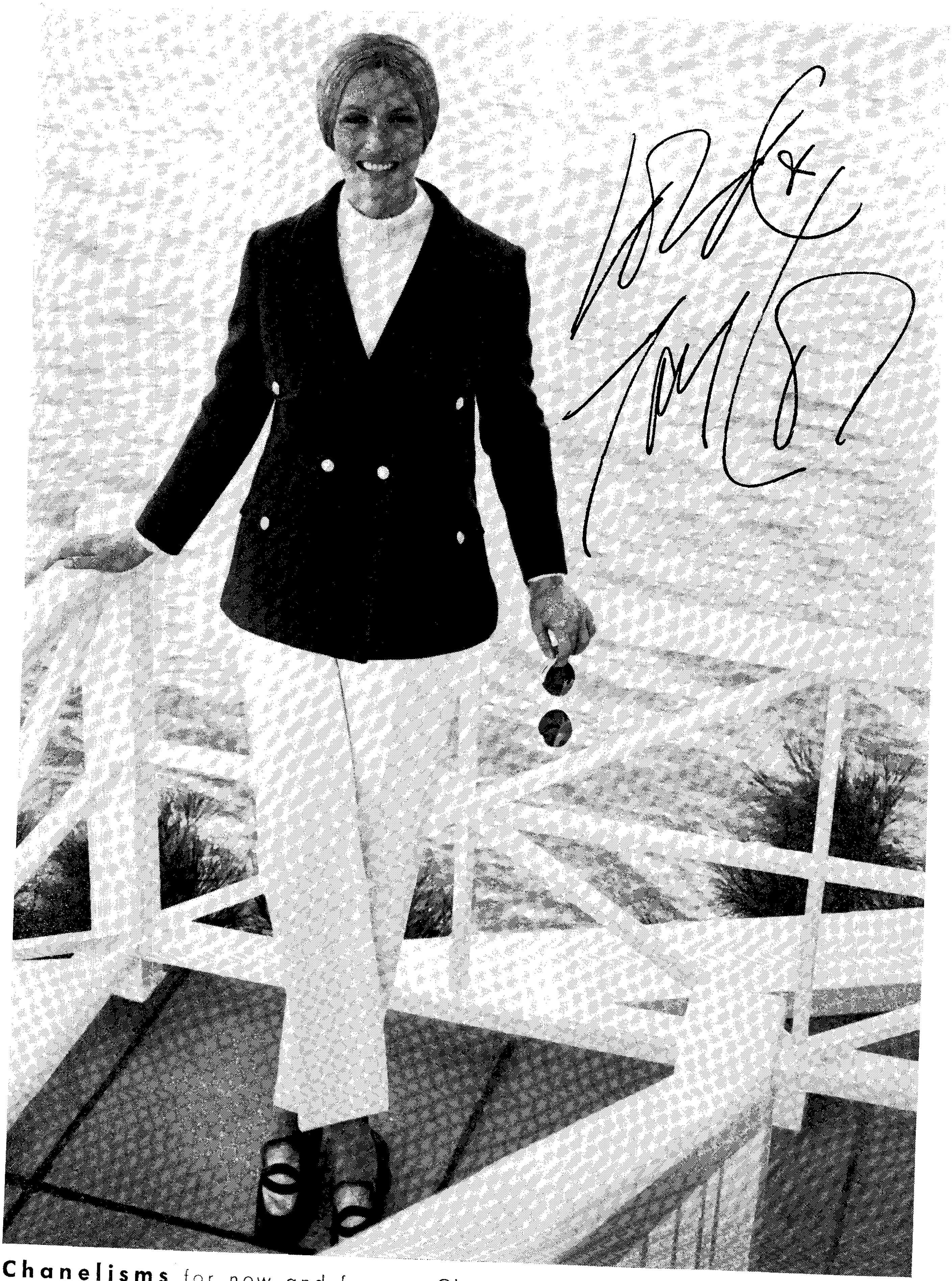


CORDON ROUGE
BRUT
G.H.MUMM & C°
REIMS
CORDON ROUGE

MUMM'S THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY • THE CLASSIC CHAMPAGNES OF FRANCE. G. H. MUMM & COMPANY, SOLE DISTRIBUTORS U. S. A. GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS CO., N.Y

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chanelisms for now and forever, Christmas included. Fastidiously tailored by Towncliffe in wool covert. Navy blazer and skirt, white trousers—or all navy or red. 6 to 14, 130.00 Suit Shop, Second Floor, Lord & Taylor, all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Christmas. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

And Puppy Dog Tails—An obsolete little comedy—all trilling laughter and hurt feelings—with the difference that everybody is a boy and naked much of the time. Idiotic. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brownstone Urge—A comedy by Gladys S. Foster and Allan Rieser. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 17. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—A slick and heartless little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. The best things about it are Keir Dullea, Eileen Heckart, and Blythe Danner. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Ceremonies in Dark Old Men—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. Edmund Cambridge has directed a new cast, with Richard Mason. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—A play by Charlie L. Russell. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Front Page—A Stutz bearcat of a play, driven at breakneck speed by half a dozen fine actors, under the direction of Harold J. Kennedy. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

Indians—Arthur Kopit is in dead earnest in espousing the cause of the wronged red man in America; the form of his pleading is a rip-roaring, funny-tragic Wild West Show, in which Stacy Keach plays superbly the role of Buffalo Bill. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Little Boxes—A pair of one-acters by John Bowen, each of them set in a house in London. The second, and by far the better of the two, is a traditional farce about a young actor who is hired by a couple of lesbians to impersonate both their beaux, for purposes of visiting parents. Tony Tanner is appropriately comical in the role. The first play tells a depressing (though mechanical) tale of left-over vaudevillians. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Love Is a Time of Day—Sandy Duncan and Tom Ligon in a comedy by John Patrick. Bernard Thomas directed. Previews through Saturday, Dec. 20. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 22. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Makbeth—A strenuous exercise, with moments of ingenuity here and there. All in all, pretty wearing; any resemblance to the Shakespearean original is purely accidental. Jerry Rojo's setting is a marvel. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 925-8712. Tuesdays through Sundays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:30.)

The Moon Dreamers—An elaborate put-on by Julie Bovasso. There are a few entertaining moments, but the unbroken facetiousness grows very tiresome. (Ellen Stewart Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 477-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Our Town—Thornton Wilder's dark and sunny examination of small-town life and death has been given an agreeable production by the Plumstead Playhouse. On hand are Henry Fonda, Mildred Natwick, Elizabeth Hartman, Ed Begley, and Harvey Evans. Directed by Donald Driver. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 27.)

Passing Through from Exotic Places—A trio of cardboard one-acters, but with a funny performance by Oliver Clark as a dishevelled Peace Corps volunteer. Ronald Ribman is the playwright. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Private Lives—Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford in a very successful revival of Noël Coward's marvellous comedy about bickering as the basis of domestic bliss. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—William

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"THE HILLIES" . . . . *John Updike* 33

"ANGEL" (POEM) . . . . *Bink Noll* 34

"A DREAM, DREAMED BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND 1 A.M., JULY 8, 1969" . . . . *L. E. Sissman* 36

"THE MAN WHO JUMPED INTO THE WATER" . . . . *Laurie Colwin* 38

"SEEING JUPITER" (POEM) . . . . *May Swenson* 40

PROFILES (BERNIE GLOW) . . . . *William Whitworth* 43

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 57

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 57

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 62

"IN HURRICANE CANYON" (POEM) . . . . *William Stafford* 70

"O TANNENBAUM" . . . . *P. S. Wood* 75

LETTER FROM MANILA . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 87

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 108

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Anthony Hiss* 114

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 119

COVER: *Charles E. Martin*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Charles Saxon, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Ed Fisher, Stan Hunt, Edward Frascino, Henry Martin, Robert Weber, Mischa Richter, George Price, Alan Dunn, Joseph Mirachi, Richard Oldden, F. B. Modell, Dana Fradon*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

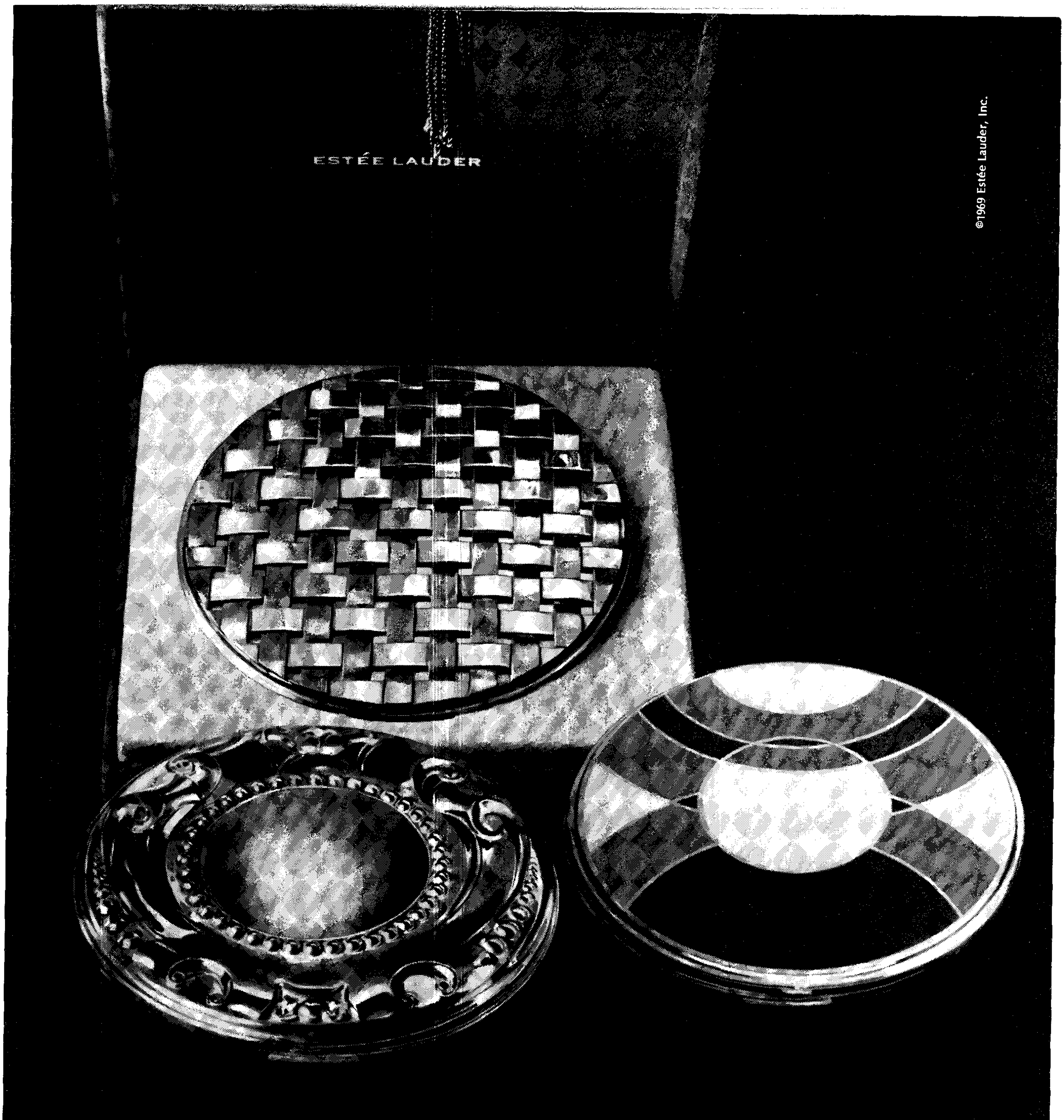
CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 44, December 20, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.



©1969 Estée Lauder, Inc.

The Super-Star Compacts

Estée Lauder presents three new supersize compacts—
The Heirloom, The Big Weave, The Art Deco—
to give you cinemascopic dimensions to beauty and the
best picture you ever had of yourself.
In four shades of pressed powder, $12.50 and $15.

Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saroyan's play of 1939, **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE**, is mildly amusing as a vaudeville; nothing in it can afford to be examined too closely, but a large cast keeps half a dozen minuscule plots in motion and makes an air of good humor take the place of wit. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 20.)... ¶ At the Forum *in the same building*—Václav Havel's **THE INCREASED DIFFICULTY OF CONCENTRATION**, a heavily ironic farce that aims at satire. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Christmas. Closes Saturday, Dec. 27.)

A Scent of Flowers—A fantasy in which the heroine is a girl recently dead by her own hand. Katharine Houghton is delightful in the part, and she gets strong support from John Glover and Roderick Cook. James Saunders wrote the play, and Brian Murray directed it. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve and Christmas, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2:30.)

Seven Days of Mourning—A play by Seymour Simckes, directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Slave Ship—LeRoi Jones' graphic and horrifying demonstration of life aboard a slaver. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Nightly, except Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, except Dec. 20, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Three Men on a Horse—Jack Gilford, Sam Levene, and Paul Ford in a pleasant revival of the nineteen-thirties comedy written by John Cecil Holm and George Abbott and directed (again) by Mr. Abbott. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)

A Whistle in the Dark—A play by Thomas Murphy that, with all its ups and downs, is consistently interesting. It deals with an Irish father and the effects of his blustering tyranny on his five grown sons. The performances, under Arvin Brown's direction, are exceptionally good. (Mercury, 134 E. 13th St. 228-2052. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT**: Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE BOYS IN THE BAND**: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT**: A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Christmas, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS**: A bauble that gives off a very pleasant sparkle. With Julie Harris. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **THE GREAT WHITE HOPE**: An account, by Howard Sackler, of the life of the great Negro heavyweight Jack Johnson, portrayed by Yaphet Kotto. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM**: Woody Allen has written a play for himself to star

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

in, surrounded by pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **PLAZA SUITE**: Three playlets by Neil Simon that defy you not to laugh at them, cruel as they sometimes are. Maureen Stapleton and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Coco—Katharine Hepburn in a musical with book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner and music by André Previn. Directed by Michael Benthall. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 17. Opens Thursday, Dec. 18. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St. W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jimmy—A musical comedy about Mayor Jimmy Walker and his unsavory political pals. No songs worthy of the period and no dialogue worthy of Jimmy, who was very smart. With Frank Gorshin, Anita Gillette, and Julie Wilson. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh! Calcutta!—A sleazy collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. There is some pleasant dancing and some loud music, and the performers are exceptionally comely, though what they do isn't. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promenade—A musical caper with an enchanting, witty, brimming score by Al Carmines, charming costumes and scenery by Willa Kim and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, respectively, and words—absurd and sometimes funny—by Maria Irene Fornes. The antics and mockery, which comprise the action, are entertaining, and the singing is good. Lawrence Kornfeld directed the stylish production. (Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Salvation—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

Sambo—A musical with a score by Neal Tate and words by Ron Steward. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein's First Reader—A revue adapted by Herbert Machiz from Miss Stein's work of the same name, with a score by Ann Sternberg. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays, Fridays, and Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Christmas at 3 and 8.)

Stomp—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS**: A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE**: A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Christmas.)... **DAMES AT SEA**: Another takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, this one about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Mondays through Fridays, except Christmas Eve, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Christmas.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: Silently, in a dream she had come to him after her death, her wasted body within its loose brown graveclothes giving off an odour of wax and rosewood, her breath, that had bent upon him, mute, reproachful, a faint odour of wetted ashes. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**: Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Harry Goz. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **HAIR**: A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!**: With an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30. After Saturday, Dec. 20, no performances until Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30, when the show will reopen with Phyllis Diller at the head of a new cast.)... **MAME**: Ann Miller is Auntie. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA**: Claudio Brook plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Brook at the matinée performances. Starting Monday, Dec. 22, Keith Michell will replace Mr. Brook. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays and Christmas, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES**: A musical starring Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Dec. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Christmas at 2:30.)... **1776**: A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN**: Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING**: As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path

The family Maxi-Brute
vs.
The family Mini-Brute

"For my family, the Maxi-Brute is perfect.
We all love it. It runs on peanuts
and I haven't checked the mileage,
but I think it's pretty good.
Of course, it only comes in basic grey,
but it's a nice even-tempered brute
and it doesn't get nervous in the jungle
which is important in my line of business.
All in all, it's great—
and if it was easier to park,
I'd recommend it to everyone."

India's Proboscidea Elephas
(The Maxi-Brute)

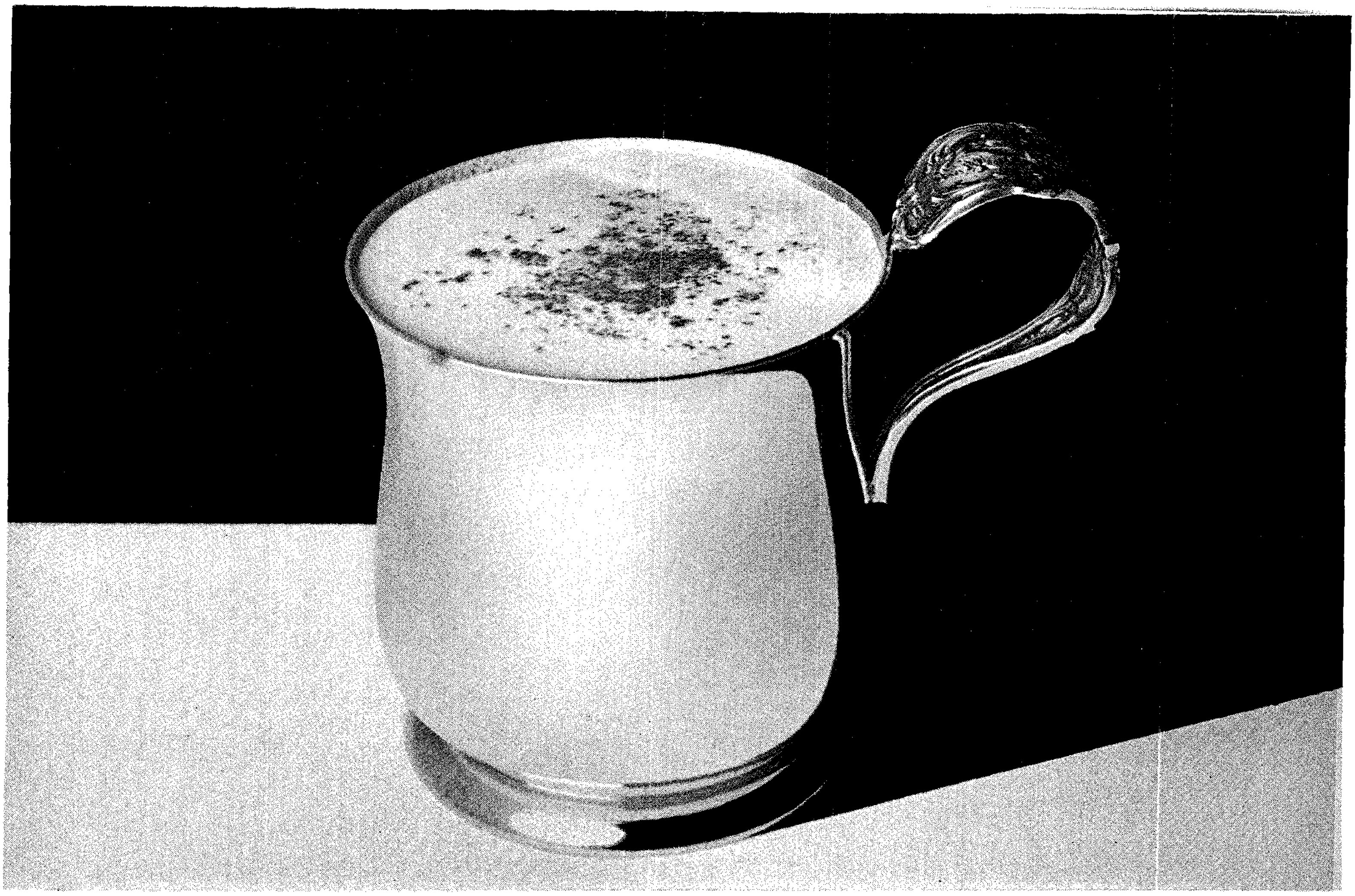
"For my family—for any family—my
Mini-Brute is perfect. It's GM's lowest-priced wagon.
It comes in seven different colors.
Look, it has room for five people plus lots of load space.
It gets up to 30 miles to a gallon of regular gas.
A fully automatic 3-speed transmission is available.
It has more dealers than
any other imported car. It has a 63 horsepower engine,
or you can specify a 102 horsepower engine.
And my wife can park it.
Do you know how fantastic that is?"

Buick's 1970 Opel Kadett
(The Mini-Brute)

1970 Opel Kadett Deluxe Wagon
(One of five Mini-Brute Models for 1970)

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION



THE CLASSIC EGGNOG.
IT'S MADE WITH RUM.
IF IT'S NOT MADE WITH RUM,
IT'S NOT THE CLASSIC EGGNOG.

Rum has had a great deal to do with making eggnog a holiday tradition.

Rum makes the smoothest of all nogs. Sure, there are people who mix it up with scotch and rye and bourbon. And just about anything. And people taste it and say, "Hey, that's not bad."

And it's not bad.

But a rumnog is good. And a Puerto Rican Rumnog has to be the best of the bunch.

Because Puerto Rican Rum is light and clear and dry. It's distilled at high proof. And aged. And purified. Puerto Rican law says it has to be. (You can buy several rums that aren't.)

You can mix 12 oz. of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum with 1 qt. dairy eggnog mix. Fold in 1 cup whipped cream and chill. It will serve 12.

But this recipe is better. Beat 12 egg yolks till light. Beat in ½ lb. sugar till thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a fifth of white or gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hours. Fold in 1 qt. stiffly whipped cream. Serves 24.

Try it.

We want your guests to say, "Hey. That's good. What's in it?"

PUERTO RICAN RUM

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 11. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 17-19, at 6:15; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:15 and 8:15; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1:15 and 5:15; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 23-24, at 4:15 and 8:15; Friday, Dec. 26, at 2:15; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2:15 and 8:15. Through Sunday, Feb. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Neither bitter nor the end, but sometimes a beginning for young talent. Its present occupants are singer Andy Robinson and a rock group called Morgen. On Thursday, Dec. 25, the James Cotton Blues Band and a folk-rock outfit called One will succeed them. Performances are at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Coffee and tea abound. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers. Closed Christmas Eve.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some worthy contemporary jazz on piano and bass from eleven to one, in a brick-walled setting that's conducive both to listening and to conversation. Dining. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Zoot Sims quartet produces some interesting sounds. Fridays through Sundays, singer Anita O'Day is around, too. Customers may wear open collars, and light Italian dishes are served. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-0505)—There's nothing special about this bar except the music. The atmosphere is calm, comfortable, and genuine. A group that at one time or another includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, George Reed, Joe Muranyi, and Marshall Brown plays Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—They seem a little confused about their epoch, but most of the paraphernalia recalls the eighteen-nineties. The banjo band—a pretty good one—plinks and plunks from the back of a fire engine, and now and then old movies flicker. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More banjos. More claptrap. More peanuts. A piano player at an upright and two banjoists perched on top. They play winningly from nine until three or four each night.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A frabjous sort of place in a somewhat vorpal neighborhood. A long wooden bar, some tables, and, beginning at nine, music by the Charles Mingus quintet. On Tuesday, Dec. 23, things will be handed over to the Freddie Hubbard quintet. Mondays, the place becomes the peculiar purlieu of Sun Ra and his Intergalactic Research Arkestra.

Tony Parenti's Club, 227 W. 52nd St. (JU 2-8370)—Hands across the Mason-Dixon Line are extended by Tony Parenti, Jimmy McPartland, Freddie Moore, Dill Jones, and Graham Stewart. The room is tiny, the bar is adequate, the sound is large. Nine-thirty until three, except Sundays and Christmas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs, starting at about nine-thirty, the Junior Mance trio alternates with the solo piano of Toshiko. Grilled dinners are available. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, the Miles Davis quintet will provide the music. Starting Friday, Dec. 26, the performers will include the Herbie Mann octet and Brute Force. Shows at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—It's in the basement. On Thursday, Dec. 18, the ebullient Roland Kirk sextet will begin playing nightly. Starting time is nine-thirty, in theory. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained-glass windows, candles on the tables, and convincing Southern cooking in an unlikely, deserted part of town. Non-disruptive jazz on piano and bass, from eight-thirty to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2020)—Small and sybaritic. Many of the furnishings—lowboys, chandeliers, paintings, and gewgaws—are for sale. Some of the records are oblique (one wouldn't be surprised to hear Beverly Sills singing "Revolution"), and the patrons look glossy and contented. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Christmas Eve.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-0570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—A Day-Glo tunnel, a wide-screen light show, and nook-and-cranny hiding places. Dancing starts at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at eight on Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds will come from Mocha Chip through Sunday, Dec. 21. Beginning Tuesday, Dec. 23, Chelsea Beige and Dreams will replace M.C. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, Shanana will be part of the scene, too. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Continental traffic signs are the motif, and neckties or the equivalent are expected. The recorded music doesn't really go anywhere. A fairly complete supper menu. Crowded on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and golden leaves (golden leaves?) are supposed to make you think you're in merry old Egypt. What Four, a group of singers and players, appears every so often. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A fabricated street lined with shops, a bar, an amusement gallery, and other small establishments. The trees are phony, but the records are real. Dancing from six to three except on Saturdays, when the doors open at eight. Closed Christmas.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—If you're looking for a place to dance to some now-type music, where you can just sit and have a beer and wear your old corduroys or your old velveteen, this might be it. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with the live sounds of the Elephant's Memory until Friday, Dec. 26, when the Silver Caboose will arrive. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's dark, small, and out of sight. Downstairs—below the street-level crêpe parlor that bears the same name—there are white cubes for tables, consistently swinging records, and swarms of coolly dressed people. (On weekends, the coolly dressed people swarm so thickly that reservations—for whatever they're worth—are needed.) Everything is all right.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): This fortress city, so long under two flags, is today under a third—a banner of not very strange devices, being the house flag of Billy Reed, once quartermaster of the Little Club. Music (mostly George Cort's band) from eight-thirty until three. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Calm views of everything are taken in the restaurant, even when Ernie Warren's light cavalry is on the bandstand, which it usually is until one or two in the morning. No sound, though, on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The caravan of Ray McKinley, nearly the last of the herds of buffalo that once roamed the West, has settled in to make music from six until two every night but Sunday, when the rule is one to eight. The other musicians can be disregarded, though only with Flents. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Functional City is just as good a name for this portion of *soi-disant* Fun City. But the floor is ample, and so is the music—a full house of Latin bandsmen and a pair of Up North orchestras. No—absolutely no—rock and roll. Eight until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until midnight, and Thursdays from two until midnight. The dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Damon Runyon may have slept here. Music, some of it live, but the mainstay is Rodney Dangerfield, who, twice every night and three times on Saturday, sheds his television skin to reveal in pungent words his true self. That is, he is as true as can be about the battered way of metropolitan life, and often as funny as can be about it.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—What Felicia Sanders sings could be soul music, but it's celestial, or Dover-soul, music, and often laced with outright humor. She appears once on Mondays, twice through the week, thrice on Saturdays, and Irving Joseph's threesome sketches in a non-overshadowing background for her. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., and whatever friends are on hand conspire; it is dismal when a quartet of itinerant rockers plug into the sockets. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

The Twelve Steps, 44 W. 54th St. (JU 2-2348)—Reminders of "Spoon River" and of "Our Town" are inventively woven into a remarkably soft-spoken rock musical by the musicians known as A More Perfect Union and by a few friends. At *nine and eleven, from* Wednesday through Saturday each week, in a minute crack in the walls of this big city. An adequate table is set.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent boy-and-girl miniature revue, which has a lot to say about a lot of matters, has a lot to be said for it, even though some of the skits get in their own weighing-in. The cast is industrious indeed, but moderate, except for a certain Pam Myers. Twice every night but Sunday and Christmas.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as a Mitteleuropa operetta—merry villagers, dancers, singers, brassbandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from six to *one every night* but Sunday. The provender is what goes with red cabbage and draft beer.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box accommodates, during the dinner and supper hours, the Continental (in the best sense) Tony Sandler, whose persiflage is fair enough and whose singing is all right. His format requires the employment of a straight man, though possibly one not quite *that* straight. The dance music, good as gold, is made by the orchestra of Lee Evans. Except for a holiday of its own (Sunday, Dec. 21, through Christmas Day), this operation will carry on through the standard holidays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The good life led onstage by Los Chavales de España (no alarums but plenty of excursions into song and dance) should set an example for all who do not know what to do with their own lives. The example may be studied during dinner and supper every single night. . . . ¶ Domingo Alvarado (voice) and Leo Rivera (guitar), the permanent party of the minute Flamenco Room, are men of affairs—of the heart, though, for which they are a perfect form of musicianship. Their lament begins at ten, likewise every single night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The home-from-college student body will be received—from Thursday, Dec. 18, on—by Oliver, a *non*-Dickensian singer nevertheless apt to evoke the response of "More! More!" from this segment of the clientele. The other trappings are even less Dickensian. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, the eastern border of Nevada, there is music from ten o'clock on.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The floral, and aural, displays are all hardy perennials: Bobby Hackett's silver-threaded horn and his band (Vic Dickenson in the front rank), and the trio of Teddy Wilson. *Many happy returns!* Six-thirty until two, and nothing at all on Sundays. No dancing.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—On Wednesday, Dec. 17, during supper, Roslyn Kind, half sister to Barbra Streisand, will open her young mouth for the first time in the Persian Room and in this town. From then on, she'll sing during both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will hum contentedly the evening through. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The music for cerebration in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ** comes from the quintet of Earl Hines, a truly most happy fellow and a most excellent pianist. (Mr. H. gets too much cyclamate into some of his passages, but he remains a great man.) The music for featly footing it comes from Marty Napoleon's persuasive triad. Dinner (and music) at eight; the music plays on and on, but there is no supper. No action for the week beginning Monday, Dec. 22, though. . . . ¶ The Space Age could learn a great deal by studying the lofty lineaments of the Palm Court. Piano and violin (Sandu Marcu) commune blissfully from four-thirty *until six-thirty for crumpets and tea*, and violin (nearly always Gunnar Hansen's worldly, Old Worldly one) takes flights of fancy from eight until *one* every night but Sunday and Christmas. . . . ¶ The Marcu flotilla also operates in the Edwardian Room, except Sundays, from seven until ten-thirty in general, but only until nine on Christmas.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Cozy Cole, whose drumbeats we rarely encounter anymore, is part of the Jonah Jones quartet, so the living is easy and the music is both forthright and cajoling. Ted Auletta runs a jolly threesome, and all goes well until Carmel Quinn, who is imbued with what used to be called "artistic inclinations," begins to sing. The music starts off at eight. Sundays are dark.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Who are Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Carl Fontana, and Gus Johnson, Jr., but (as they freely admit) the World's Greatest Jazz Band, which is willing to play not only for dinner, beginning at seven, but for dancing, until early morn, except on Sundays and Mondays? To keep the motion perpetual, the veteran and invincible Joe Venuti and crew (Cliff Leeman, Lou Stein, and Jack Lesberg) spell this juggernaut. Closed Christmas Eve.

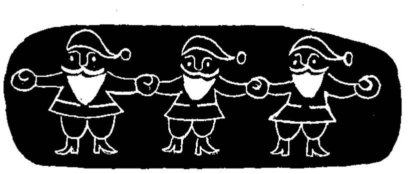
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Marguerite Piazza, who should come around more often, ends her sumptuous songfests (dinner and supper) in the Maisonette on Wednesday, Dec. 17. Next evening's arrival is Thelma Carpenter, a caroller who should likewise come around more often. The bands run by Quintero and Hal Turner will be staying on. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ La Boite, the across-the-way retreat for those who like to think things out in peace and quiet, is under the mild jurisdiction of Ernest Schoen's unobtrusive violin and Jules Kuti's unobtrusive piano. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons *consider the artifacts of the pop-music trade*. The dance music, amiable and equitable, is mainly in the hands of Charles Turecamo. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

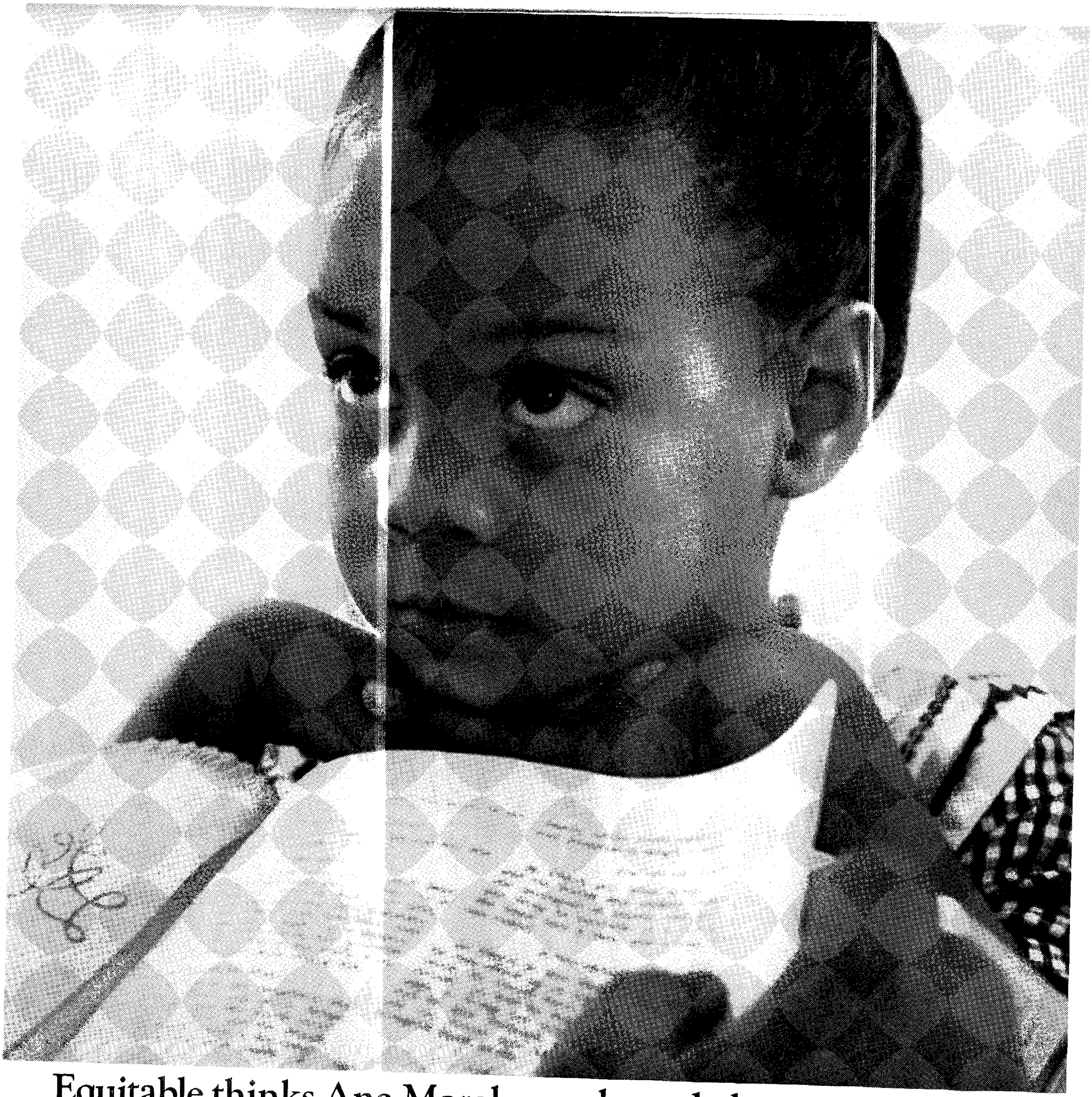
CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, the candidate for night mayor most likely to succeed, breaks out his voice, his piano, and his guardsmen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) at half past nine. It's nice work, and you can get it until two in the morning. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Coeducation can be beautiful on a campus as unperturbed as this one. The occasional music comes from the Pat Jones duo, which stays home Sundays. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Aged-in-the-wood Jamaican domestic architecture, aged-in-the-wood Jamaican rum, and a Jack-in-the-pulpit kind of itinerant calypso singer, who does his roundelays from dinner through supper every night but Sunday, Monday, and Christmas. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Housewarmings by the lady of the manor, Rita Dimitri, happen five nights a week (*no Sunday, no Monday*). A *docile* dance crew makes music during the evening, and at nine-thirty weekdays and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays Mlle. D. climbs to the roof of a piano and sings, Toulouse-Lautrec style, for friends and their guests. Closed Christmas. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Budapest Mon Amour. The tributes are issued by Tibor Rakossy (tenor and host), Béla Babai's gypsy encampment, and whatever other singers are in the house. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): *Schola cantorum*, in which the waiters double in brass tones and the diners frequently serve as spear- and tune-carriers. The amiable rumble takes place every night but Monday and Christmas. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In the bar of what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle sits Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Monday through Saturday in the manner of whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack. Closed Christmas. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, *who have no intention of moving on*. The music in this bar-and-grill comes from Muriel Roberts (her restrained jazz piano serves from five-thirty until nine-thirty Tuesdays through Fridays, from seven to nine-thirty Saturdays) and Scott Reed (his romance piano serves from *nine-thirty* until three Tuesdays through Saturdays). Both players are also given to bursts of song. Closed Christmas.



SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty at all about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. Herman Arminski, whose piano speaks the Romance languages, is there every night but Sunday, and the fiddle handled by George Cardini is in service from Tuesday through Saturday. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Where every prospect pleases—life in rural Umbria in the back rooms, life in a leisured New York in the bar, in which Lynn Mullinax, *from six to midnight*, except Sundays, plays his buoyant piano. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is a piano. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas. . . . **IPERBOLE**, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise en scène* is already 1970, but the music (Enrico Pianori's tenor and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one, and every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Angels, theatrical and otherwise, fear not to tread. From cocktails *until after-the-theatre* supper, the piano is in the hands of Dick Hankinson, who is on duty every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven-thirty and eight every evening but Sunday and keeps on until twelve-thirty or one; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Christmas. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, is doing his Viennese piano, and sometimes serving as lyrical town crier, in this elaborate conservatory. Eight-thirty until one-thirty, but not on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Walking-around music by an assortment of tireless serenaders, who are on their feet at the stroke of seven. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-



Equitable thinks Ana Morales ought to do better in school.

Ana could be a whiz—if she had the kind of medical attention most children get. But all too often, those who need health care the most, get it least—and last.

Equitable is disturbed by this, and we're trying to help bring about a change. By investing funds for health centers in low income areas, for hospital expansion, for nursing and convalescent homes. By contributing to health research and education. By helping develop new ways to bring health care to those who need it.

Whether it's health care…or a Living Insurance program for a family…helping people build a better life is what Equitable is all about.

THE EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
New York, N.Y. 1969
An Equal Opportunity Employer, M/F

JEWEL OF THE ISLANDS

Little Switzerland

ST. THOMAS ST. CROIX
ST. MARTIN ST. BARTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1000): Ray Hartley's piano, on tap from the cocktail hour until midnight, offers proof through the night that good songs are still being written. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): In his usual corner, Joe Miles conducts a whispered colloquy with his piano from nine until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Jacques Kayal, a Grande Corniche sort of pianist and singer, has carved out a corniche for himself in Manhattan. Seven to nine, except Sundays, and a playback in the Gotham Gate bar from ten to one, likewise minus the Sabbath. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY**, 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): Cabbages (the national Hungarian flora) and kings (of the gypsies, naturally) are what the dutiful musicians, led by Elemer Horvath, in this calm restaurant talk about from seven-thirty until three every single night.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas. Some are likely to close early on Wednesday, Dec. 24. . . . ¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

GALLERIES

DAVID ARONSON—Figurative sculptures and reliefs in bronze; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN BEGG AND JOSEPH SOLMAN—Drawings by the former and monotypes by the latter; through Dec. 31. (Feist, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.)

ELMER BISCHOFF—Figure paintings and drawings by this West Coast artist; through Jan. 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

ARNOLD BLANCH (1896-1968)—Drawings of landscapes and nudes; through Friday, Dec. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

MARC CHAGALL—Watercolors, drawings, and gouaches; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Abstract paintings suggestive of landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

WILLIAM DRAPER—Landscapes; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—A small retrospective of his paintings and sculptures, together with works by artists—Oldenburg, Christo, Tinguely, Yves Klein, and George Cohen—related to or influenced by the French "anti-culturist;" through Jan. 3. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

REMO FARRUGGIO—Paintings by a veteran New York artist; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Creative East, 53 E. 10th St. Weekdays, 11 to 7.)

HENRY GASSER—Watercolors of Italian, Greek, and French subjects by a member of the National Academy; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

DOMENICO GNOLI—Paintings and sculptures of hyper-realistic details of human bodies and clothing; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ARSHILE GORKY (1904-48)—A hundred and fifty drawings related to important themes in the artist's work; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

TONY HARRISON—Large color abstractions; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILL INSLEY—Scale models, drawings, and photographs of terrestrial projects; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St.)

KEN KAMIHIRA—Landscapes of Spain and figure compositions; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Sculptured canvases of basketball players, based on photographs; through Dec. 31. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL KNATHS—Paintings done between 1950 and 1960; through Jan. 3. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

ROBERT KULICKE—Paintings of roses in a precise style; through Dec. 31. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ISADORE LEVY—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 31. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Eight sculptures by the Belgian Surrealist; through Jan. 10. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27.)

GRANDMA MOSES (1860-1961)—Home to Grandma for Christmas; through Dec. 30. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Black wall sculptures and columns; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes of upper New York State; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ENZO PLAZZOTTA—Romantic portraits and figure sculptures; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

ATTILIO SALEMME (1911-55)—Oils, drawings, and watercolors of Abstract fantasies; through Jan. 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD SERRA—Large objects made of lead; through Jan. 10. (Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

LEON POLK SMITH—"Constellations" of shapes by one of the first American hard-edge painters; through Saturday, Dec. 27. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARGARET STARK—Drawings, watercolors, constructions, and assemblages; through Jan. 3. (Benevy, 1317 First Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays; open Tuesday evenings and also Wednesday, Dec. 17, until 8.)

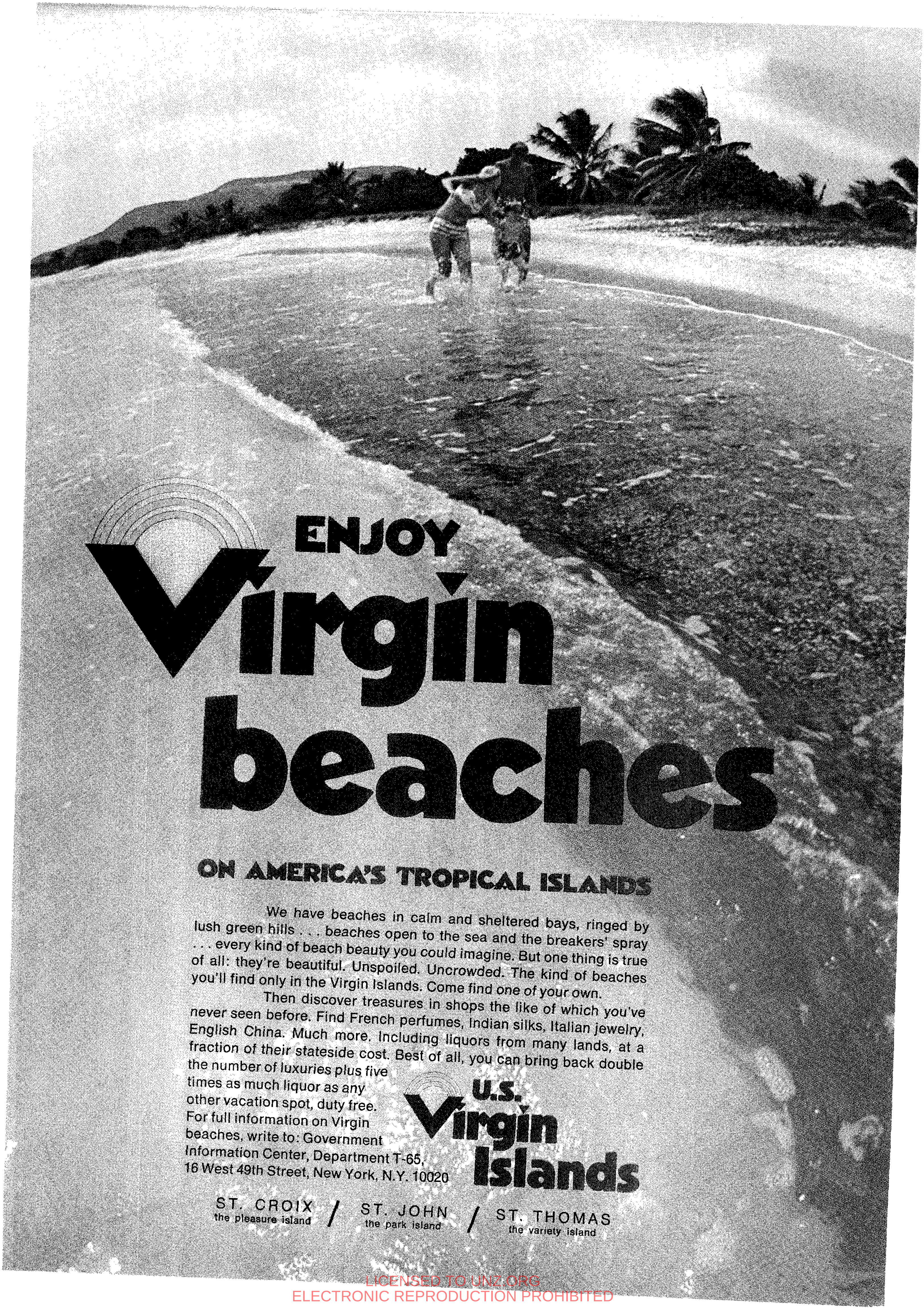
CLYFFORD STILL—The first show in twenty years of paintings (these done between 1947 and 1966) by this leading Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 3. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Tonal compositions in acrylic, making use of the oval form; through Saturday, Dec. 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ABRAHAM WALKOWITZ (1878-1965)—Watercolors of New York skyscrapers by an important American modernist; through Jan. 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN WESLEY—Paintings of everyday subjects with a comic-book slant; through Friday, Dec. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by about twenty-five artists, among them Ernest Briggs, Charles E. Martin, and Sybil Wilson; through Jan. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **BYRON**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: More than fifty paintings, drawings, and sculptures by leading Surrealists; through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **CARAVAN**, 132 E. 65th St.: Puerto Rican *santos;* through Jan. 6. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Four Latin-American artists working in advanced modes; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and objects by Arman, Man Ray, Steinberg, Ossorio, Bearden, Warhol, and others, on the theme of the hat block; through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and objects of pre-Columbian and colonial Peru; through Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Dada and Surrealist drawings; through Jan. 3. . . . **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Works on paper by such artists as Balthus, Brauner, de Kooning, and Klee; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and graphics by artists of the first three decades of the century, featuring John Sloan, and with Glackens, Bacon, and Biehl, among others; through Saturday, Dec. 27. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent drawings by Picasso, together with drawings by González, Gris, Klee,



ENJOY Virgin beaches

ON AMERICA'S TROPICAL ISLANDS

We have beaches in calm and sheltered bays, ringed by lush green hills . . . beaches open to the sea and the breakers' spray . . . every kind of beach beauty you could imagine. But one thing is true of all: they're beautiful. Unspoiled. Uncrowded. The kind of beaches you'll find only in the Virgin Islands. Come find one of your own.

Then discover treasures in shops the like of which you've never seen before. Find French perfumes, Indian silks, Italian jewelry, English China. Much more. Including liquors from many lands, at a fraction of their stateside cost. Best of all, you can bring back double the number of luxuries plus five times as much liquor as any other vacation spot, duty free.

For full information on Virgin beaches, write to: Government Information Center, Department T-65, 16 West 49th Street, New York, N.Y. 10020

U.S. Virgin Islands

ST. CROIX
the pleasure island
/
ST. JOHN
the park island
/
ST. THOMAS
the variety island

Luxury, Italian Style.
IMPORTED
V.S.O.P.
10 YEARS OLD
BRANDY
STOCK
4/5 QUART
80 PROOF
IMPORTED
STOCK '84
BRANDY
DISTILLED AND AGED IN ITALY BY
Distillerie Stock
TRIESTE
PRODUCT OF ITALY

Seductively priced at about $5. Let yourself be lured just once and discover how to enjoy imported brandy the way brandy lovers do. The taste of Stock '84 is pure 10-year-old luxury. An experience in pleasure whether straight, on-the-rocks, in your favorite cocktail or with soda. Try Stock Imported Brandy today. It's luxury, Italian-style.

That's why it's the world's largest-selling brandy.

STOCK
IMPORTED BRANDY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Léger; through Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Art produced by light effects, gas pressures, motions, and sounds; through Jan. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Twentieth-century American and European paintings and sculptures by Arp, Beckmann, Burchfield, Hopper, Hofmann, Marin, and others; through Wednesday, Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.)

SCULPTURE—Works by new members; through Dec. 30. (Sculptors Guild, 797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—More than four hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings by forty-three Americans chosen by the curator of the Department of Contemporary Art as having determined the direction of art in the past thirty years; through Feb. 1. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Photographs by Eugène Atget (1856-1927); through March 22. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Dec. 18, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty sculptures and twenty-three drawings by the major twentieth-century sculptor Constantin Brancusi (1876-1957); through Feb. 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and forty-three painters, more than half of them under thirty-five, represented by one work each in this thirty-eighth Whitney Annual; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Martin J. Heade, a nineteenth-century itinerant painter of landscapes, portraits, and tropical birds and flowers; through Sunday, Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Geometric abstractions and shaped canvases by Alvin D. Loving, Jr., a Detroit artist who has been shown in Afro-American exhibitions; starting Friday, Dec. 19. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of drawings by selected members of the Hudson River School, among them Church, Cole, Durand, and Kensett; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-one works (by, for instance, Raymond Saunders, Sidney Goodman, Lowell Nesbitt, Hans Moller, and Stefano Cusumano) eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by Institute members; through Tuesday, Dec. 23. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM OF DESIGN, Third Ave. at 7th St.—A Rembrandt anniversary-celebration exhibition of etchings from all periods of the artist's printmaking, and running concurrently with his show at the Morgan Library; through Jan. 20. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—The fourth in a series of exhibits presenting the processes by which contemporary works are created; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Sixty-six anonymous paintings from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth; through Jan. 20. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—One work each in plastic materials by forty-nine artists, among them Louise Nevelson, Frank Gallo, Les Levine, and Rockne Krebs; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Landscape drawings by Anna Ticho, an Israeli octogenarian who works exclusively in this medium; through Jan. 11. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and fifteen etchings by Rembrandt being shown on the three-hundredth anniversary of his death and running concurrently with a similar exhibition at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 9:30 to 5. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 3.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A handsome display, with room settings, of handicrafts of the Shaker sect, designed to portray the Shaker "order of Christmas;" through Jan. 4. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures that create sound, among other sound-creating mediums; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Two hundred objects, mostly from Africa, including ivory figures and fetishes; through Feb. 8. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A family Christmas scene of 1850, complete with furnishings, Christmas-tree ornaments, toys, and mannequins dressed in costumes of the period; through Jan. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Ninety paintings and drawings by Oscar Bluemner (1876-1938), prominent American colorist; through March 8. . . . ¶ A private collector's hundred and fifty drawings, watercolors, and pastels of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Jan. 25. . . . ¶ The story in images, sounds, and words of the migration of child refugees to Israel and of their life there; through Jan. 18. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A series of paintings by Jacob Lawrence on the subject of Toussaint l'Ouverture, the Haitian revolutionist; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Fourteen black artists from Boston; through Jan. 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1011. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

THE PLAY OF DANIEL and **THE PLAY OF HEROD**—The last in a series of performances of two twelfth-century musical dramas presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast includes singers, players, and actors. "The Play of Daniel": Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7 and 9:15. . . . ¶ "The Play of Herod": Friday, Dec. 19, at 7, and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 7 and 9:15. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 139 W. 46th St. For information about tickets, which will not be on sale at the church, call 874-7713.)

HELP, HELP, THE GLOBOLINKS! and **AMAHL AND THE NIGHT VISITORS**—Opening performances of a two-week engagement of a double bill by Gian Carlo Menotti that will run through Sunday, Jan. 4. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8980. Monday, Dec. 22, at 7:45, a benefit performance; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 5:15; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

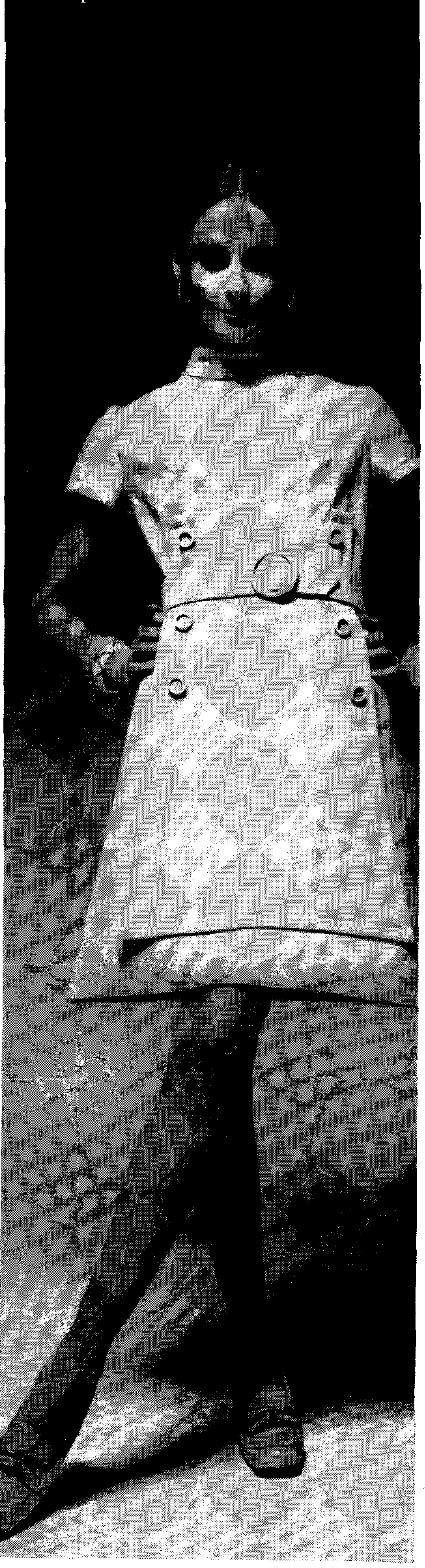
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Istvan Kertesz conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.) After a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts on Wednesday, Dec. 31.

CLARION CONCERT—Newell Jenkins conducting a repeat performance of Simone Mayr's opera "Medea in Corinto" in concert form, with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weis-

VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Here's a marvelous bit of resort architecture. Our apron-front dress is perfectly shaped and seamed, and spiffed with buttons and belt. Made of crisp fibranne rayon bonded to acetate, in pink or yellow, for 4 to 14 sizes, $50. Young Elite® Dress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.



This is the cologne you splash on.
After a bath. After a shower.
Any time you need a lift.
(Men also use it as an after shave.)
This is the refreshant cologne.
Made to refresh you.

№4711 The Refreshant Cologne.

Made, bottled and sealed in Cologne—the city of 4711. Also available in Canada.
Sole Distributor: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

1025

berg conducting, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; and Richard Frisch, baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8:30.)

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting a series of programs, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Leonard Rose, cello; Isaac Stern and the conductor, violin; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 24, at midnight; Saturday, Dec. 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, Dec. 28, at 3.)

Mannes Chorus and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing. (Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, 316 E. 88th St. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 9. No tickets necessary.)

Mount Holyoke Chamber Singers—Tamara Knell directing a Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. Tickets at the Parish House on the night of the concert.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with soloists and a chamber orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the last three in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 21, and Saturday, Dec. 27, both at 8.)

Sing-In at Philharmonic Hall—Handel's "Messiah," directed (seriatim, fortunately) by twenty-two directors, including Joseph Eger, Ralph Hunter, and David Randolph. Joan Summers, soprano; Kerry McDevitt, bass; Frederick Swann, organ; and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord, will appear as soloists, and the audience itself will serve as the chorus. (Monday, Dec. 22, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Albert Anglberger directing the first in a series of seven concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

Note—On Saturday, Dec. 20, at noon, the New York University Chorus and Choir, plus brass ensembles, directed by E. Jon de Revere, will present a concert of Christmas music in the plaza below the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree.

RECITALS

Hilde Somer—Piano, in an all-Scriabin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Conducting the International Bach Society Orchestra and acting as piano soloist in the last in a series of all-Bach programs. With James Oliver Buswell IV, violin, and Paula Robison, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

John Browning—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8:30.)

Hélène Bachelet—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Evenings for New Music—The first in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss and Lejaren Hiller, this one devoted to the music of David Jones, Arne Nordheim, Robert Cantrick, and Istvan Anhalt. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 18, at 8:30.)

Festival Winds—The last in a series of programs of woodwind chamber music. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8:40.)

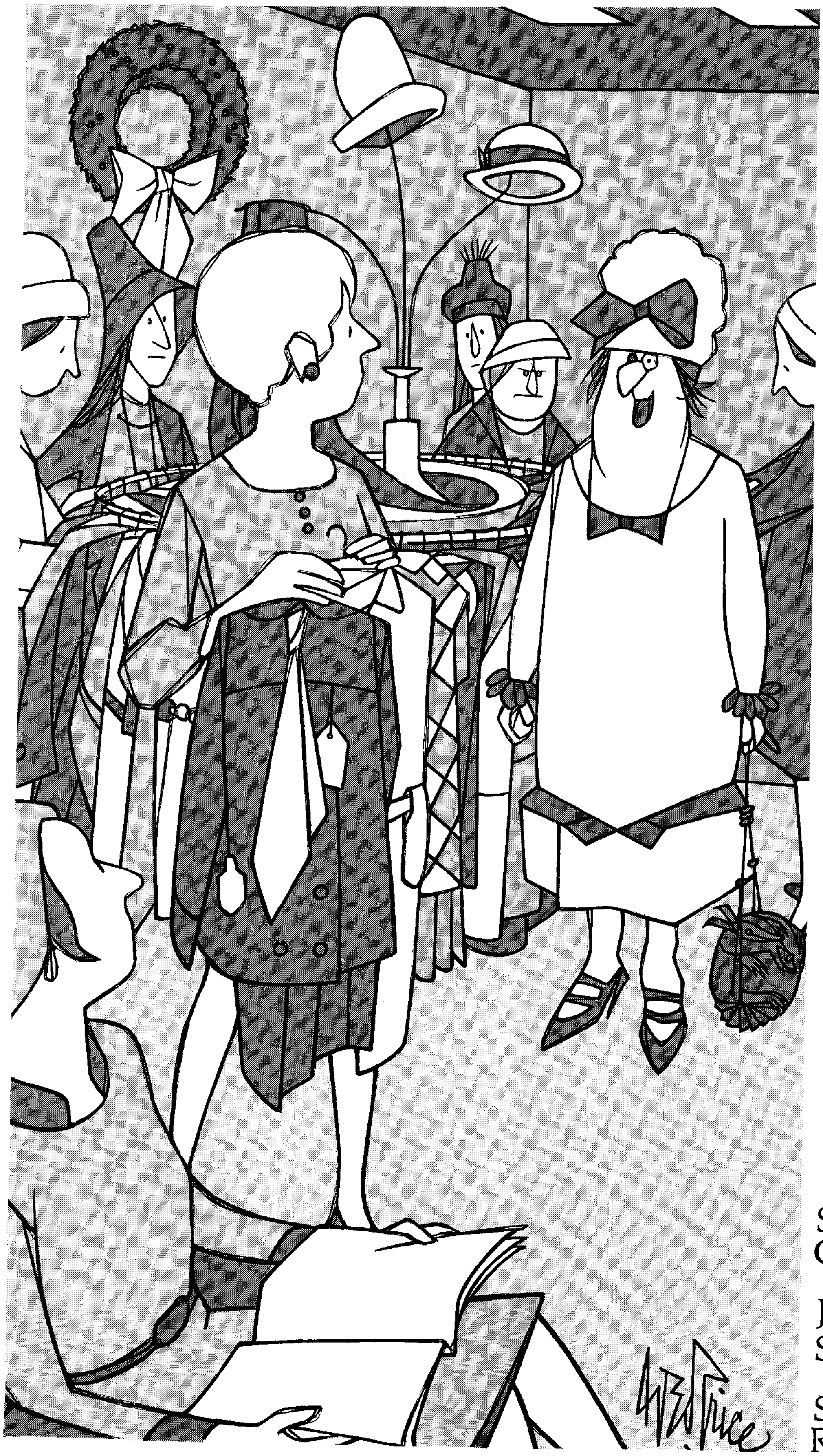
National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Henry Hadley and Edmund Haines, performed by Zita Carno, piano; Sue Kahn, flute; Catherine Malfitano, soprano; Edward Zeigman, bassoon; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30. A limited number of free tickets will be available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after noon on the day of the performance.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Janis Joplin and the Paul Butterfield Blues Band—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Dec. 19, at 8.

Byrds, the Nice, and Sons of Champlin—Fillmore

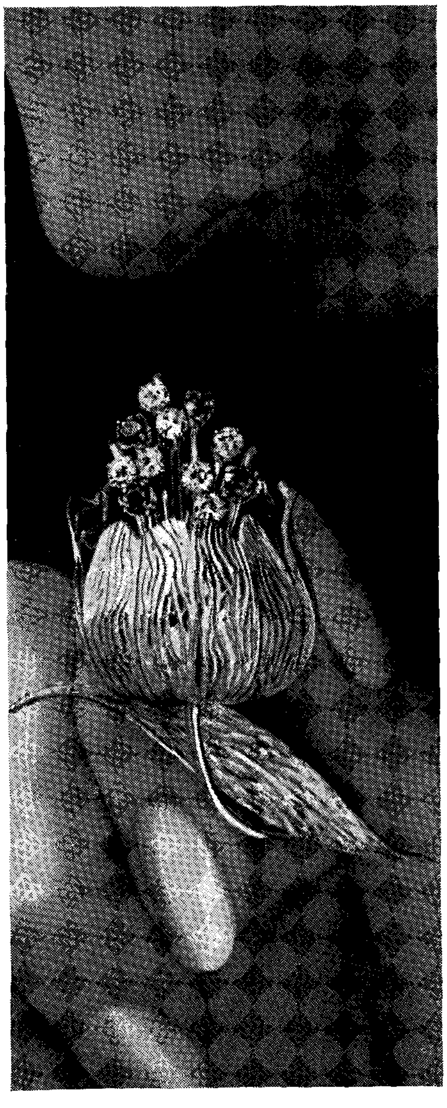
"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."



Season's
Greetings
from
Jerry
Silverman
and
Shannon
Rodgers

The eternal bloom

Traveling in the East, a European adventurer noticed an enchanting bell-shaped flower growing wild in Persia. He introduced the flower, called a tulip, to Western Europe; and by the early 17th century, it became so important that fortunes were speculated on its harvest. Our pin captures the exotic form and grace of the Persian tulip that delighted Europe. It is handcrafted of 18k gold with stamens exaggerated in precious stones. Diamonds alone or diamonds with rubies, sapphires or emeralds. In the Gold Room, it begins at $575.



Cartier
Fifth Avenue and 52/New York 10022
Palm Beach/Chicago

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 19-20, at 8 and (plus Dion) at 11:30.

JUDY COLLINS—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 20, a benefit concert, and Sunday, Dec. 21, both at 8:30.

THE BAND AND TOM RUSH—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 8 and 11.

BLOOD, SWEAT & TEARS, APPALOOSA, AND ALLMAN BROTHERS—Fillmore East. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 26-28, at 8 and 11:30.

ARLO GUTHRIE—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.

MODERN JAZZ QUARTET—Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.

PAUL BLEY AND THE MOOG SYNTHESIZER—With Annette Peacock. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 26, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 20, at 8: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 25, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Detroit.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs in a semifinal playoff game for the American Football League Championship. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Dec. 20, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 21, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Oakland. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.

RACING—At Laurel, Md.: Weekdays, except Monday through Thursday, Dec. 22-25, at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 3.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championship—Tournament matches, Saturday, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Semifinals and finals, Sunday, Dec. 21. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. Matches begin at about 10. No tickets necessary. Women admitted only after noon.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—"Help, Help, the Globolinks!" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors," two one-act operas by Gian Carlo Menotti. Opening performances of a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Monday, Dec. 22, at 7:45, a benefit performance; Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 5:15; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30 and 8.) . . . ¶ The Vienna Choir Boys, directed by Albert Anglberger. The first in a series of seven concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 27, at 2.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 20-21, and Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 24-27, at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturdays at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Sundays at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Dandelion." (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Saturday through Tuesday, Dec. 20-23, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2 and 4.) . . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Alice Through the Looking Glass," Tuesday, Dec. 23, at 7:30, and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 1:30 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Friday, Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 3:30. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.) . . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS:** "Mother Goose Go-Go." (Helen Hayes Theatre, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Christmas at 3; Friday, Dec. 26, at 12:30 and 3; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 12:30, 3, and 6.) . . . **PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION:** "The Taming of the Shrew." (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 26-27, at 2 and 3:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Christmas, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ "Christmas in My Country," a display of paintings done by forty-five children from various countries around the world; through Jan. 11. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "The Sky at Christmas." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 17-19, at 2 and 3:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 22-23, at 2 and 3:30; Wednesday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4; Friday, Dec. 26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Saturday, Dec. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

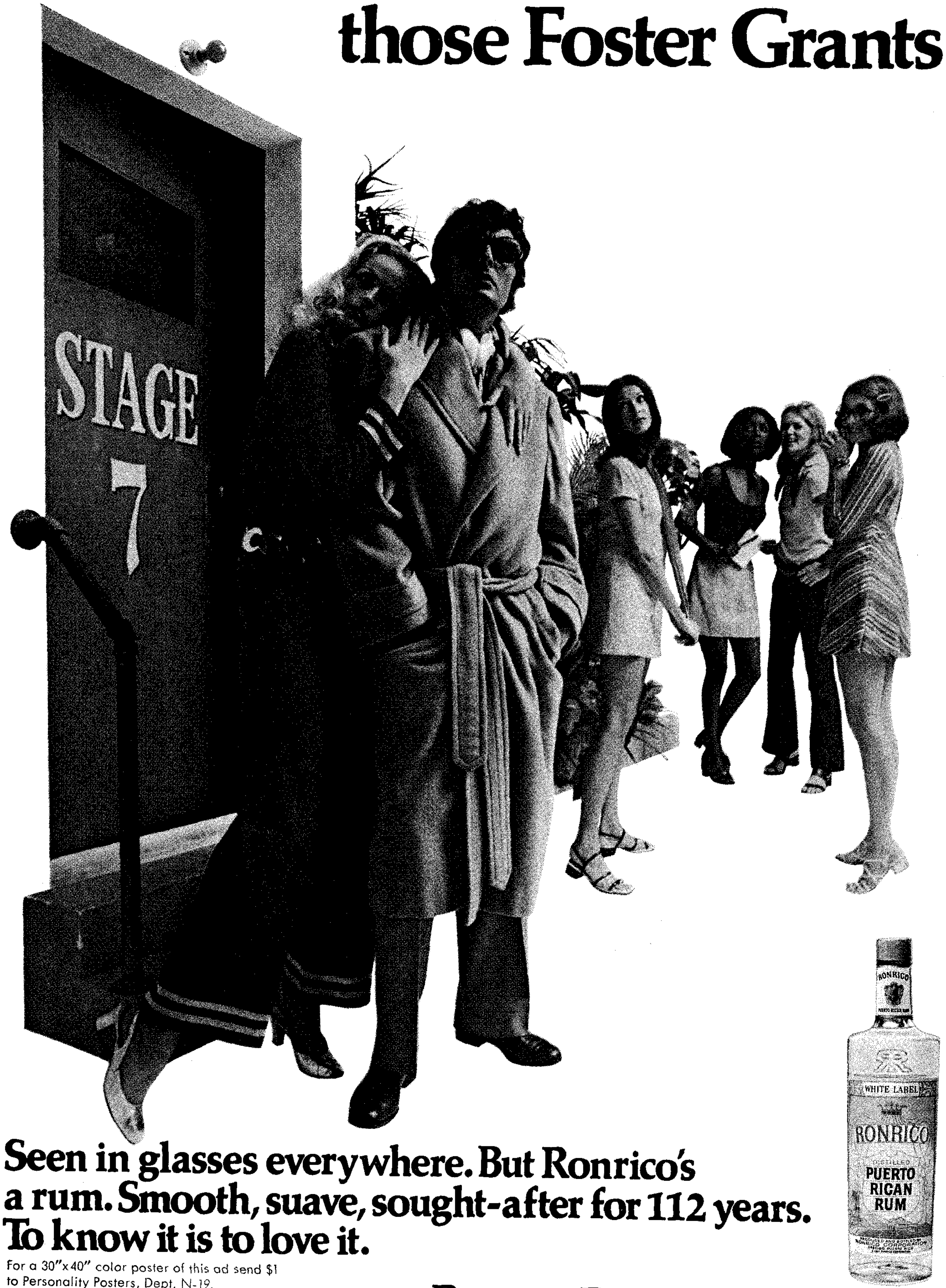
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but *only to those applying for them in* person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 24-26. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily, except Wednesday, Dec. 24, and Christmas.

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 1:45: Old-master and nineteenth-century paintings, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 8: Modern drawings by such artists as Utrillo, Chagall, Seurat, and Dali; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 19, at 1:45: French paperweights and English and Continental glass, from various owners. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 17-18, from 10 to 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 *W. 53rd St.—Dec. 17 at 2 and 5:30:* Outtakes from Robert Flaherty's "Louisiana Story." . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 2 and 5:30: Four films by Donald Richie. . . . ¶ Dec. 18 at 8: "Duet for Cannibals" (1969), in Swedish, written and directed by Susan Sontag. . . . ¶ Dec. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Sixteen-½" (1969) and "Appalachia: Rich Land, Poor People" (1969). . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 11:30: "Joyless Street" (1925), a German film, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Greta Garbo. . . . ¶ Dec. 20 at 3 and 5:30: "Second Chance" (1969), with members of Phoenix House. . . . ¶ Dec. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "My Girlfriend's Wedding" (1969), a Jim McBride film. . . . ¶ Dec. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Hildur and the Magician" (1969), a Larry Jordan film. . . . ¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Three" (1969), a James Salter film. . . . ¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Louisiana Story" (1948), a Robert Flaherty film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last five programs in a series called "The Films of Humphrey Bogart": Dec. 17, "The Caine Mutiny" (1954); Dec. 18, "The Petrified Forest" (1936); Dec. 19, "The Maltese Falcon" (1941); Dec. 20, "Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948); Dec. 21, "The Big Sleep" (1946). . . . ¶ Dec. 24: Eight Road Runner cartoons. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

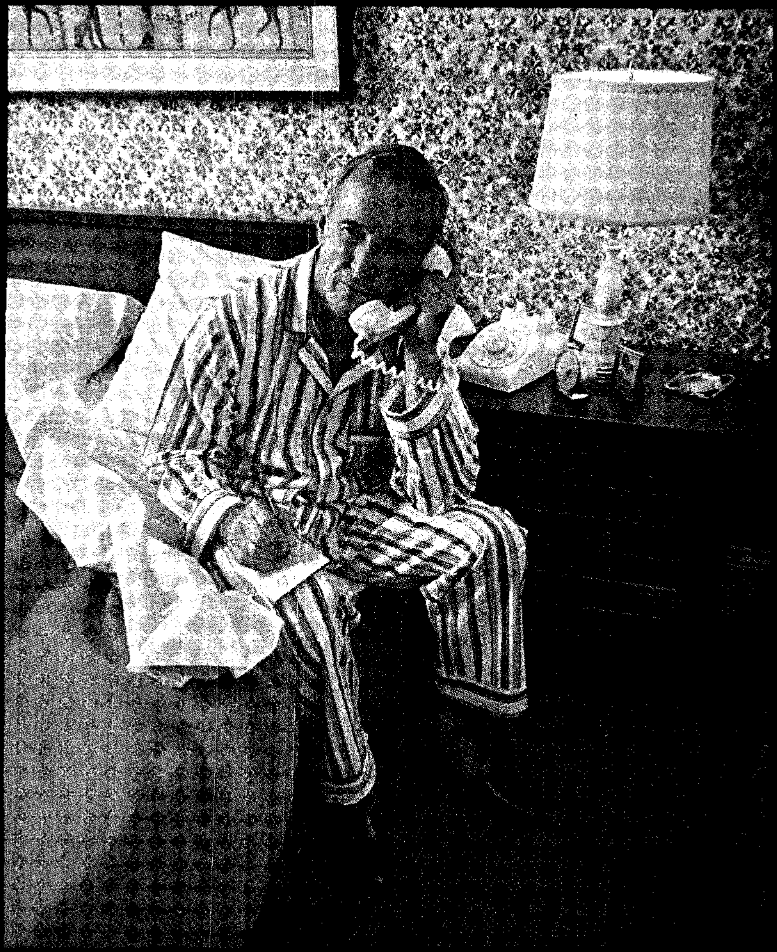
Ron Rico. Isn't that him behind those Foster Grants?


STAGE
7
RONRICO
WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
DISTILLED
PUERTO
RICAN
RUM

Seen in glasses everywhere. But Ronrico's a rum. Smooth, suave, sought-after for 112 years. To know it is to love it.

For a 30"x40" color poster of this ad send $1
to Personality Posters, Dept. N-19,
74 Fifth Ave., NYC 10011. Void where prohibited.
©1969 General Wine & Spirits Co., NYC, 80 proof.

Ronrico Rum. The one & only.



The newest innovation in foreign exchange is located in somebody's bedroom.

The "somebody's bedroom" belongs to John Hawes, the head of our Foreign Exchange Department.

The "latest innovation" is the special telephone we installed by his bedside.

"The hotline," as Hawes calls it, is a direct line to our top foreign exchange traders in London, the major money market of the world.

When you're dealing with millions of dollars of somebody else's money, you have to keep up on everything (and we mean *everything*) that affects the price of exchanging dollars into yen, pounds, francs, pesos, lire and so on.

That's easy enough to do during normal working hours. But how about 4:00 in the morning (9:00 AM London time)? Or on Saturday or Sunday?

Almost anything can happen during those hours. War. Peace. Another devaluation. A coup d' état.

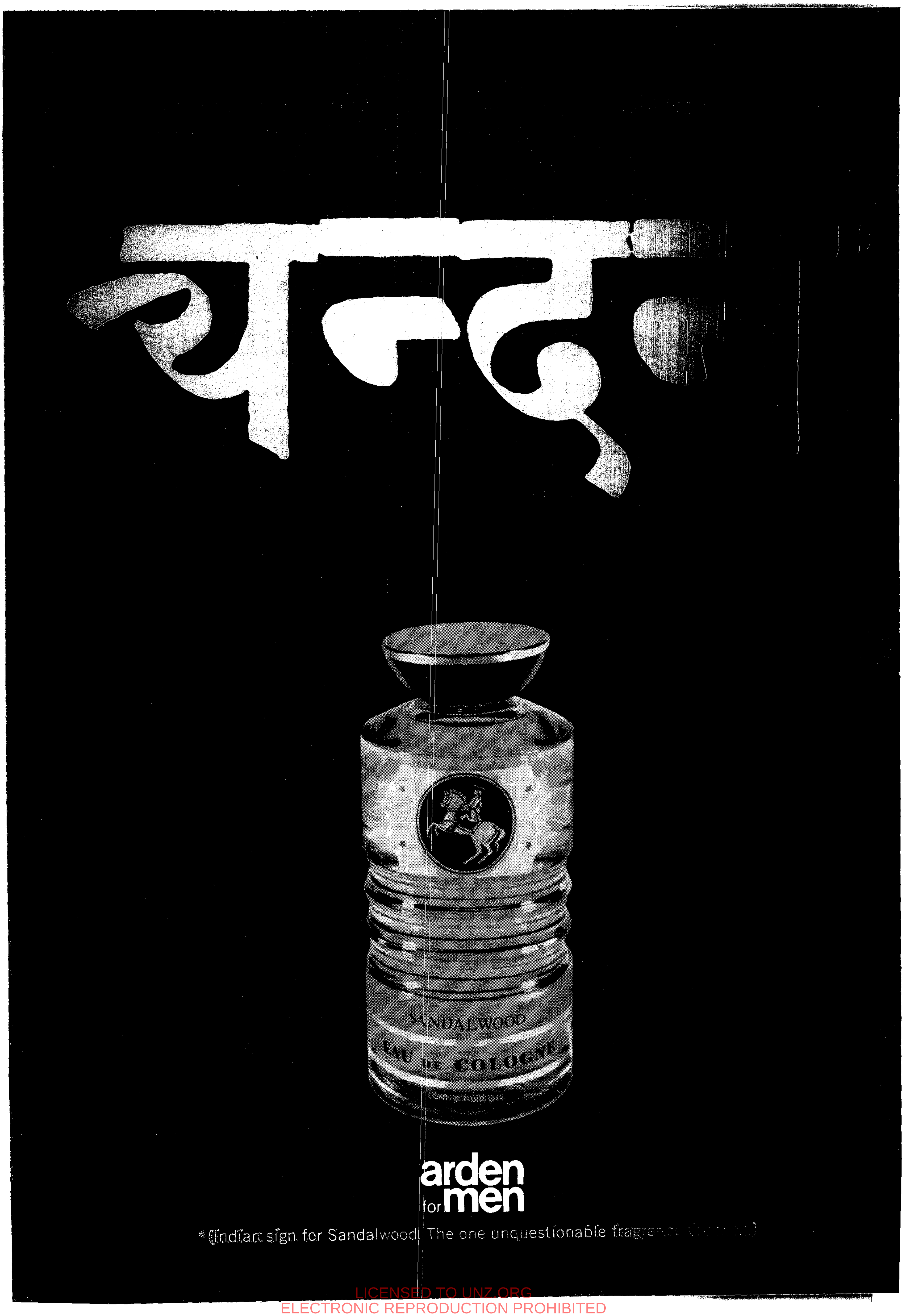
Enter "the hotline." In a matter of minutes, John Hawes can find out what, if anything, upset the tenuous balance of world money.

And he'll probably know about it before any other foreign exchange trader in the country. Because no other trader has a hotline smack in his own home.

That extra edge might be just enough to get you the most money for your money.

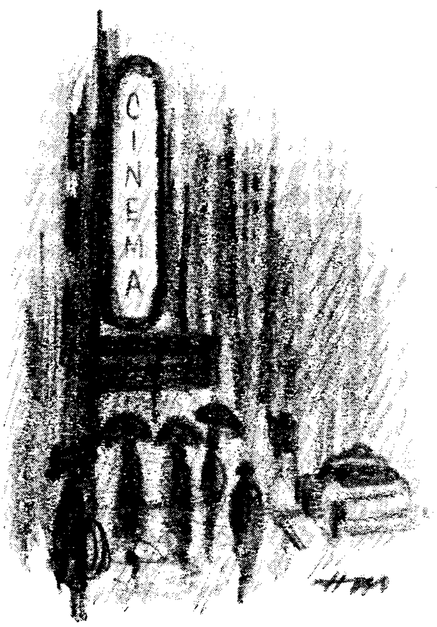
You'll find an international banker at Bankers Trust.

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation © Bankers Trust Company


चन्दन
SANDALWOOD
EAU DE COLOGNE
arden
for men
*(Indian sign for Sandalwood. The one unquestionable fragrance [illegible])

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25		

Alice's Restaurant—Arthur Penn's tender, simple film from Arlo Guthrie's best-selling talking-blues ballad record, "The Alice's Restaurant Massacree." Arlo Guthrie plays himself. Among many other things, the film becomes a very touching study of kinds of American faces—hippies, an old man, even an affectingly seen cop. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, 581-2323; Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; starting Dec. 18. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Dec. 24.)

The Arrangement—Elia Kazan directed this movie version of his own novel, so there's nobody else to blame for it. Kirk Douglas plays the advertising man who wants to go straight; Deborah Kerr is his wife, Faye Dunaway his wife-to-be. They have all been better. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—Neil Simon's Broadway comedy—one of those one set, four-actor jobs that still feel like Broadway comedies on the screen. With Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer. Directed by Gene Saks. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 24.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—A match (Robert Culp and Natalie Wood) and a mismatch (Elliott Gould and Dyan Cannon) in the best American comedy of 1969. Written by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 19-20.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 23-24.)

Cactus Flower—Broadway quips delivered by Ingrid Bergman, who looks majestic; Walter Matthau, who looks a little weary (he has every right to); and Goldie Hawn, whom God must have sent to us. But why didn't He provide her with better material? Directed by Gene Saks. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. Some good things, but not top-drawer Chaplin. Not that that makes it *bad*. With Merna Kennedy. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Coming Apart—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crack-up involves a series of sexual encounters, a few amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. With Sally Kirkland. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th, 759-4630.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 18.)

Downhill Racer—The ski footage is exciting, and the movie is fast and relatively unassuming. Robert Redford is a poor boy determined to be an Olympic champion; unfortunately, the movie doesn't provide many clues to *why* or to what the championship in this particular event means. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Easy Rider—A ballad about an eastbound cycle-odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, high-born Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film, and very fine. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's extraordinary first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 18.)

Funny Girl—The extraordinary performance of Barbra Streisand makes this one of the most enjoyable movie musicals in years. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Christmas at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gaily, Gaily—Some marvellous material (from Ben Hecht's past) but reproduced and directed too broadly (by Norman Jewison). With Beau Bridges as young Ben, getting his first newspaper job, Brian Keith as a veteran reporter, and Melina Mercouri running a bordello. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips—Peter O'Toole plays the schoolmaster whose life is transformed by the Cinderella touch of Petula Clark. This version of the James Hilton story has Muzak by Leslie Bricusse. That it survives is a triumph for O'Toole and Herbert Ross, making his début as a director. (Palace, B'way at 47th, 757-2626. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 22-25, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Dec. 17.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 21-22.)

Intimate Lighting—A small but charming and humane comedy about a young couple who visit an old friend of the husband's and discover how the two men's paths—once so close—have diverged. Directed by Ivan Passer. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

John and Mary—It's meant to be magical modern romance. There's no magic, but it *is* clever—in a skimpy sort of way. Dustin Hoffman picks up Mia Farrow at a singles bar, and everybody expects them to make box-office music. Peter Yates directed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterworks of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 19-21.)

Khartoum (1966)—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 23.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet tall. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Dec. 25.)

The Lion in Winter—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole is robust and in good voice. With Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050; starting Dec. 19.)

The Madwoman of Chaillot—Updated and misguided. With Katharine Hepburn, and Margaret Leighton, Edith Evans, Giulietta Masina, Yul Brynner, Danny Kaye, Richard Chamberlain, and Charles Boyer. Bryan Forbes directed, from Edward Anhalt's bowdlerization of the Jean Giraudoux play. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Dec. 20.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a dictatorial plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Dec. 25.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

North by Northwest (1959)—Hitchcock's amusing, improbable thriller, with confused identities, mad geography, and a classic sequence—the crop-dusting airplane trying to dust Cary Grant. With Eva Marie Saint and James Mason. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 17.)

La Notte (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni (and Monica Vitti as a brunette). In Italian. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 23.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Paint Your Wagon—The kind of corny, butch Americana that is said to be healthy—maybe because it's so insensitive. Joshua Logan directed this Lerner-Loewe musical, which, improbable as it sounds, features Lee Marvin, Jean Seberg, and Clint Eastwood as a *ménage à trois* in the California Gold Rush. (State 2, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Wednesday, Dec. 17, at 2:30 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 18-19, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 22-25, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 25.)

Popi—Alan Arkin in a rich part that includes a scene as a Puerto Rican busboy at a Cuba Libre banquet who is mistaken for a heroic veteran of the Bay of Pigs. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144; Dec. 17.)

Putney Swope—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Art, 46 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli's version. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 24.)

The Scalphunters (1968)—A rousing comedy Western, with an amiable tone. Burt Lancaster, Ossie Davis, Shelley Winters, and Telly Savalas. Directed by Sydney Pollack. One of the most entertaining American films of recent years. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 23.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria—Anna Magnani beats Anthony Quinn with a rolling pin while a lot of Italians make their funny Italian sounds, waving their funny Italian arms—in the way they do only in American movies. Stanley Kramer directed this anti-Nazi *opéra bouffe*, which is meant to be a celebration of the indomitable something-or-other of man. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 21-22.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "out of it" in François Truffaut's poetic, nihilistic gangster picture. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Dec. 22-23.)

THE STERILE CUCKOO—A good script (by Alvin Sargent) gives Liza Minnelli and Wendell Burton the kind of witty, lyrical roles that actors sell their souls for. A nice little movie, directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Evening performances only.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's best American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 17.)

TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD (1927)—Eisenstein's classic on the October Revolution, and, for good or ill, a chief example of his "dialectic" montage. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 18.)

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?—Heavy-handed but nevertheless exciting version of Horace McCoy's novel about Hollywood in the thirties. With Jane Fonda as the marathon dancer and Gig Young as the promoter, and both are first-rate. Sydney Pollack directed. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD (1940)—The sort of magical adventure the movies can do so well but do so rarely. With Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and, as the Djinni, the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting Dec. 25.)

TIME IN THE SUN (1940)—A documentary on Mexico by Sergei Eisenstein. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 18.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 18.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE (1968)—The Beatles' Pop Art animation feature, with hippie heroes fighting the Blue Meanies with love and music. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; Dec. 17.)

Z—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"I Am Curious (Yellow)," in Swedish.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
COMING APART.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 23: **LA NOTTE** (in Italian); and "Thank You All Very Much," Sandy Dennis.
From Dec. 24: **ROMEO AND JULIET**; and "Lock Up Your Daughters," Christopher Plummer, Susannah York.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 18: **ULYSSES**; and **DAVID AND LISA.**
From Dec. 19: **THE LION IN WINTER.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 22: "Futz," performed by the La Mama Troupe.
From Dec. 23: "Three," Charlotte Rampling.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Dec. 17: **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**; and **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Dec. 18: "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here," Robert Redford, Katharine Ross.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 24: "Fanny Hill," Diana Kjaer.
From Dec. 25: "The Reivers," Steve McQueen, Sharon Farrell.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
JOHN AND MARY.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE ARRANGEMENT.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Dec. 20: **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT.**
From Dec. 21: "The Happy Ending," Jean Simmons, John Forsythe.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
DOWNHILL RACER.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

PACIFIC EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Dec. 24: "The Killing of Sister George" (1968), Beryl Reid, Susannah York.
From Dec. 25: "The Reivers," Steve McQueen, Sharon Farrell.

AVCO EMBASSY EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
COMING APART.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"A Dream of Kings," Anthony Quinn, Irene Papas.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE STERILE CUCKOO. (Evening performances only. In the afternoons there will be showings of "My Side of the Mountain," with Ted Eccles and Theodore Bikel.)

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE CIRCUS (silent).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SECRET OF SANTA VITTORIA.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
CACTUS FLOWER.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
GAILY, GAILY.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Dec. 17: **POPI**; and "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium," Suzanne Pleshette, Ian McShane.
From Dec. 18: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," George Lazenby, Diana Rigg.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
"The Funniest Man in the World," a film on Charlie Chaplin.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Dec. 17: "3 Into 2 Won't Go," Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom; and "The Illustrated Man" (1969), Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.
From Dec. 18: "On Her Majesty's Secret Service," George Lazenby, Diana Rigg.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 18: **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French).
Dec. 19-21: **JULES AND JIM** (in French).
Dec. 22-23: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French).
From Dec. 24: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
INTIMATE LIGHTING, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Kaya, I'll Kill You," a Yugoslav film.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
EASY RIDER.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 24: A program of underground films.
From Dec. 25: **KING KONG**; and **THE THIEF OF BAGDAD.**

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Dec. 18: "Slaves," Stephen Boyd, Dionne Warwick; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968), Judith O'Dea.
From Dec. 19: **THE LION IN WINTER.**

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
PAINT YOUR WAGON.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (757-2626)
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
Through Dec. 18: "Don't Drink the Water," Jackie Gleason, Estelle Parsons.
From Dec. 19: "Topaz," Frederick Stafford.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Hello, Dolly!," Barbra Streisand, Walter Matthau. (Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 17-19, at 8:30; Saturday, Dec. 20, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 21, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 22-25, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ten Commandments" (1956), Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
From Dec. 17, at 8:30: "Marooned," Gregory Peck, Richard Crenna. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. Thereafter, nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Christmas at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Dec. 17: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**
From Dec. 18: "The Damned," Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 20: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 21, at 8:30: "Hamlet," Nicol Williamson. (Opening night by invitation only.)

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Fantasia" (1940), a Walt Disney film.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Trilogy," a film of three Truman Capote short stories, among them "A Christmas Memory."

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Generation," David Janssen, Kim Darby.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Dec. 17: "Battle of Britain."
From Dec. 18: **ALICE'S RESTAURANT.**

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Dec. 23: **ROMEO AND JULIET.**
From Dec. 24: "All the Loving Couples," Norman Alden.

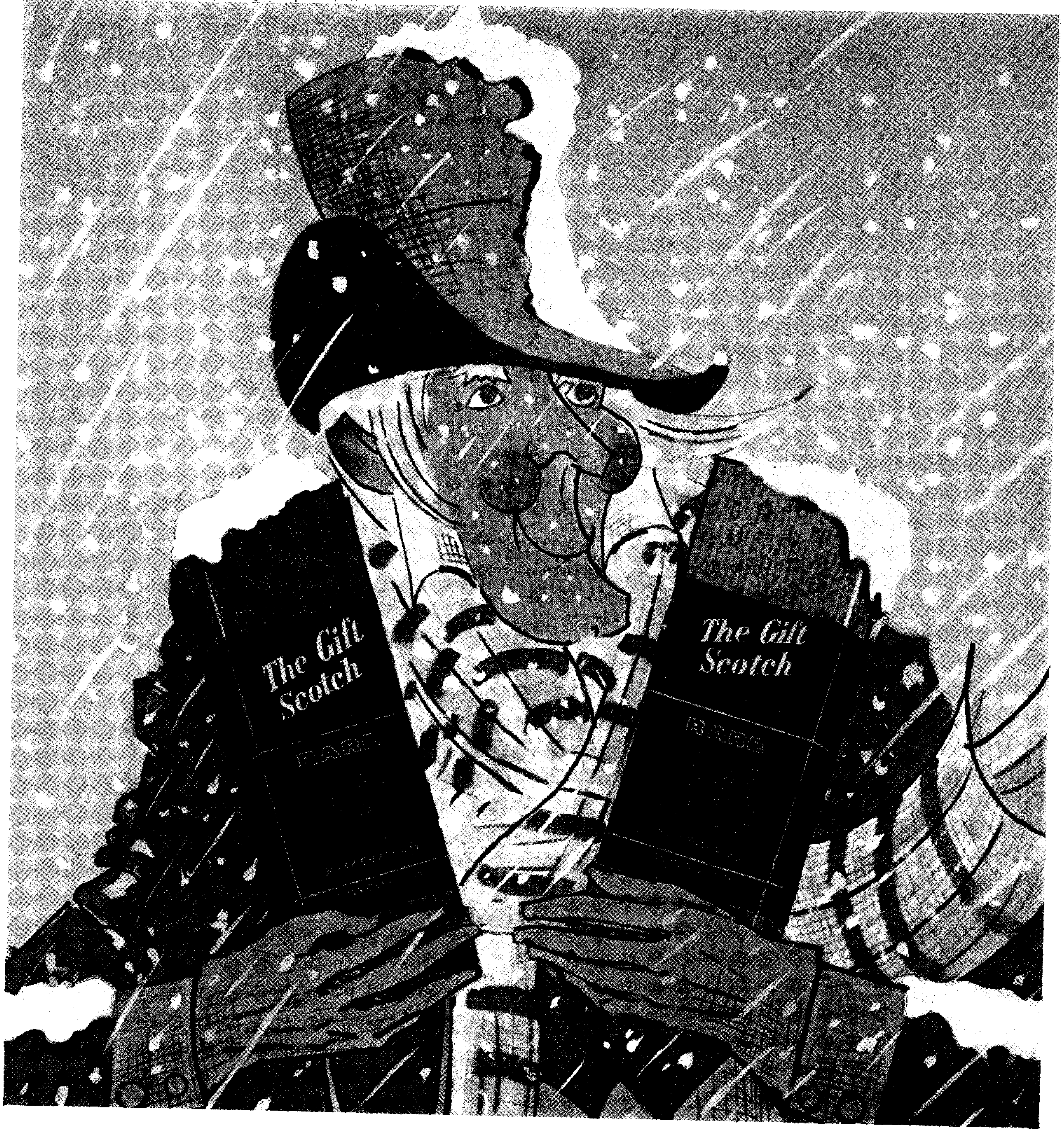
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 24: "Sansho the Bailiff" (1954; in Japanese); and "Moderato Cantabile" (1960; in French), Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Dec. 25: **MEET JOHN DOE**; and another feature, to be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 23: **KHARTOUM**; and **THE SCALPHUNTERS.**
From Dec. 24: **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK**; and "Battle of Britain."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 17: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**; and **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN.**
Dec. 18: **TEN DAYS THAT SHOOK THE WORLD** (silent); and **TIME IN THE SUN.**
Dec. 19-20: **BREATHLESS** (in French); and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961; in French), Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Dec. 21-22: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** and **IKIRU** (both in Japanese).
Dec. 23-24: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and "Fahrenheit 451" (1966), Julie Christie, Oskar Werner.
Dec. 25: **PHAEDRA**; and "Up Tight" (1968), Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.

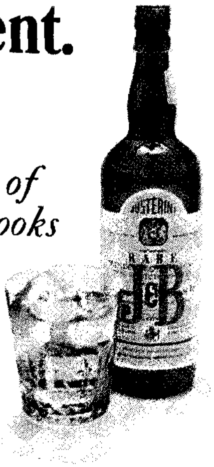
MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
PUTNEY SWOPE.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, N.Y.


The Gift Scotch
RARE
The Gift Scotch
RARE

Christmas past is also Christmas present.

From the house of
Justerini & Brooks
Founded 1749


JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B

J&B Rare Scotch
It only costs a few cents more.

It takes a Pontiac to change your ideas about luxury.

Pontiac's new Bonneville is here. With more sheer styling excitement in its classic nose than most cars have in their entire bodies.

But we wouldn't want you to settle for beauty alone. We didn't. Which explains the standard 360-horsepower, 455-cubic-inch V-8. The comfortably solid Wide-Track ride. The long-wearing, fiberglass-belted tires. The protective steel beams in the doors. Not to mention an interior endowed with the richest patterned fabrics in Pontiac history.

One thing more. Bonneville's fun to drive. Try it. At your Pontiac dealer's. It's the way luxury is going to be.

Pontiac's new Bonneville

GM
(We take the fun of driving seriously.)

MARK OF EXCELLENCE

The Wide-Track Family for '70: Grand Prix, Bonneville, Executive, Catalina, GTO, LeMans Sport, LeMans, Tempest and Firebird. Pontiac Motor Division.

IN 1,000,000 B.C., MAN DISCOVERED FLAME. IN 1969 A.D., CONSUL PERFECTED IT.

Somebody finally tamed flame.

Consul. With butane lighters that grace your taste as they respond to your touch.

Modern art in pristine gold, crystal and chrome; sculptured over precision movements that serve you swiftly, safely, surely.

Matchless jewelry of ageless elegance, for people who are going places today.

It's about time.

CONSUL®

If all you want is flame,
get a match.

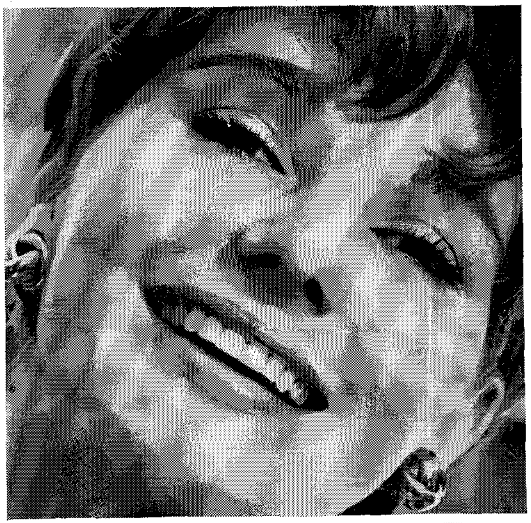
(A) MINI $15. (B) CROWN Hand-cut crystal $32.50. (C) MIII from $10. (D) Clip from $8. (E) CROWN from $25. (F) ROYAL from $19. (G) CORONET from $14.

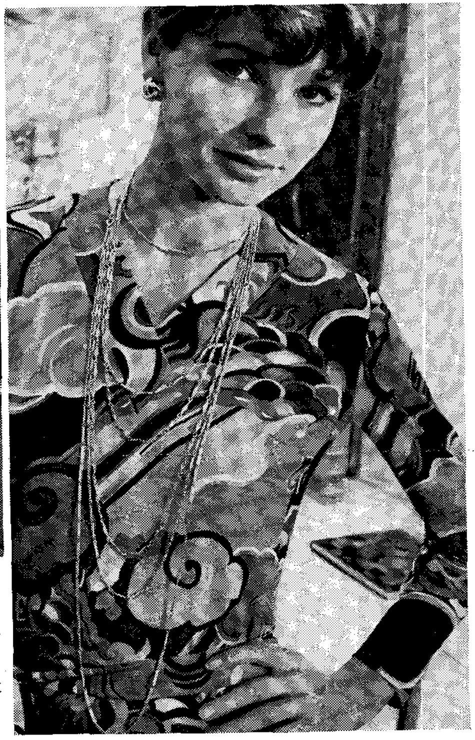
Imported exclusively by Peterson's Ltd., N.Y. 10003. *In Canada: Charlescraft Ltd., Toronto 18.*

Fifth Avenue and Branches

BAN-LON®Nylon—The Super Drip-Dry Fabric— makes this little "nothing" quite something. It's shaped from A-skirt to V-neck. In a great print of orange, green, black, gold. 6 to 16, 46.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast





Deck yourself in chains! We have these, and scads of others.

Peck & Peck cruise wear travels first class. For a certain kind of woman.

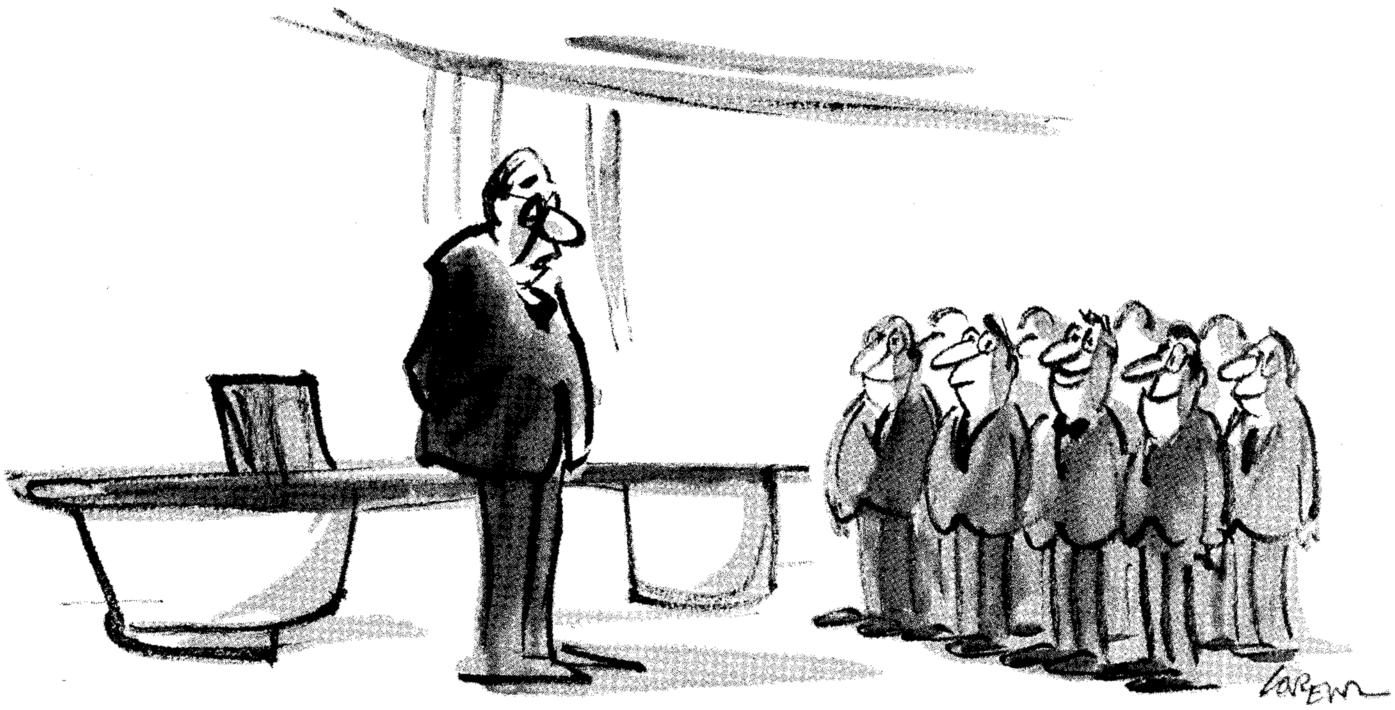
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE reports of the massacre in the South Vietnamese village of My Lai, in which American troops are said to have rounded up several hundred villagers and then gunned them down, have left the nation stunned and vexed. We sense—all of us—that our best instincts are deserting us, and we are oppressed by a dim feeling that beneath our words and phrases, almost beneath our consciousness, we are quietly choking on the blood of innocents. Often, when we open our mouths to condemn, excuses pour out uncontrollably instead. When soldiers of other nations did such things, our outrage was clear and strong, and we had no trouble finding the words of condemnation, but now we find that that outrage was poor preparation for facing what appears to be an atrocity our own people have committed. We try to turn the old phrases of condemnation against ourselves, but they seem to ring false—perhaps because they rested in the first place on a complete dissociation of ourselves from the people we condemned—and the beginnings of a new, craven logic that finds such atrocities to be the way of the world steal into our minds. When others committed them, we looked on the atrocities through the eyes of the victims. Now we find ourselves, almost against our will, looking through the eyes of the perpetrators, and the landscape seems next to unrecognizable. The victims are indistinct—almost invisible. A death close to us personally seems unfathomably large, but their deaths dwindle in our eyes to mere abstractions. We don't know what kind of lives they led or what kind of things they said to each other. We are even uncertain of the right name of the village we are said to have annihilated. Our attention turns to the men who are charged with the crime. Could *we ourselves* have committed it? (Already we have dissociated these men from "us.") Explanations of how such things can happen which never occurred to us when others did them are suddenly ready to hand, and we try to use them to comfort ourselves. From the President on down, we have responded in a muted, tired way. Some people look to the trials of Lieutenant William Calley, Jr., and Sergeant David Mitchell to resolve the issue. But the massacre—if, indeed, there was a massacre—has raised questions that go far beyond the question of the guilt of the men charged with being participants, and although some of these broader questions may be raised at the trials, the only proper purpose of the trials is to decide the fate of the accused individuals. If the men accused are convicted, the question of how much responsibility the rest of us bear will be left to us, and will be resolved by what we say to each other and what we say to ourselves, and, above all, by what course we follow thereafter in our Vietnam policy.

Although it may be that the My Lai massacre is an "isolated incident," in the sense that no other report of mass killing of civilians by troops on the ground has been brought to light, there can be no doubt that such an atrocity was possible only because a number of other methods of killing civilians and destroying their villages had come to be the rule, and not the exception, in our conduct of the war. And the scale of this killing and destruction had been great enough even at the time of the My Lai massacre to defeat completely our original purpose in going into Vietnam, which was to *save* the South Vietnamese people from coercion by the enemy. A report in these pages revealed that in August, 1967, in Quang Ngai Province—where the alleged My Lai massacre took place seven months later—a carefully devised and clearly articulated policy of reprisal bombings against villages that helped the Vietcong, or even tolerated their presence under duress, was widely in effect. This reprisal policy was announced to the South Vietnamese population in the clearest possible terms by the dropping of psychological-warfare leaflets. One such leaflet, the title of which was "Marine Ultimatum to Vietnamese People," announced, in part, "The U.S. Marines issue this warning: THE U.S. MARINES WILL NOT HESITATE TO DESTROY, IMMEDIATELY, ANY VILLAGE OR HAMLET HARBORING THE VIETCONG. WE WILL NOT HESITATE TO DESTROY, IMMEDIATELY, ANY VILLAGE OR HAMLET USED AS A VIETCONG STRONGHOLD TO FIRE AT OUR TROOPS OR AIRCRAFT." The same leaflet announced the names of hamlets that had already been bombed, saying, "The hamlets of Hai Mon, Hai Tan, Sa Binh, Tan Binh, and many others have been destroyed." And, in case the villagers didn't fully understand us after they had read this—or, for that matter, after their village had been bombed—another leaflet, titled "Your Village Has Been Bombed," was dropped, telling why we had bombed it. At one point, the second leaflet informed the surviving villagers, "Your village will be bombed again if you harbor the Vietcong in any way." This policy did not result in a few isolated incidents of villages' being bombed; it resulted in the razing to the ground of over seventy per cent of the villages in the province. Sometimes the villagers were warned before their villages were bombed, but more often the people were bombed in their villages without warning. With this kind of policy in effect, and with foot soldiers burning as a matter of course almost every



"First of all, let me say I think you middle-management people are doing a bang-up job."

• •

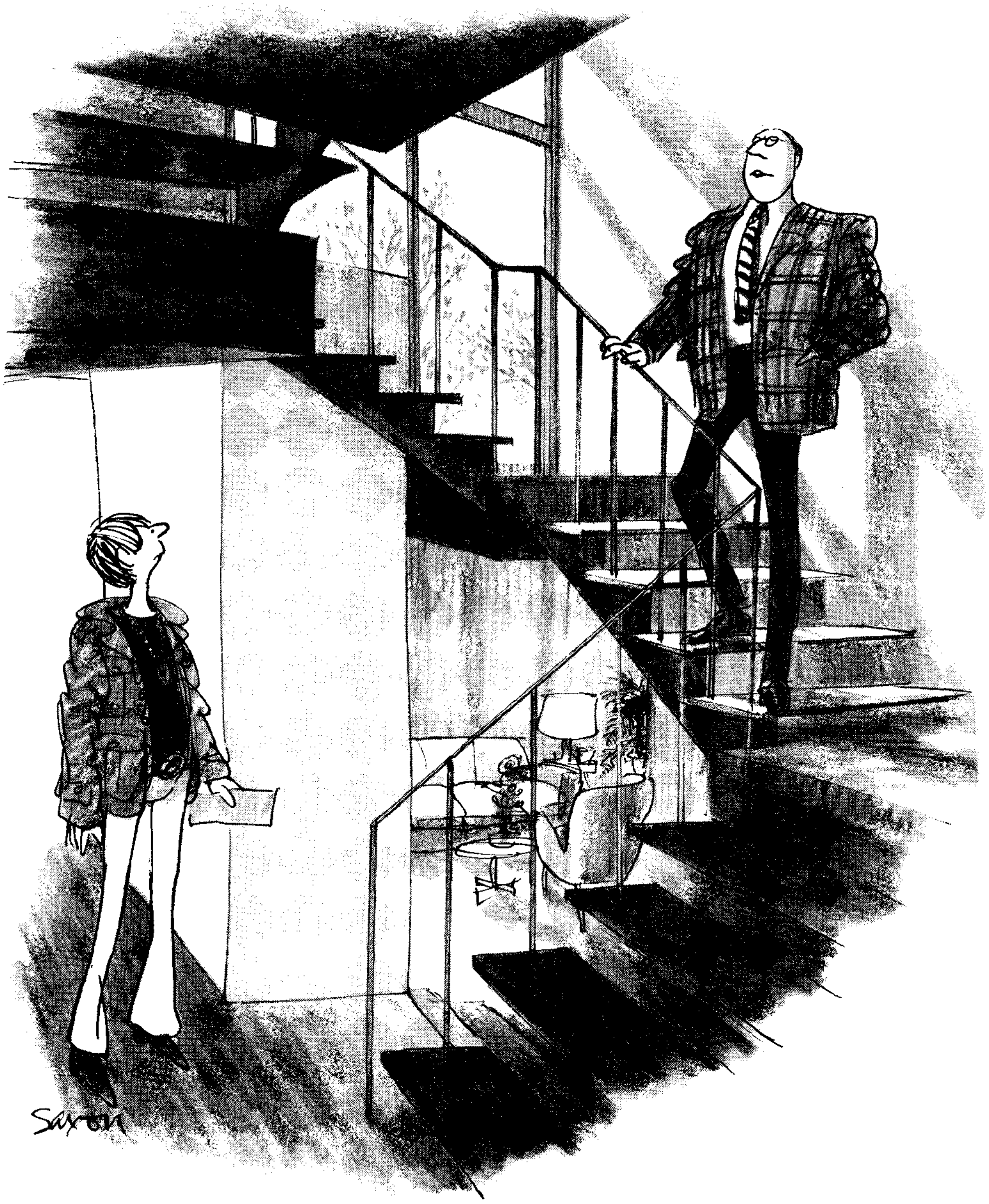
village they entered, our men had come to regard the whole population of the province as their enemy. The orders coming from Washington assumed that the population would be friendly to us, and ordered the troops to separate the enemy from the population. But this order couldn't be applied in Quang Ngai. The military were unable to distinguish between friend and foe, so they improvised their own policy, which was to wage war against everybody. Although the reports that the military sent to Washington formally referred to civilian houses they had destroyed as "military structures," they were already fighting a war completely different from the war that our policy-makers told the American people they were fighting. Therefore, the issue of the massacre at My Lai is inextricably bound up with the issue of our entire presence in Vietnam. And although any men who are accused of participation in the massacre cannot be exonerated on this account, when we ask ourselves who is responsible we cannot rest the blame on them alone, nor can we exonerate ourselves by imposing heavy penalties on them.

However, if by blaming only these men for the massacre we cast our net too narrowly, there is another way of looking at the massacre that casts the net too widely. Now that it is Americans who are accused of an atrocity, we hear on every side that "war is hell" and that "human nature has its dark side." The sudden popularity of this line of thinking has led many people to say that up to now America has had an innocent, naïve impression of the wickedness of the world, as if to suggest that our failure to commit such atrocities in the past was due to a lack of worldliness and sophistication. This view tempts us toward a touch of actual pride in the massacre, as if we had gone through an initiation ceremony into adulthood as a nation, or as if committing great crimes were part of being a great nation, like having a huge gross national product, or going to the moon. But if war is hell, Man has made it so. Or, to be more precise, if a particular war is waged particularly hellishly, it is not Man but particular men who are responsible, and in this case *we* are those men. To lay the responsibility on Man, or on War, is to make nobody accountable, and is to move in the direction of regarding the massacre as part of a natural, acceptable course of events. We also attempt to lighten our burden of responsibility by drawing dubious distinctions between this massacre and the massacres committed by others, such as the Nazi reprisal killing of all the men in the Czech village of Lidice during the Second World War, on the ground that for those others the killing was part of a national policy, whereas for us it is not. This again points the finger at the impersonal force of War and away from us. But is it a virtue to have a sensible, humane policy if in our acts transgressions of it are the rule? An announcement of a policy is nothing more than a promise, and a promise not fulfilled is certainly no better than a promise not given. Was it a saving grace for a high official in our pacification program to say, as such an official did in August of 1967, that "Quang Ngai Province is going to be one of the success stories of 1967" when at that very moment our bombers and troops were completing the destruction of the entire society in Quang Ngai? This is the point at which official pronouncements stop being "policy" and become rationalization and propaganda. Nor can we excuse ourselves by saying that we have not known what we were doing. We have known what we have wanted to know. It may be that the truly staggering gap between our lofty intentions and our brutal actions is due more to self-deception than to ordinary deception. But we tend to forget that, just as surely as ordinary deception requires a conscious will to fool others, self-deception requires an unconscious will to fool ourselves. And we are as accountable for our self-deceptions as for our deceptions. With the report of the My Lai massacre, we face a new situation. It is no longer possible for us to say that we did not know. When we look at the photographs published in *Life* and see bodies of children and women in piles, and look into the faces of an old woman and a young girl who (we are told) are about to be shot, we feel that a kind of violence is being done to our feelings, and that the massacre threatens to overpower us. To block it out, we may freeze. If we face the massacre for what it is, we are torn by almost unbearable grief, but if we turn away and let the rationalizations crowd into our minds to protect us we are degraded. We want to go on with our daily lives, and we may wonder, Why should *my* life be interrupted by this? Why should I take on this suffering on behalf of these victims? However much we may resist it, the choice has been made for us, irrevocably. Whether we manage to bear the grief or whether we freeze, the massacre enters into us and becomes a part of us. The massacre calls for self-examination and for action, but if we deny the call and try to go on as before, as though nothing had happened, our knowledge, which can never leave us once we have acquired it, will bring about an unnoticed but crucial alteration in us, numbing our most precious faculties and withering our souls. For if we learn to accept this, there is nothing we will not accept.

Secretary Volpe

WE met John Anthony Volpe, the second Secretary of Transportation, when he came here to address a luncheon opening the recent National Hotel and Motel Exposition. He is short, compact, dark, energetic, and younger-looking than his age, which is sixty-one. He wore a gray suit with a white pinstripe, a crimson-and-blue striped necktie, a gold wedding ring, gold cufflinks with diamonds, and a gold tie clip bearing the Massachusetts seal in gold. He was born, the eldest of six children, in the Boston suburb of Wakefield, Massachusetts. After graduating from Wakefield High School, he went to work as a plasterer's apprentice. He studied architectural construction at a Boston technical school called Wentworth Institute. In 1933, he went into the construction business in Malden, Massachusetts, with two of his four brothers. From 1943 to 1945, having closed his construction business, he served with the Seabees as a lieutenant commander. After the war, he reopened the business. In 1953, Christian Herter, who was then the Governor of Massachusetts, appointed him Commissioner of Public Works. During three years in that office, he undertook one of the largest highway-construction programs in the state's history. In 1956, President Eisenhower made him the first Federal Highway Administrator. He was elected Governor of Massachusetts in 1960—the only Republican candidate in Massachusetts to survive the Kennedy landslide there. He is a past chairman of the National Governors' Conference, a past president of the Society of American Military Engineers, a past president of the Associated General Contractors of America, a past president of the Greater Boston Chamber of Commerce, and a member of the Elks, of the American Legion, of the Knights of Malta, and of the Sons of Italy in America. In 1934, he married Jennie Benedetto, a former nurse. They have two children: Mrs. Jean Rotondi (thirty-three), a housewife, and John Anthony, Jr. (twenty-seven), who works for the Volpe construction business.

Secretary Volpe was accompanied to New York by two special assistants and by his military aide, a lieutenant commander in the Coast Guard (over which the Transportation Department has jurisdiction). They all came to the luncheon, at the Americana; sat with the two thousand Exposition delegates; ate Bisque of Maine Lobster Flavored with Brandy, Sliced London Broil Chasseur with Champs-Élysées Potatoes and Tiny Stringbeans Sauté Amandine, Bibescot Glacé Decorated with Strawberries and Chocolate Leaves, Golden Rhum Sabayon, and Petit Fours; and listened to a luncheon trio (violin, piano, and bass) play "Get Me to the Church on Time" and "I Could Have Danced All Night" (with a vocalist). Then Secretary Volpe delivered his speech: "Innkeeping and transportation have been handmaidens ever since an unnamed prehistoric man decided to float on a drifting log down to his cousin's cave to stay overnight, and his cousin decided to charge him for the use of the bed. Nowadays, of course, when you visit your cousin unexpectedly, he puts you up at a handy nearby hotel or motel and everybody's happy. But your business and my business are very closely interrelated, and



"No 'Ban MIRV' sticker on the Mercedes, Arthur. If you insist, you can put it on the Plymouth."

I would like to touch upon several matters of mutual interest here today. . . . Right now, we need nine hundred new airports in this country. We need to make considerable improvements at some twenty-seven hundred existing airports. . . . And all of this will cost money. I know you are as delighted as I that we are well on our way to getting that money. Last Thursday afternoon, by the magnificent margin of three hundred and thirty-seven to six, the Airport and Airways bill passed the full House with an astounding and just victory. . . . I predict the soaring seventies will be the innkeepers' most successful decade. . . . Our country is definitely on the move. Figures from a 1967 U.S. Census Bureau survey reveal that a hundred and eight million Americans take at least one trip each year. . . . We have also sent to Congress a Public Transportation Act for 1969. This Act will provide an unprecedented measure of federal support for the nation's deteriorating public transportation system . . . will result in great benefit to all Americans. . . . I am confident that your industry will . . . soar in the seventies. . . ."

"How did you become a Republican?" we asked Secretary Volpe after the speech, when he sat down in his private suite at the hotel for a break before returning to Washington.

"When I first voted, at twenty-three, in the 1932 election, I voted for Franklin Delano Roosevelt," Mr. Volpe told us. "I was idealistic, and I believed he would get this country rolling again. Within six months, in my book, Roosevelt broke every promise he made. He promised to take twenty-five per cent off the payrolls, and he broke his promise. I'd worked as a plasterer, and I felt I was working my fool head off to put myself through school. I felt that people should be helping themselves. I felt the government shouldn't be spending money trying to find out why mosquitoes fly this or that way. So I became a Republican."

"How did you happen to become active in politics?" we asked.

"In 1950, during the Kefauver hearings on crime, we had a television set, and my daughter, who was then fourteen, was watching those hearings. She said to me, 'Daddy, do all men in public life associate with those underworld characters?' I had just turned down the job of deputy chairman of the Republican State Committee, and my daughter's question started me thinking, What kind of country am I going to leave my children? The Good Lord had been good to me, and I had made some money in my business, and so when I was asked to take a job with the state, I said I would do it."

"How do you find your job now?" we asked.

"The Governorship of Massachusetts is about as challenging and as fascinating a job as you can get, but, I must say, this job is more so," Secretary Volpe said. "The pace is faster, more furious. The challenges of the Department are greater. The entire transportation plant that now exists will have to be doubled in the next twenty years. We're planning on a long-range basis while trying to shore up the present plant. The big challenge is looking ahead. President Nixon always drives this home. 'John,' he says, '*I want you to be looking down the road.*' "

"What has the job done to your life?" we asked.

"Cut down on my home life, made me work harder," Secretary Volpe said. "Fortunately, I have an electric bicycle at home, a stationary one, and I work out on it each morning for twelve or fifteen minutes. I do leg exercises. Walking. A little jogging. They think you're crazy if they see you jogging in Washington. Fortunately, on the roof of my new building for the Department I'm building my own jogging path. The American people have forgotten how to walk."

"Any of your fellow Cabinet members jog with you?" we asked.

"George Romney and Wally Hickel do quite a bit," Secretary Volpe said. "But not with me. And Ted Agnew plays tennis. But not with me. I get my exercise in at the start of the day, because after that it's hopeless. I've carried my golf bags in the trunk of my car for ten months—ever since I was appointed. I haven't touched them once. Every day now, I have to answer calls from senators or congressmen or keep appointments with people who have some new idea for automobile safety or something. I go home at night, but I have to work on my correspondence—all the stuff I haven't time to touch during the day. I used to be able to go to a movie with my wife once in a while, but that's out now. Last Saturday night, I was lucky—I was able to watch the Jackie Gleason show on television all the way through. And I watched the Lawrence Welk show a little bit, because Mrs. Volpe loves the Lawrence Welk show."

"Where do you sit at Cabinet meetings, and had you known any of your fellow Cabinet members before your appointment?" we asked.

"Maurice Stans is on my right, and Daniel Moynihan, the President's counsellor, is on my left," Secretary Volpe said. "I've known Dick Nixon, to begin with, since 1952, when he came to Massachusetts the first day of that campaign. I was there to greet him. All the former Governors, of course, I knew—Romney, Hickel, Agnew. Secretary of State Rogers I knew when he was Attorney General under Eisenhower. Mel Laird I knew as a congressman. Stans I knew from the Eisenhower Administration. Bob Finch I knew very intimately, because he was so close to Nixon. Cliff Hardin, Dave Kennedy, George Schultz, and Bob Mayo I did not know until we met the day President Nixon announced all our appointments and introduced us on television."

"Have you given any reports at Cabinet meetings so far?" we asked.

"My biggest day was when I made the presentation on the Public Transportation Bill," Secretary Volpe said. "It happened to be the meeting our wives attended, and, of course, Mrs. Volpe thought I was a big star."

"What's the atmosphere of the meetings, in general?" we asked.

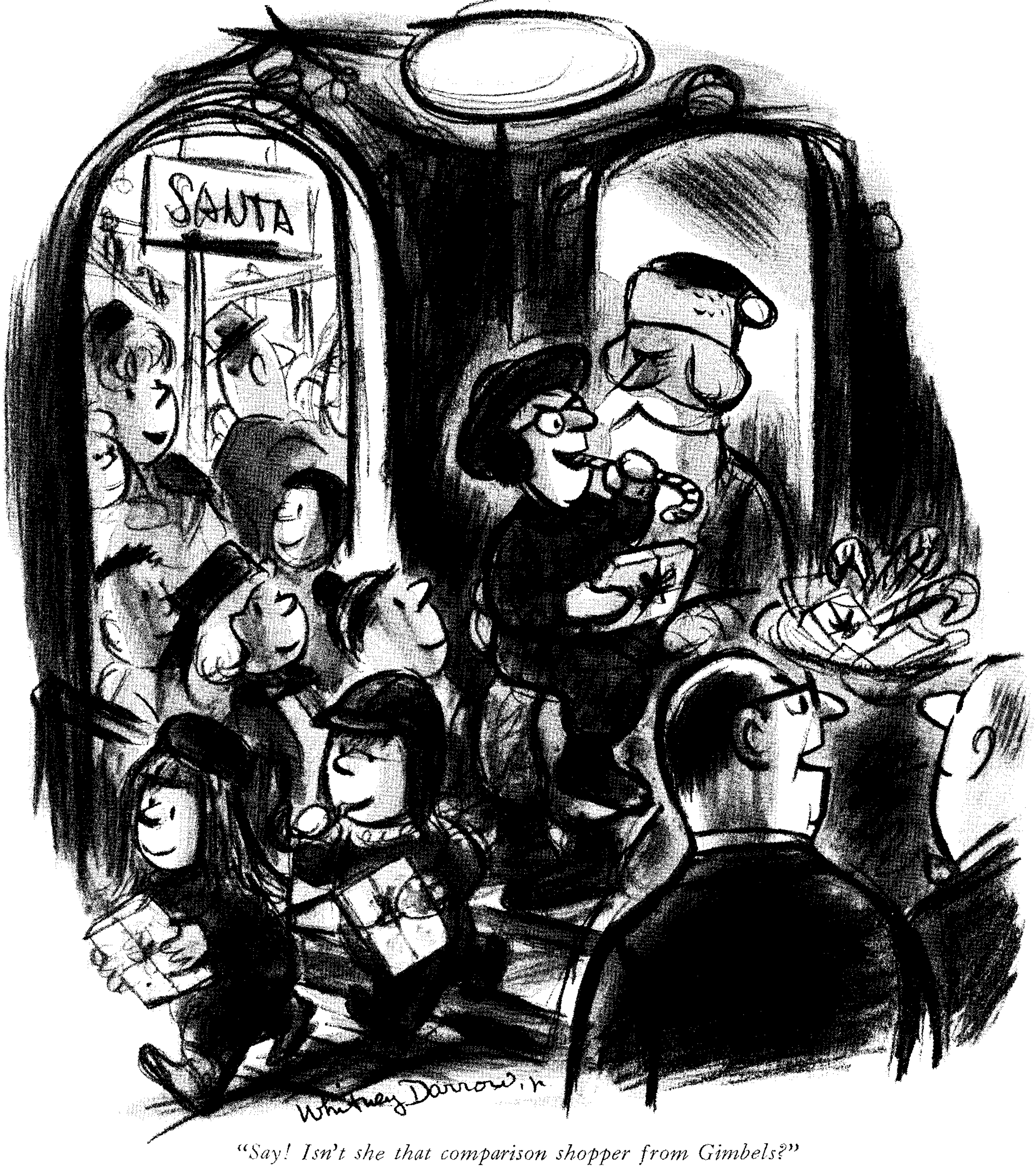
"Serious, but we get a little bit of humor," Mr. Volpe said. "The President always says, 'Now, try to get a little fun out of this thing once in a while.' And he'll make a quip at least once or twice at every meeting, and we all get a boot out of it. At the meeting when I made my presentation, when all the gals were there, I remember that the President made a quip, and Pat Nixon made a quip back that had us and all the gals giggling for a while."

"What did your wife think of the meeting?" we asked.

"My wife typifies the average housewife," Mr. Volpe said. "She didn't want me to go into politics. And she wasn't too high on Nixon. But after that meeting, Mrs. Volpe said to me, 'I think he's one of the greatest men I've ever met. My admiration for him has grown by leaps and bounds.' "

"And you?" we asked. "What do you think?"

"In the eight years he was out of office, I think he became a great man," Secretary Volpe said. "I was out of office for only two years—after my first two-year term as Governor, I lost the next election, but I was voted back in the time after that—and I know how you're bound to reflect back. You think, and you realize you must have done *something* wrong, because you lost. It makes you examine your life.



"Say! Isn't she that comparison shopper from Gimbels?"

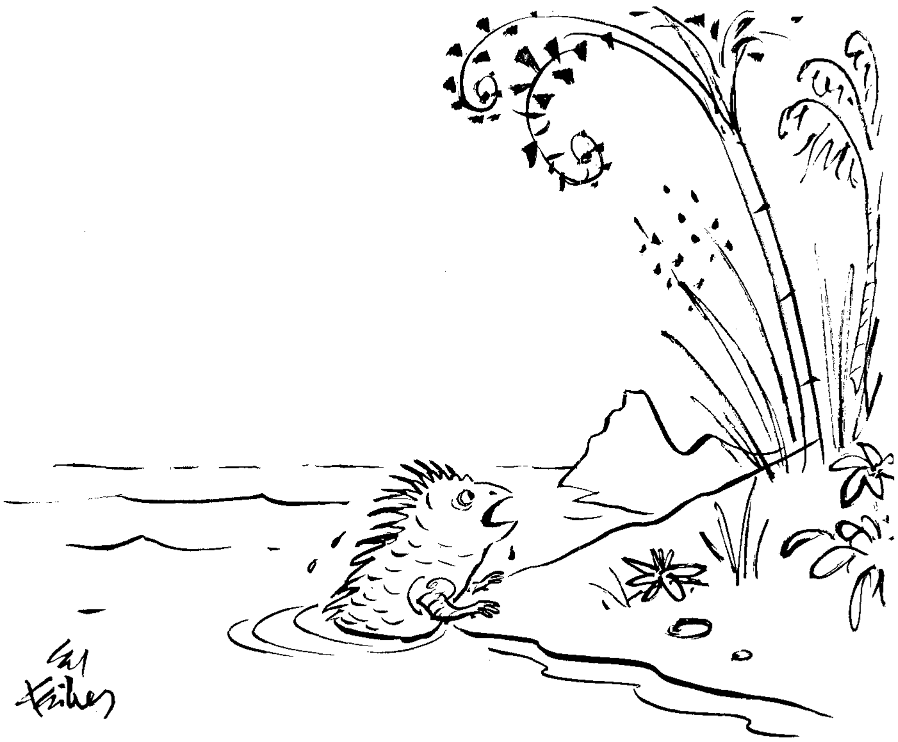
• •

That's what happened to Dick Nixon, and I think it made him great."

Tree

FOR some years, we have been among the many thousands of people who have gone to the Metropolitan Museum at the Christmas season to see a dazzling tree ornamented with eighteenth-century Neapolitan baroque angels, cherubs, and Nativity figures. This year, we decided to get there early to watch the tree being decorated, in the Medieval Sculpture Hall, and to talk with the person who gave the handsome ornaments to the Museum—Loretta Hines Howard. When we arrived, we found that ten large screens had been set up around the tree to conceal the work area from the public. Only the upper half of the tree was visible, and it was covered with angels, stars, and electric candles. Near the very top, about eighteen feet above the floor, Mrs. Howard was perched on an aluminum ladder, finagling a candle into its proper position on a bough. We slipped through a space between the screens and went inside.

All was chaos. Pieces of papier-mâché desert scenery, for the crèche, were lying here and there on sawhorses, cherubs were resting at random on cartons and tables, and electric cables lay in coils and loops on the floor. We looked at the tree—an artificial one, which stands twenty feet high on a red platform three feet high. To our surprise, the bottom half of the tree was utterly nude, consisting merely of a square green trunk. Around the



"Did it! Arrived in upper atmosphere approximately 4:05 Standard Oceanic Time. Fantastic view. Funny, cold feeling on my closed gills. New breathing apparatus working satisfactorily; all life-support systems go. Feel humbly conscious of the greatness of the occasion. Millions of years of evolution necessary to prepare for this day. No deed of living creatures ever so well rehearsed as this first step into the Unknown, or requiring the coöperation of so many patient millions of the Team."

• •

trunk, angels danced in midair, suspended from vertical wires fastened to the platform. Mrs. Howard descended the ladder and greeted us. "Three-ring circus," she said, gazing about at the disarray. "We've been working for five weeks—two electricians; my assistant, Enrique Espinoza, over there; and myself. We use an artificial tree because of fire regulations. The whole process of ornamenting it is extremely complicated. I'm trying to simplify it, because I don't expect to live forever. I'm sixty-five, and when I'm gone the Metropolitan staff will have to do it *all*." Mrs. Howard, who has fluffy white hair and a peppery, no-nonsense demeanor, was wearing a rumpled blue denim smock, rumpled bluejeans, black moccasins, and bifocals with light-blue frames. Removing the bifocals, she held them about fifteen inches away and examined them. "Dirty," she said. "Can't see a thing."

As she polished them, we asked her where the limbs of the lower half of the tree were. "Over here," she said, leaping around several stacked cartons and digging into a large box in a corner. We followed her, and she handed us a long green bough with a metal hook at one end. "That end goes into the trunk," she said. "The boughs are made of wire and dyed bristles. They look like an explosion of green baby-bottle brushes, don't they?"

We asked Mrs. Howard if she had any favorites among the collection of a hundred and forty Neapolitan figures that she gave to the Metropolitan in 1964.

"I love them all," she said. "I could no more have a favorite than I could have a favorite child. I have, incidentally, four children, nineteen grandchildren, one great-grandchild, and another on the way. My husband, Howell H. Howard, died playing polo at Meadow Brook in 1937. He was a paper manufacturer. His father had a famous horse called Stagehand, who once beat Seabiscuit in the Santa Anita Handicap. That was interesting, not only because Seabiscuit was hard to beat but because Seabiscuit was owned by a man who was also named Howard—C. S. Howard. No relation to us."

Mrs. Howard dashed away to help Mr. Espinoza untangle a nest of electric cords, and we picked up a book lying nearby—a recently published picture book about Mrs. Howard's collection, with a commentary written by Olga Raggio, a Metropolitan curator of Western European Arts. Leafing through it, we learned that the collection combines two Christmas traditions of ancient origin: the crèche and the German custom of the adorned tree. Both date from the sixteenth century in the forms in which we see them throughout the world today, but their origins are much older. In the Middle Ages, trees were hung with red apples as a symbol of the story of Adam and Eve and the tree in the Garden of Eden. The crèche, as a visual representation of the birth of Christ, can be traced to Nativity scenes on sarcophagi as early as the fourth century. Most of Mrs. Howard's figures came from a famous collection that belonged to the Catello family of Naples. Ranging in height from twelve to fifteen inches, they are quite flexible and can be bent into a variety of positions. Their bodies are made of fibre and wire, their limbs are of excellently carved wood, and their heads and shoulders are sculptured in terra-cotta. Their faces have a variety of exceedingly lifelike expressions, from serene half smiles on the angels' faces to startled gapes on the shepherds'. Most of them are still wearing their eighteenth-century cloth costumes.

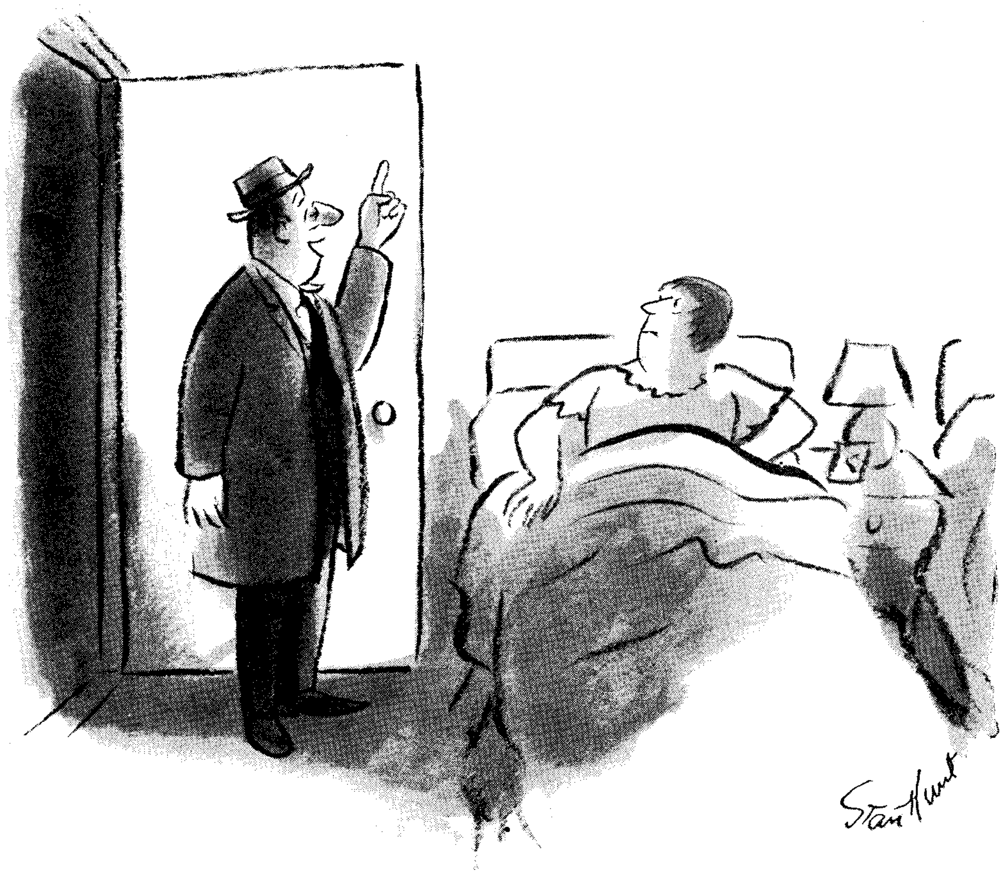
Mrs. Howard whizzed by, and we asked her how she had become a collector. "In 1925, the year I was married, my mother gave me a Christmas present of three figures—Mary, Joseph, and the Infant—which she found in Marshall Field's, the Chicago department store. I'm originally from Chicago; my father was in lumber. Over the years, I collected more and more. One day, Henry Francis Taylor, who used to be the director of the Metropolitan, told me about the great Catello collection, and I began to correspond with the Catello family. It took me three years of correspondence to buy the pieces I wanted; I had to get them to bring down the price. Still I had never met the Catellos, so one day, during a visit to Italy, I went to call on Mr. Catello. Everybody was in mourning. He had died. I asked them what he had died of. They said of joy. They were quite serious. It seems that he had gone to Paris because he had heard that José María Sert, the painter, had a marvellous collection of crèche figures there. But Sert had died, and his widow had died, and Mr. Catello had to search everywhere for the collection. He finally found it in a warehouse. He looked at it, bought it, and expired of joy."

THE HILLIES

THE town of Tarbox was founded, in 1634, on the way north from Plymouth, by men fearful of attack. They built their fortified meetinghouse on a rocky outcropping commanding a defensive view of the river valley, where a flotilla of canoes might materialize and where commerce and industry, when they peaceably came, settled of their own gravity. Just as the functions of the meetinghouse slowly split between a town hall and a Congregational church, the town itself evolved two centers: the hilltop green and the downtown. On the green stands the present church, the sixth successive religious edifice on this site, a marvel (or outrage, depending upon your architectural politics) of poured concrete, encircled by venerable clapboarded homes that include the tiny old tilting post office (built 1741, decommissioned 1809) and its companion the onetime town jail, recently transformed into a kinetic-art gallery by a young couple from Colorado. Downtown, a block or more of false fronts and show windows straggles toward the factory—once productive of textiles, now of plastic "recreational products" such as inflatable rafts and seamless footballs. The street holds two hardware stores, three banks, a Woolworth's with a new façade of corrugated Fiberglas, the granite post office (built 1933) with its Japanese cherry trees outside and its Pilgrim murals inside, the new two-story Town Hall of pre-rusted steel and thick brown glass, and a host of retail enterprises proclaimed by signs ranging in style from the heartily garish to the timidly tasteful, from 3-D neo-Superman to mimicry of the pallid script incised on Colonial tombstones. This downtown is no uglier than most, and its denizens can alleviate their prospect by lifting their eyes to the hill, where the church's parabolic peak gleams through the feathery foliage of the surviving elms. Between the green and the downtown lies an awkward steep area that has never been, until recently, settled at all. Solid ledge, this slope repelled buildings in the early days and by default became a halfhearted park, a waste tract diagonally skewered by several small streets, dotted with various memorial attempts—obelisks and urns—that have fallen short of impressiveness, and feebly utilized by a set of benches where, until recently, no one ever sat. For these leaden, eerily veined rocks and triangular patches of parched grass have lately been settled, by flocks of young people; they sit and lie here overlooking downtown Tarbox as if the spectacle is as fascinating as Dante's rose. Dawn finds them already in position, and midnight merely intensifies the murmur of their conversation, marred by screams and smashed bottles. The town, with the wit anonymously secreted within the most pedestrian of populations, has christened them "the hillies."

They are less exotic than hippies. Many are the offspring of prominent citizens; the son of the bank president is one, and the daughter of the meat-market man is another. But even children one recognizes from the sidewalk days when they peddled lemonade or pedalled a tricycle stare now from the rocks with the hostile strangeness of marauders. Their solidarity appears absolute. Their faces, whose pallor is accented by smears of dirt, repel scrutiny; returning their collective stare is as difficult as gazing into a furnace or the face of a grieving widow. In honesty, some of these effects—of intense embarrassment, of menace—may be "read into" the faces of the hillies; apart from lifting their voices in vague mockery, they make no threatening moves. They claim they want only to be left alone.

When did they arrive? Their advent merges with the occasional vagrant sleeping on a bench, and with the children who used to play here while their mothers shopped. At first, they seemed to be sunning; the town is famous for its beach, and acquiring a tan is an accepted mode of self-improvement. Then, as the hillies were seen to be sitting up and clothed in floppy costumes that covered all but their hands and faces, it was supposed that their congregation was sexual in motive; the rocks were a pickup point for the lovers' lanes among the ponds and pines and quarries on the dark edges of town. True, the toughs of neighboring villages swarmed in, racing their Hondas and Mustangs in a preening, suggestive fashion. But our flaxen beauties, if they succumbed, always returned to dream on the hill; and then it seemed that the real reason was drugs. Certainly their torpitude transcends normal physiology. And certainly the afternoon air is sweet with pot, and pushers of harder stuff come down from Boston at appointed times. None of our suppositions has proved entirely false, even the first, for on bright days some of the young men do shuck their shirts and lie spread-eagled under the sun, on the brown grass by the Civil War obelisk. Yet the sun burns best at



"I've erred, which is only human, but you, my dear, have the opportunity to forgive, which is divine."

the beach, and sex and dope can be enjoyed elsewhere, even—so anxious are we parents to please—in the hillies' own homes.

With the swift pragmatism that is triumphantly American, the town now tolerates drugs in its midst. Once a scandalous rumor on the rim of possibility, they moved inward, became a scandal that must be faced, and now loom as a commonplace reality. The local hospital proficiently treats fifteen-year-old girls deranged by barbiturates, and our family doctors matter-of-factly counsel their adolescent patients against the dangers, such as infectious hepatitis, of dirty needles. That surprising phrase woven into our flag, "the pursuit of happiness," waves above the shaggy, dazed heads on the hill; a local parson has suggested that the community sponsor a "turn-on" center for rainy days and cold weather. Yet the hillies respond with silence. They pointedly decline to sit on the green that holds the church, though they have been offered sanctuary from police harassment there. The town discovers itself scorned by a mystery beyond drugs, by an implacable "no" spoken between its two traditional centers. And the numbers grow; as many as seventy were counted the other evening.

We have spies. The clergy mingle and bring back reports of intelligent, uplifting conversations; the only rudeness they encounter is the angry shouting ("Animals!" "Enlist!") from the passing carfuls of middle-aged bourgeoisie. The guidance director at the high school, wearing a three days' beard and blotched bluejeans, passes out questionnaires. Two daring young housewives have spent an entire night on the hill, with a tape recorder concealed in a picnic hamper. The police, those bone-chilled sentries on the boundaries of chaos, have developed their expertise by the intimate light of warfare. They sweep the rocks clean every second hour all night, which discourages cooking fires, and have instituted, via a few quisling hillies, a form of self-policing. Containment, briefly, is their present policy. The selectmen cling to the concept of the green as "common land," intended for public pasturage. By this interpretation, the hillies graze, rather than trespass. Nothing is simple. Apparently there are strata and class animosities within the hillies—the "grassies," for example, who smoke marijuana in the middle area of the slope, detest the "beeries," who inhabit the high rocks, where they smash their no-return bottles, fistfight, and bring the wrath of the town down upon them all. The grassies also dislike the "pillies," who loll beneath them, near the curb, and who take harder drugs, and who deal with the sinister salesmen from Boston. It is these pillies, stretched bemused between the Spanish-American War memorial urns, who could tell us, if we wished to know, how the trashy façades of Poirier's Liquor Mart and Leonard's Pharmaceutical Store appear when deep-dyed by LSD and ballooned by the Eternal. In a sense, they see an America whose glory is hidden from the rest of us. The guidance director's questionnaires reveal some surprising statistics. Twelve per cent of the hillies favor the Vietnam war. Thirty-four per cent have not enjoyed sexual intercourse. Sixty-one per cent own their own automobiles. Eighty-six per cent hope to attend some sort of graduate school.

EACH week, the Tarbox *Star* prints more of the vivacious correspondence occasioned by the hillies. One taxpayer writes to say that God has forsaken the country, that these young people are fungi on a fallen tree. Another, a veteran of the Second World War, replies that on the contrary they are harbingers of hope, super-Americans dedicated to saving a mad world from self-destruction; if he didn't have a family to support, he would go and join them. A housewife writes to complain of loud obscenities that wing outward from the hill. Another housewife promptly rebuts all such "credit-card hypocrites, installment-plan lechers, and Pharisees in plastic curlers." A hillie writes to assert that he was driven from his own home by "the stench of ego" and "heartbreaking lasciviousness." The father of a hillie, in phrases broken and twisted by the force of his passion, describes circumstantially his child's upbringing in an atmosphere of love and plenty and in conclusion hopes that other parents will benefit from the

---

ANGEL

The dusk we bring the spruce in is like
last year's or the year-before's, many
darkening backward to one obscure
when a man hammered the first stand on
and tilted the tree up this stairwell
so its top showed on the second floor
and secured it like this, with packthread.

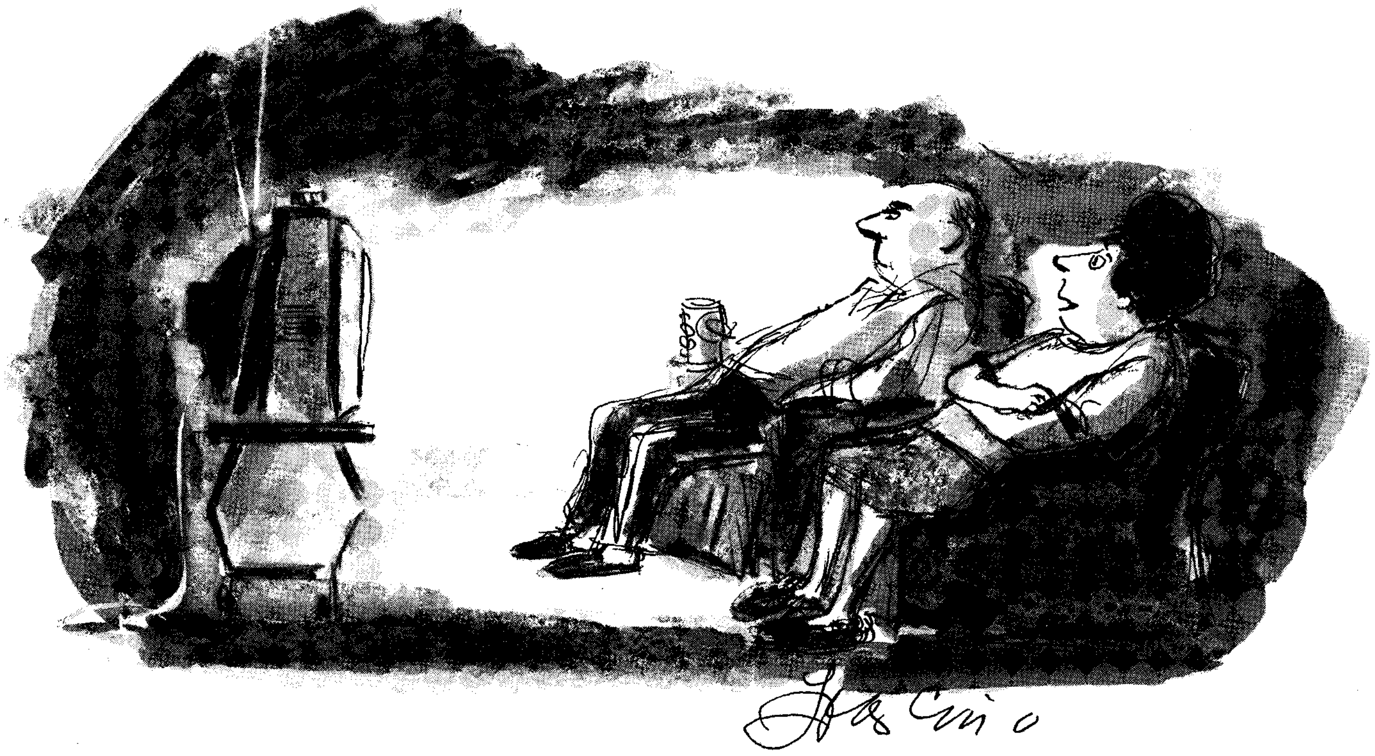
While we help holiness show herself,
carols play—albums once more dug out
for this hour, or hour and a half.
The strings of lights first, then on which branch
which ornament hangs best, then tinsel
until the angel, the same creature,
substantiates on time but sings not
nor plays her harp nor preens. The carols sing.

While they sing words we don't even hear,
we repeat "This is the prettiest yet."
Can we recall? Not one innocent
is left whose wish has come true tonight.
We sit in a circle on the floor
as before. Our grown-up faces glow
in the pink redundant radiance

spilling generously from our guest,
whom we've coaxed back because we're afraid
to admit what has happened to what
we once were or at least to say so
or quite let go, though each one's eyes show
that the shelter the house was, when first
we moved, is not what the house is now.

—BINK NOLL

• •



"I wish I could ad-lib."

• •

hard lesson of his present disgrace—a punishment he "nightly embraces with grateful prayer." Various old men write in to reminisce about their youths. Some remember hard work, bitter winters, and penny-pinching; others evoke a lyrically empty land where a boy's natural prankishness and tendency to idle had room to "run their course." One "old-timer" states that "there is nothing new under the sun;" another sharply retorts that *everything* is new under the sun, that these youngsters are "subconsciously seeking accommodation" with unprecedented overpopulation and "hypertechnology." The Colorado couple write from their gallery to agree, and to suggest that salvation lies in Hindu reposefulness, "free-form creativity," and wheat germ. A downtown businessman observes that the hillies have become something of a tourist attraction and should not be disbanded "without careful preliminary study." A minister cautions readers to "let him who is without sin cast the first stone." The editor editorializes to the effect that "our" generation has made a "mess" of the world and that the hillies are registering a "legitimate protest;" a letter signed by sixteen hillies responds that they protest nothing, they just want to sit and "dig." "Life as it is," the letter (a document mimeographed and distributed by the local chapter of PAX) concludes, "really grooves."

The printed correspondence reflects only a fraction of the opinions expressed orally. The local sociologist has told a luncheon meeting of the Rotary Club that the hillies are seeking "to reëmploy human-ness as a non-relative category." The local Negro, a crack golfer and horseman whose seat on his chestnut mare is the pride of the local hunt club, cryptically told the Kiwanis that "when you create a slave population, you must expect a slave mentality." The local Jesuit informed an evening meeting of the Lions that drugs are "the logical end product of the pernicious Protestant heresy of the 'inner light.' " The waitresses at the local restaurant tell customers that the sight of the hillies through the plate-glass windows gives them "the creeps." "Why don't they go to *work*?" they ask; their own legs are blue-veined from the strain of work, of waiting and hustling. The local Indian, who might be thought sympathetic, since some of the hillies affect Pocahontas bands and bead necklaces, is savage on the subject: "Clean the garbage out," he tells the seedy crowd that hangs around the liquor mart. "Push 'em back where they came from." But this ancient formula, so often invoked in our history, no longer applies. They came from our own homes. And in honesty do we want them back? How much a rural myth is parental love? The Prodigal Son no doubt became a useful overseer; they needed his hands. We need our self-respect. That is what is eroding on the hill—the foundations of our lives, the identities our industry and acquisitiveness have heaped up beneath the flag's blessing. The local derelict is the only adult who wanders among them without self-consciousness and without fear.

For fear is the mood. People are bringing the shutters down from their attics and putting them back on their windows. Fences are appearing where children used to stray freely from back yard to back yard, through loose hedges of forsythia and box. Locksmiths are working overtime. Once we parked our cars with the keys dangling from the dashboard, and a dog could sleep undisturbed in the middle of the street. No more. Fear reigns, and impatience. The downtown seems to be tightening like a fist, a glistening clot of apoplectic signs and sunstruck, stalled automobiles. And the hillies are slowly withdrawing upward, and clustering around the beeries, and accepting them as leaders. They are getting ready for our attack.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

The Seigneurial System in Early Canada: A Geographical Study, by Richard C. Harris. A geographical analysis of a feudal system that existed during the French regime in Canada and, as the author relates, had little social or economic impact upon the land and was largely irrelevant to the development of Canada. 240 pages. 30 illus. $10.00.
—*Adv. in the New Republic.*

Ten *dollars*?

A DREAM, DREAMED BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND 1 A.M., JULY 8, 1969

MY friend Junius Hatton, the editor of *New England* magazine, and I are having drinks before lunch at the Palmetto Hotel in Miami Beach, Florida. The Palmetto, unlike other Miami Beach hotels, is constructed in the General Grant style; it was apparently built in the early seventies. From the vantage point of a small mission-oak tavern table in the bar, it looks rather like the inside of an early elevator, but on a gargantuan scale. Everything is matte-black cast iron, interspersed with wrought-iron spears and slats of sunlight. The main staircase is the largest circular stairway I have ever seen—perhaps fifty feet in diameter—with a rivet-studded central shaft like an enormous pillar-box. The bar floor, like the stair treads, is hobnailed steel, worn shiny and dished in places by a century of feet. The bar is rosewood and a hundred feet or more in length; the back bar, rosewood also and elaborately carved, is dominated by a single, greening, ninety-foot plate-glass mirror, which reflects the backs of several hundred bottles with old and unfamiliar labels (e.g., S. S. Pierce's Golden Sickle Rye).

Jun and I finish our drinks and go down one flight to the dining room for lunch. No sooner have I sat down and ordered one more Danish Mary (akvavit and tomato juice) than I look for my pipe tobacco and discover that I must have left it in the bar. I climb the stairs to find that our late table has been taken by two tall, pleasant-looking, crop-haired men—one blond, one red-headed—in their late twenties. I see a pocket package of yellow Sail, the brand of tobacco I habitually smoke, lying beside a paper placemat at the head of the table, in front of one of the young men. I say, "Excuse me," pick it up, put it in my jacket pocket, and turn away.

"Hey, wait a minute," the blond young man says. "That's *my* tobacco."

"What do you think you're doing?" the other young man asks.

I turn to face them. "That was my tobacco. I just left it there a couple of minutes ago."

"The hell you say."

"I swear I did. Look, I can prove it."

"How?"

"My friend's downstairs in the dining room. Come down and ask him what brand I was smoking."

"Want to bother with this guy?"

"Sure. I'd just like to call his bluff. O.K., fella."

With each of them holding one of my arms, they frog-march me down the circular stairs to the dining room. Halfway down, they pause to read an advertisement for the Palmetto Cabaret in a brass case on the central shaft of the stairway. Mysteriously, I can find no foothold on the steps once they release my arms. I cling to the shaft by locking my thumbs and fingers through small circular holes in the ironwork. Sun falling through other holes at eye level blinds me. I begin to sweat. I don't know how long I can hang on.

The pain of my predicament presses an escape mechanism. My mind moves upward a level, out of sleep and into semi-consciousness. I see early-morning light—a lighter blue behind the deep-blue curtains of my bedroom. In the same moment, half awake, I see also that the dream, not frightful enough to be a nightmare, will not propel me to the surface of full wakefulness, and that I now have a chance to choose its ending.

My mind works on the material it is still taking part in (in one of its chambers, I am still clinging to the shaft of the stairway). I can be simply absolved by my friend's testimony. I can be as easily condemned by his failure to recognize me, at one extreme, or to corroborate my evidence, at the other. Or all four of us—myself, my friend, the two strangers—can be made equal victims of an inadvertent error. I have my ending. The freeze-frame of the dream resumes.

"O.K., let's go." They take my arms again and march down to the dining room. I point out my friend's table.

"Jun, these two gentlemen want to ask you a couple of questions about me."

"What kind of tobacco does this guy smoke?"

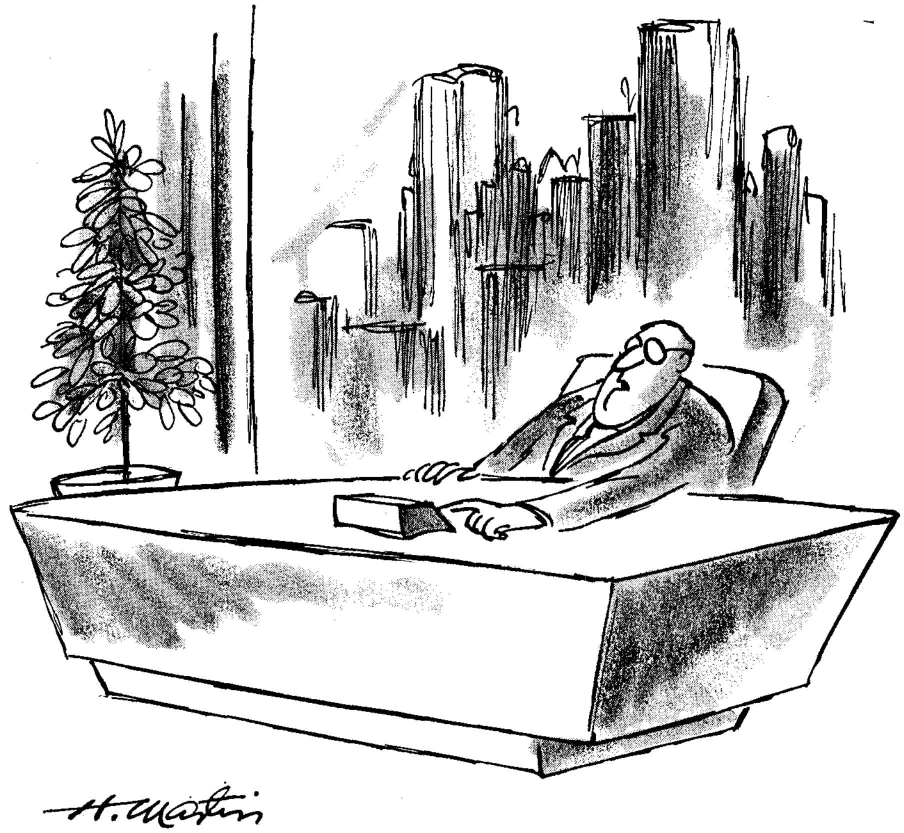
"And was he smoking it in the bar just now?"

"He smokes yellow Sail. The same brand I do. Look."

Jun pats his jacket pockets and pulls a package of yellow Sail out of the right-hand one. Then, with a puzzled look, he pulls another out of his left.

"That's funny," he says. "I must have picked his up by accident."

—L. E. SISSMAN

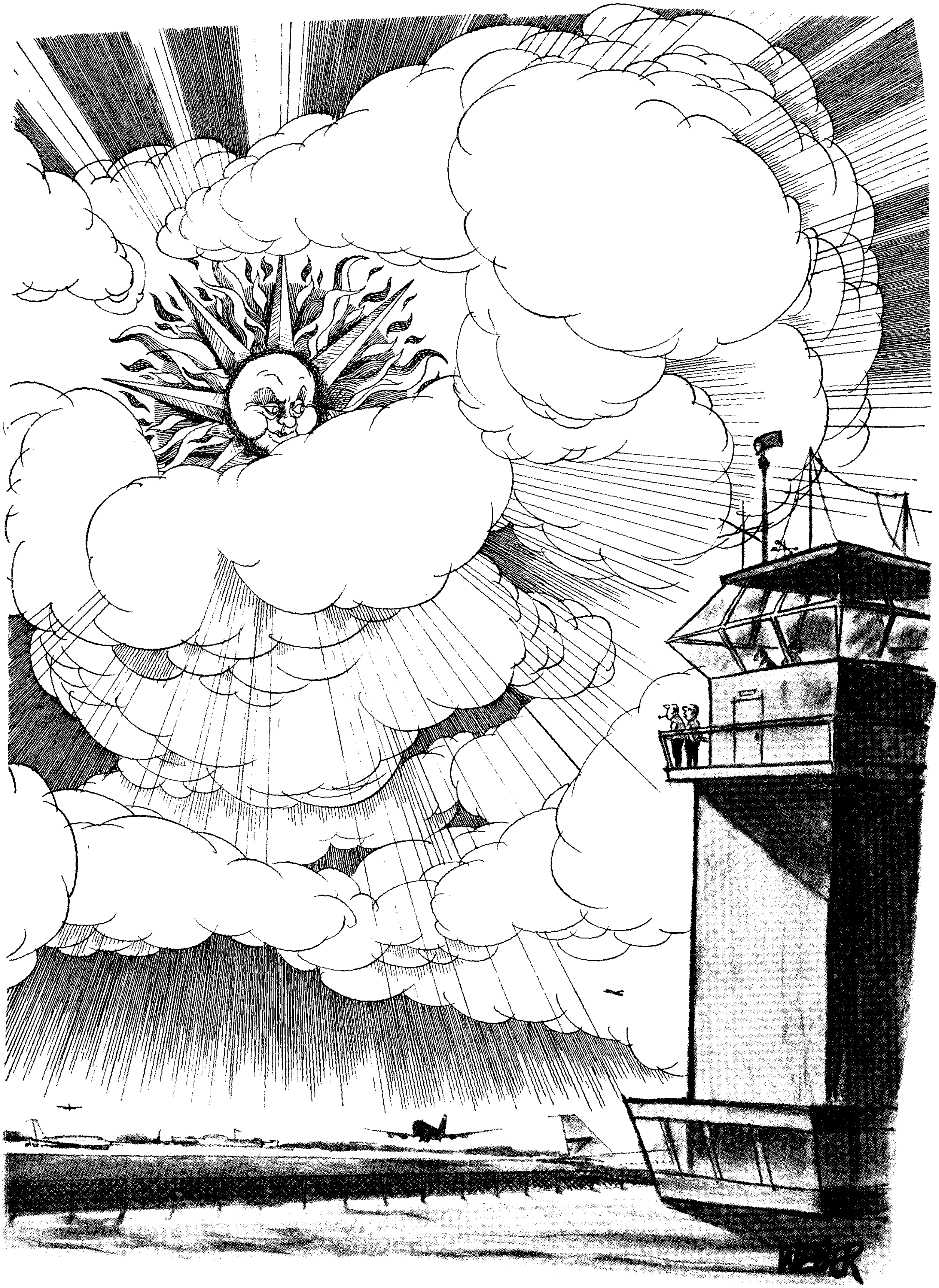


"Miss Hexley, have some old and trusted employees drop by to wish me a Merry Christmas."

•

Instead of 20 to 25 girls, only seven pretty 18-year-olds waited to make their bows. There were flowers and ushers and proud parents, but seven debts just can't live up to the title "ball."
—*Boston Globe.*

Except for the loan companies, maybe.



"Somehow 'partly cloudy' doesn't seem altogether adequate."

THE MAN WHO JUMPED INTO THE WATER

DURING the only seriously bad year of his business, Charlie Hartz bought the old Berkely house and installed himself, Flossie his wife, and their child Minna in it. It was an old, enormous house, built in the early nineteen-hundreds by a local millionaire. It had gray gables, five fireplaces, oak panelling, leaded-glass windows, and fifteen rooms for the three of them to live in. At the time my parents met them, they were cramped into four of the fifteen rooms while plasterers, carpenters, electricians, and painters brought the house down and put it back together.

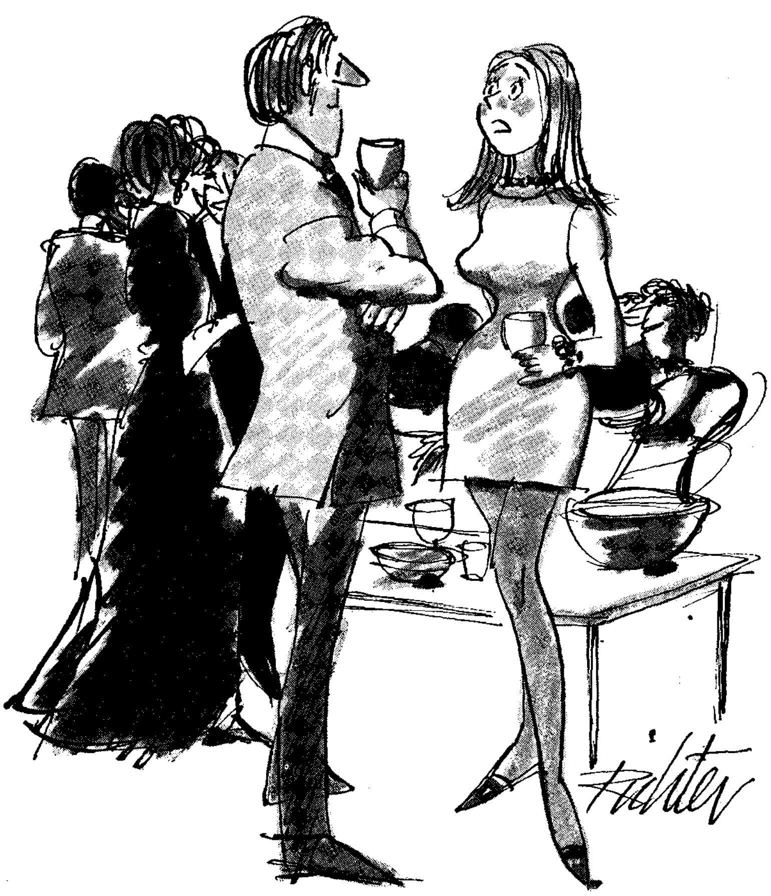
The next year, when his business was in better order and the house was complete, Charlie spent six months designing a swimming pool, and during the winter, with everyone telling him he was crazy to begin digging, Charlie and a crew of five dug, laid, and finished it. It was a bit shorter than a full-size Olympic pool, and it was very deep, except for a couple of yards at one end shallow enough for Minna, who was six, to learn how to swim, and for Flossie's friends—the "bosom dippers," Charlie called them—who were not up for serious swimming. It was said to be a miracle of construction, because of the angle and the slope and the fact that it was built between small swells in the ground. It had a bronze frog on one side that spat water, and the border and sides were inlaid with blue-and-white Mexican tiles with flowers on them, and that was miracle enough for me. After serious consultation with the diving pro at the country club, Charlie put in a low board and a high dive that was three feet lower than a standard high jump.

My sister and Charlie spent hours diving, to the horror of Flossie and my mother, who thought that constant diving would do something to their hearing and sinuses. My sister was the better diver. She dove like some sleek bird—or the way diving might be done in an ideal water world. Charlie was forty-two at the time, and getting vaguely soft, and he dove with a solemn clumsiness. He was very determined about it. They had a general competition over who could do the fanciest dives, and a personal competition in which one would stand on the high board and one on the low. The object of this game was to see if they could hit the water at the same time. One of them would call out the name of a dive, and they would have to correct for the difference in height and spring. This amused them endlessly. My sister was twenty-one at the time, and sullen. Except for her beau, Willis, who was clerking for the D.A., Charlie Hartz was one of the few people she liked. Since I had just turned seventeen, we didn't have much to say to each other, and since neither of us had quite stopped battling our parents, we had nothing much to say to them. On Friday afternoons, Willis would appear at the pool, and Charlie, Flossie, my parents, Willis, and my sister would sit in the sun drinking gin-and-lime. Charlie had given my sister her first drink in a restaurant, and she loved him for it.

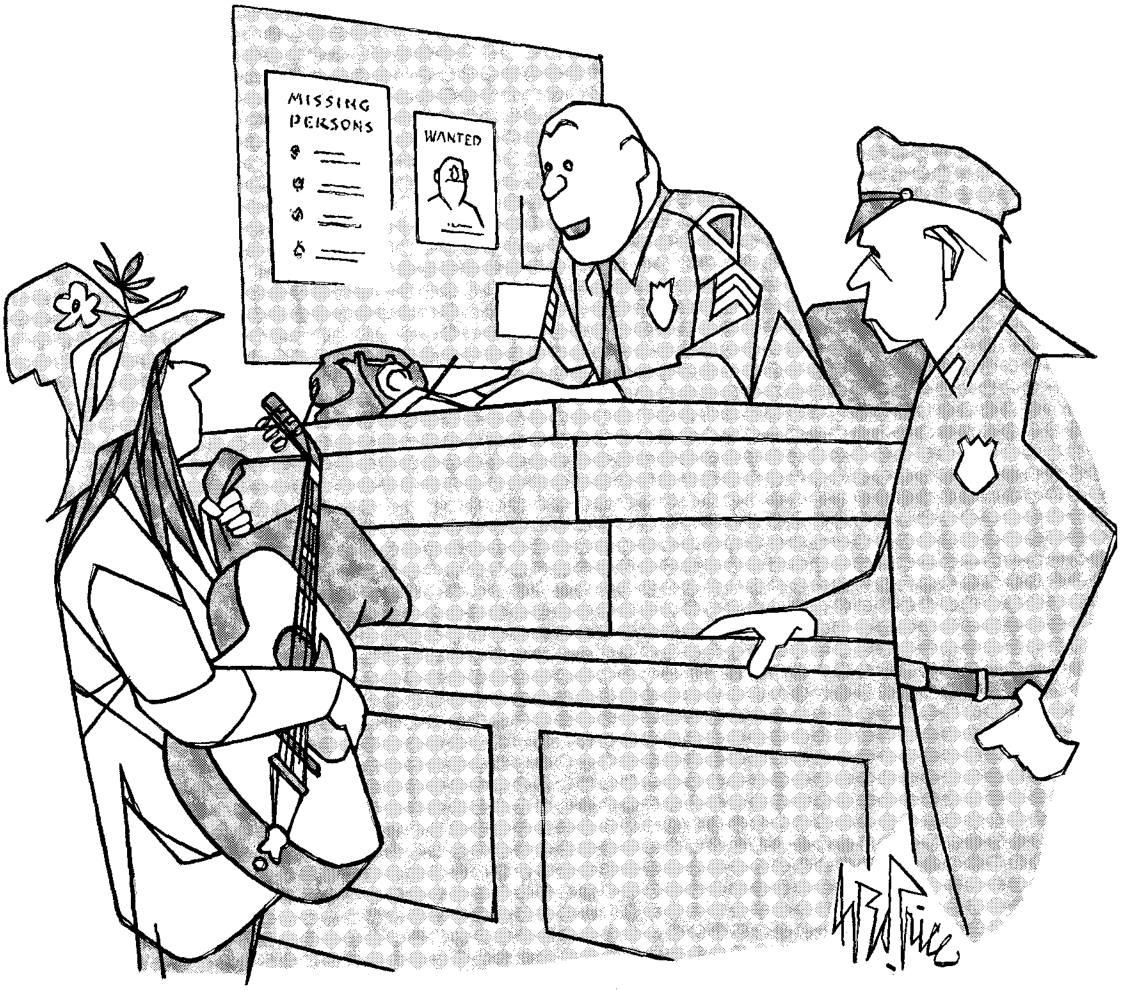
We spent days at their pool. I would take charge of Minna, who was interested in learning how to blow bubbles underwater. She was moonfaced and diffident. I taught her to stand on her head in the shallow end. Charlie and my father would listen to the ballgame on the radio and plan some complicated, technological project for the winter. Flossie and my mother would roast delicately in the sun, splash once or twice in the pool, and get the lunch. Usually in the afternoons, the Flowers would arrive after their golf game. My parents and the Flowers clung to some dried-out, age-old feud between them, and they were civil but not cordial. The atmosphere became intensely sociable and civilized. Ice clinked diminutively in glasses.

Jeremy was the Flowers' son. When I was thirteen and he was fourteen, we had met at Sunday school and fallen in love. This meant that we wrote precocious notes to each other and, thrown together at parties, escaped out side doors and kissed in garages. No one paid much attention to us until Jeremy was sixteen and got his driver's license. Then attempts at sabotage were made by both sets of parents, but we were still holding hands and running off in the car and coming home too late. He was going away to Dartmouth in September, and we spent the summer clinging to each other when we could and drugging ourselves into the numbness we thought would be helpful in the fall. That particular summer took on a klieg-light clearness. It was like sharp cutting glass, because we were on the edge of adolescent pain and loss.

One afternoon, when Flossie and my mother were in town shopping and my father was swimming laps underwater, Charlie dragged me over to the garage, where he had taken apart the engine of the lawnmower and had unsuccessfully tried to get it back together. It was damp and mossy in the garage, and wherever I stepped crank-



"But shouldn't we be happy that the Mafia is going into legitimate businesses?"



"And you say black is the color of your true love's hair?"

case oil slicked on me. I handed Charlie a pair of pliers. He said, "Is your heart going to break when the White Hope goes off to Dartmouth?" That made me angry, and I left him to his motor. I thought he was condescending and insensitive. In the pool, I realized that he was the only person who took enough notice of me and Jeremy to comment, and I was very struck with that. From then on I watched him, and I noticed that when the Flowers showed up with Jeremy slouched behind, Charlie arranged it so that we were off together or with him, away from where the air was being punctured with icicles of politeness.

Jeremy at the time was a tall, gangling boy with slate-blue, stricken eyes. He had been too tall too young and had kept his defensive slouch long after he had grown out of the need for it. He was Scholar of the Year at his school, and got the Greek and Latin award and the prize for the best French poem, so Charlie called him the White Hope. He loathed his parents and tolerated mine, but years of social pressure had worn him down. When he was angry, his voice was an outraged whine, but usually it was blunted at its edges and came out as a smudgy hostile murmur. With Jeremy, Charlie was impatient and savage. He would cut through Jeremy's posed nastiness and drive him into actual fury. He said to me of Jeremy, "That punk's got a great future ahead of him if he can tell his parents to go to hell and someone doesn't knock him off for his affectations." I thought this was very revolutionary talk from a parent. He said to me, of me, "You're an all-right girl, but you should wear lipstick and not run around looking like some two-bit beatnik." I wondered why we took it, and we did because Charlie found some mutual ground between you and him, and fought an honest battle there. Besides, he swore in front of us and told us that our mothers were hysterical, and that generally goes over well with adolescents.

Charlie Hartz was a very ordinary-looking man. The few times I saw him in a suit, I was shocked at how much he looked like hundreds of men in suits. He was medium height, medium weight, and his hair was a medium cut—colorless dark brown that became spiky when wet. He had a trick knee, which made him sway slightly when he walked, and he wore the usual kind of black-rimmed glasses. He wore them when he swam, and for diving he had a piece of elastic that went around his head like an Indian band to keep them on. Flossie worried, but they never broke. My father said that Charlie took nothing seriously and that he played with his business, but it never occurred to me then that he was the only person I had ever known who knew how to play, and he put himself entirely into whatever he was doing. He rarely laughed, but when he did it was like a meal.

TOWARD the end of the summer, Charlie gave Jeremy and me a going-away present. He said to Jeremy, "I'm taking the family to New York for the weekend. Clean the pool, will you?" I was standing next to Jeremy, so he meant me, too. He threw us the keys to the gate and said, "Keep an eye on it." The pool was ours for the weekend. We decided on night swimming, which neither of us had ever done. Since our parents knew that Charlie had given us use of the pool, it was a sanctioned thing; if I came home late at night with wet hair, there was no need for explanations.

There were lights around the side of the pool, and behind heavy glass plates there were lights in the pool. We turned them all out and lit candles in glasses and picked some overripe roses and tossed the petals in. The air was cold and the pool was like a vast warm bath. "We should swim naked, Martha," Jeremy said. We sat on the edge considering this, our flesh puckered and dripping. Some moths had knocked themselves out on the candle glasses and were lying in little pools of water, beating the powder off their wings until they died. "Let's," he said. We were very shy about it. We took our suits off underwater and threw them to the side of the pool. The water folded over us. I had never been swimming at night and never been swimming naked, and I had never been naked with anyone before. We floated on our backs away from each other, testing how it felt. Then we played a few timid water games, ducking each other, to play out the strangeness of it. When we got out, it was cold and overcast. It was as if the water had mated us, and we dried each other with the solicitous tenderness of old couples. We became very modest, and dressed in the garage with our backs to one another.

The next day, we cleaned the pool and went swimming at night until it rained. On Sunday night, the Hartzes came back and gave an impromptu party. Jeremy and I were caught in it, but Charlie maneuvered us to the door and we escaped. We drove to the arboretum and threw stones into the pond. I said, “When we were swimming naked, what do you think they were doing?”

Jeremy said, “I don't care. Whatever they were doing, the others were thinking about it and Charlie was doing it.”

Then the police cruised by and chased us out.

THE last week before Jeremy left for Dartmouth was very difficult. We felt as if a conspiracy of parents was keeping us apart, but the fact was that no one bothered to think we needed to be together, so he was kept busy shopping and I was kept busy with being busy. We escaped to the Hartzes' as a convenient refuge. That week it was cold, and no one would swim with Charlie except us. When it looked like rain, he would jump into the water and stay there until the lightning began, and Flossie would come from the house and scold him until he got out.

Suddenly Jeremy was packed and gone, my sister went back to Cornell, and I hung around waiting for my last year of high school to begin. Jeremy and I wrote every day, and Jeremy's parents started complaining about the telephone bills he was running up calling me. There were two mild crises, and both involved Charlie Hartz.

First, Willis and my sister discussed splitting up, and since she and my mother weren't speaking, I found out from Charlie one afternoon in October. He was keeping the pool open until it got really cold, and I would go and swim with him. After his lecture about how sloppy my backstroke was, he said, “Your sister and that lawyer fellow had a fight.”

“How do you know,” I said.

“I'm not so out of it as you think,” said Charlie. “She called me up at work and told me.”

“What did you say?” I asked. It was part of the way I tested him.

“I said that long-distance things like this either play out or she'll marry him. And by the way, how's the Dartmouth wonder?”

At the end of October, my sister and Willis became engaged and decided to get married after New Year's. It was all part of the winter's loss. My sister and I had never been close, but I was used to her being around as my sister, not as Willis's wife. At their engagement party, Charlie winked at me and said, “I told you so.” I remember thinking how ghastly and prim he was, but what a good time he was having at it.

Then one afternoon Charlie called me up. “Martha, come to my office. It's important. Your White Hope is here.”

When I got there, Charlie met me at the door. He was impatient and put out.

“Would you please tell Jeremy that he is *not* to quit school.”

“Is that what he says?” I asked.

“He says that everyone up there is illiterate and no one has ever heard of Samuel Beckett. Is he the one that wrote ‘Way of All Flesh’?”

“Samuel Butler,” I said.

“Never read it,” he said.

“What did you say?”

“I told him that he was an adolescent punk, so the kid is burned up at me. He doesn't understand that he needs something to put his intelligence into.”

I was dispatched to Jeremy, and we sat on a leather couch holding each other. Charlie gave us half an hour; then he appeared with sandwiches and beer from the delicatessen. We discussed the alternatives to not going back to school. One of them was working for Charlie, learning how to be a stockbroker. One was to live at home and fight with his parents. One was to travel without money and end up with mononucleosis. Jeremy decided to stay home for the weekend and go back to Dartmouth.

After he was gone, I thought about Charlie Hartz. It seemed that he was very bound up in my life, but apart from the summer and at my parents' dinner parties I rarely saw him. What kept people like me and Jeremy and my sister around him was that Charlie got the best out of what you were at the time you were it. Jeremy was a punk and I was a sloppy adolescent, and

---

SEEING JUPITER

A chair was placed
upon the lawn.
In cloak of wind
and shadow I
sat, and bent

my eye upon
a rim of dark
that glittered up
to open heaven.
In the cup,

a worn dime.
Size of an iris
of anyone's eye.
Flat, cold, lost,
found coin

of enormous time.
Some small change
around it. Three
little bits
swirled (or else

my eye, ragged
with wind, swung).
Behind the blank,
in black pocket
hidden, a fourth

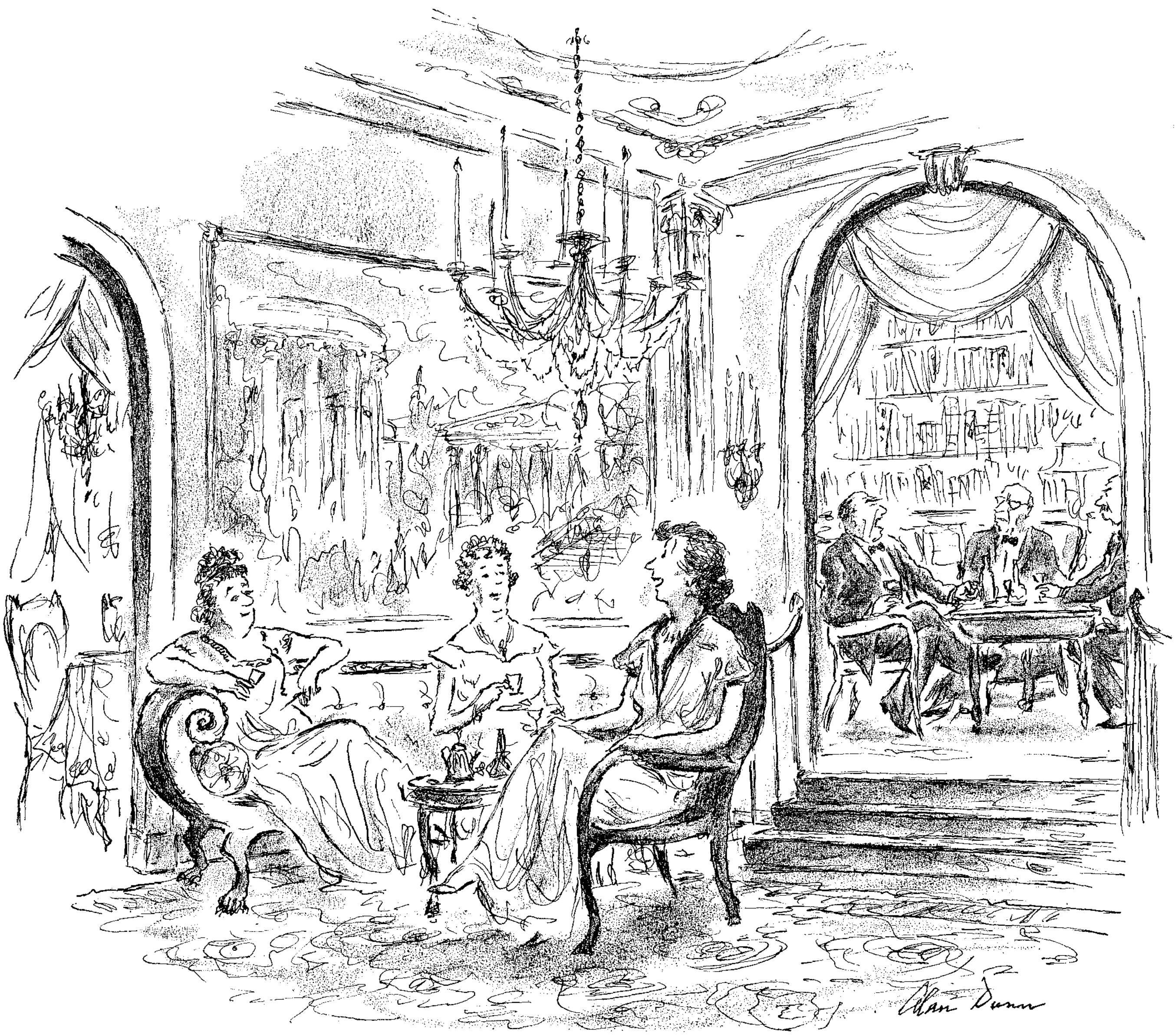
moon dot hung,
smarting,
as if beneath my
tongue. A dreg
of ancient mint

my retina tasted,
light—how long
dead? My hair
thrashed. Enlarged
upon the lawn,

my chair
I sat in, bent,
in wind and shadow,
had slid an inch
toward dawn.

—MAY SWENSON

• •



"One good thing—you don't hear much about 'the dear old Alma Mater' anymore."

• •

Charlie both savored our conditions and responded to what we were without any of the condescension adults usually fall back on. When he discovered that I could draw, he made me teach him and he spent several hours a day drawing pictures of Minna, which he would make me criticize. To pay me back, he became merciless about my backstroke, standing like a raja at the end of the pool, shouting insults until I got out of the water, blue in the face, and told him to go to hell. He arched his eyebrow. "If you were some sort of a spastic, I'd leave you alone. But if you tried you'd have a really poetic backstroke going for you." He didn't mind laziness, as long as it was not laziness about doing something. He pried out of Jeremy that Jeremy took pictures, and the two of them spent an afternoon in the New Jersey swamps taking artistic photos of swamp grass. It gave both of them fantastic head colds. When he found out that my father knew how to install telephones, splice into the Bell lines and thereby cheat the Telephone Company, he and my father put an antique phone in every room of the Hartz house, and when Flossie complained that the ringing was driving her crazy they figured out a way to shut off the ringing and silenced ten of the phones. With my sister, he went diving and did the crosswords. He got all the obscurities, like brass money of India and water birds of the South Seas, and she got all the puns.

As winter started, Flossie and her set began their serious socializing with the usual round of dinner parties. At this time, Charlie and some local boy built a little car out of old parts, which Charlie used as a golf-cart-*cum*-Land-Rover, and he appeared at parties slightly oil-stained. The gate to the pool was locked, and there was a flat wooden roof fitted over it, so that if Minna managed to get through the gate she couldn't fall in. After the first snowfall, he took Flossie and Minna to Barbados for two weeks.

Right before Christmas the weather became unnaturally warm. Snow melted into mud and car wheels skidded in it. The sky and the ground were mud-colored; it was like living between two roofs. I came home from school one afternoon on the warmest day, hot and cold, the wool of my sweater itching me. In the living room I found my sister, who was not due home for another week. She and my mother were drinking and they were both red-eyed. It was another crisis. I wondered if she and Willis had broken off the engagement. I hung up my coat and my mother met me at the closet.

"What's going on?" I said.

She was very tense. "Something's happened," she said.

"What?" I asked.

She said very quietly in a hysterical voice, "Charlie Hartz is dead."

It was shocking, and I stepped backward, away from her voice. "Why?" I asked.

She said, "He shot himself this morning in his car," and rubbed her knuckles against her teeth.

It was the first time anyone I knew was dead. I tried to imagine what Charlie had thought of when he got into his car and when he put the gun up to his head. I wondered what he felt when the bullet went through his head. I wondered what he felt now, dead, and where he was. Then I went to my room and cried. I wondered if it wasn't true at all and he was in his garage, working on his golf cart. When my father came home, he made me drink some brandy and then we went to Flossie's house. Minna had been sent to an aunt's, and Flossie was under sedation. Her mother was there, a keen-eyed, regal old woman, who had a foxlike intelligent face that prowed over an enormous bosom. She spoke to my parents off in a corner, and what I wasn't supposed to hear was that Charlie hadn't left a note, that his business was in order, and that, as far as they knew, his health was good. The rumors were that he was bankrupt or had cancer. But there was no note, no sign.

My parents stayed with Flossie's mother at Flossie's that night, and my sister and I went home. We were both dazed and kept mumbling "I don't believe it" at each other. She talked to Willis for an hour on the telephone. When we finally had dinner, it was as if the whole house was in the midst of a funeral. None of the lights seemed to work and we ate in dimness. We picked at our food. Willis came over and slept on the couch.

My parents came back the next morning and we sat at breakfast, all of us tired and strained. The telephone rang and my mother answered it. "It's for you," she said to me, frosty in the voice. "It's Jeremy's mother."

Mrs. Flower said how sorry she was to disturb me, that we all must be very upset. What she was calling about was that Mr. Flower had called Jeremy to tell him the news. He had taken it very badly and refused to come for the funeral. She wanted me to call and make him come home for it.

I called, and Jeremy said that he knew what he felt about Charlie and that his coming to the funeral wouldn't bring Charlie back and he refused to come down to hear someone who barely knew Charlie reciting some sort of garbage over his body.

I asked him if he would come home for me, because *I* had to go to the funeral.

"I won't watch those vultures socializing around him," he said. We were both very shaky. He said he would come down to see me, but not to go to the funeral. Then he said, "Did they tell you exactly what happened?"

"He shot himself," I said.

There was an odd sort of glee in his voice, like someone championing a defeated, finished fighter. "He got up, had breakfast, and drove his car off and did it," he said. "But that's not all. It's very corny."

I was furious. "What are you talking about?"

"It's corny," he said. His voice was ragged. He was very near tears. "Don't you know where he did it? He drove to Paradise Lane. *Paradise Lane*. That's very corny. He did it deliberately." He went on and on, about how Paradise Lane was the suicide note he didn't leave, and how it was an existential gesture. He was babbling and I was crying.

After I hung up, I asked my father if the bit about Paradise Lane was true.

He said it was.

"What do you think it meant?" I asked him.

He put his pipe in his mouth and looked at me with the sort of worldliness that spans humor and outrage. "Not a damn thing," he said. "Just a place to park his car."

—LAURIE COLWIN

"You show me where the panic button is and I'll push it."

•

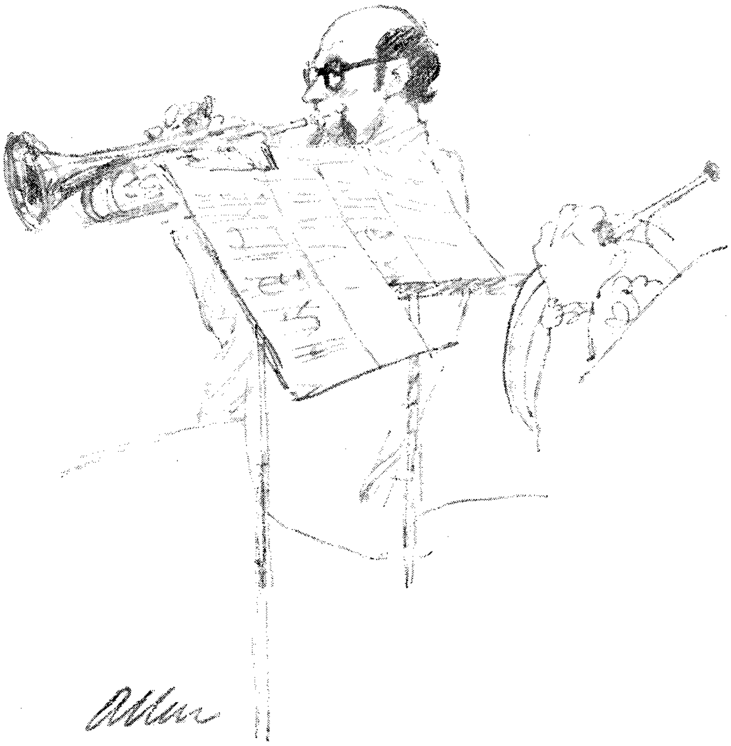
David Gillespie, associate editor of the Charlotte *Observer*, which reprints Shumaker editorials regularly, says, "Jim puts a lot of adrenalin and reflex action into his editorials. He aims more at the spleen than at the brain, and he hits his target right between the eyes."—*Columbia Journalism Review*.

More practice is what he needs.

PROFILES

LEAD PLAYER

AT a dance several years ago in the Midwest, Stan Kenton gave his band the downbeat for the final chord of a tune, then turned to smile at the audience, with both his arms dramatically outstretched. He held the smile and the chord a little longer than usual—for maybe eight or ten seconds. Just as he turned toward the band and brought his right arm down to signal the cutoff, his first-trumpet player at the time, a gifted musician named Al Porcino, passed out, slumped in his chair, and fell over backward. Another Kenton trumpet player, Buddy Childers, had a similar experience one night in a small New Jersey town. "It was at the beginning of the job, during the band's theme, 'Artistry in Rhythm,'" Childers recalled recently. "I was playing a high D, which isn't that high, as trumpet parts go, but I had to hold it for four incredibly slow bars. Suddenly, I blacked out, and the next thing I knew I was on the floor on my back, with my horn still at my mouth, and Stan was leaning over the sax section, peering at me."

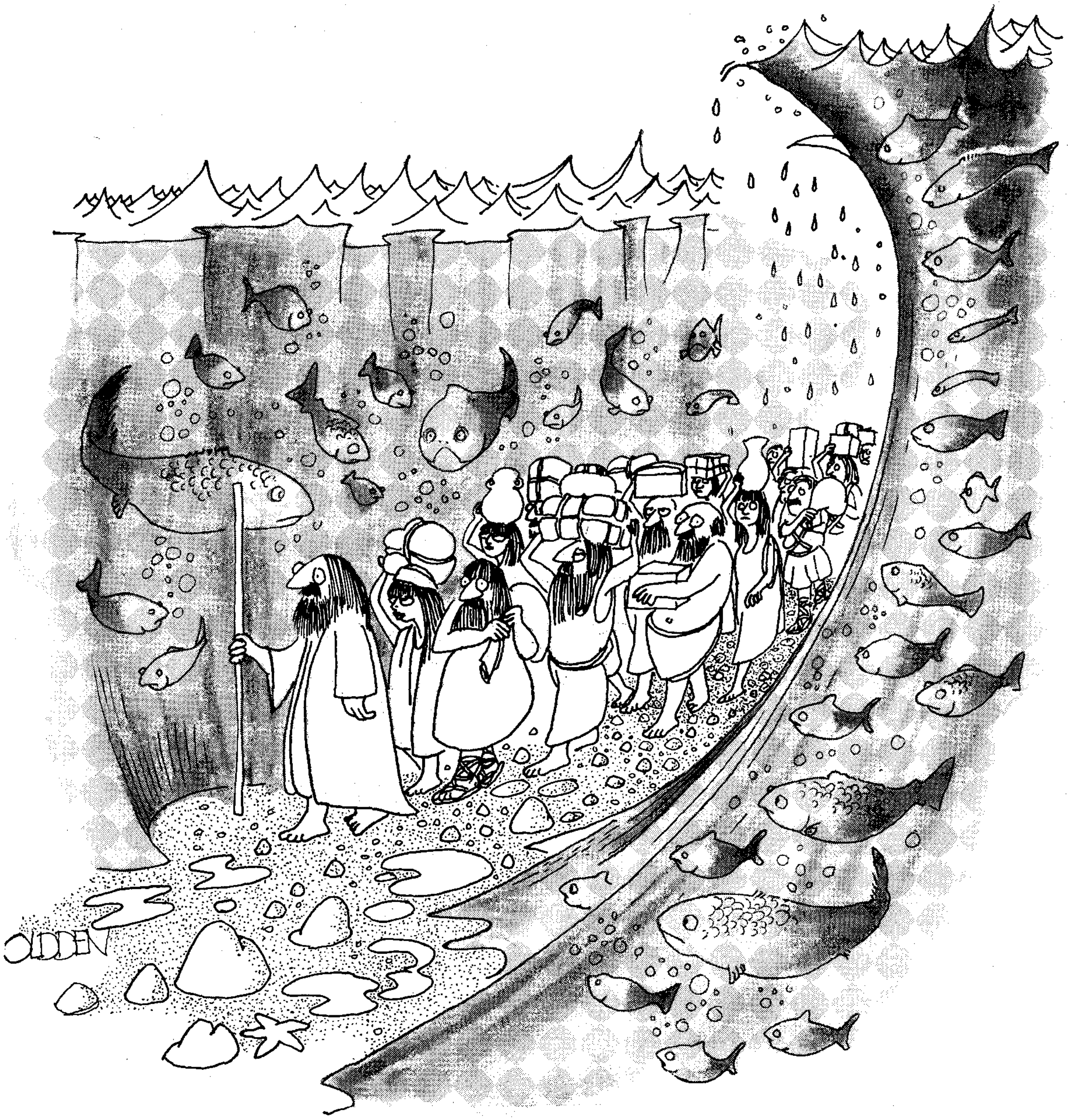

Bernie Glow

Blacking out is hazardous enough, but something worse happened to Porcino during another performance with the Kenton band, at the Paramount Theatre in New York. As Porcino huffed his way through a loud, demanding passage, he suffered an abdominal rupture, or hernia—the sort of injury men sometimes get from lifting something heavy. At an outdoor concert near Reno a couple of summers ago, a trumpet player named John Glenn Little felt a terrible pain in his neck and back while he was playing a loud solo passage. After the concert, it was discovered that he had slipped two discs in his neck; he was in the hospital for a week, and was warned not to play the trumpet for a year. Many professional trumpet players in New York complain of leg aches after an especially rough day in the recording studios, and some of them have suffered for months at a time with strained lower-back muscles. Clyde Reasinger, a trumpet player in Los Angeles, is so wary of the horn that he stays in constant training for his daily bouts with it—he neither drinks nor smokes, and he devotes an hour a day to yoga and isometric exercises. Ten years ago, after conducting a series of tests with the instrument, an English physician and an American trumpet player suggested in the *British Medical Journal*, only half facetiously, that it might be a good idea to equip trumpet players with pressurized pilot suits. As all this may indicate, playing the trumpet is hard work. It is generally agreed, in fact, that the trumpet is more taxing physically—especially when played in the upper register and at great volume—than any other commonly used instrument.

Trumpet players amaze themselves. Playing the instrument really well requires such an unlikely combination of manual dexterity, musicality, and physical strength that once a man learns to do it, he just can't get over it. Trumpet players often feel themselves to be men apart, like members of a secret society. While a saxophone player's best friend might be a piano player or a drummer, a trumpet player's best friend is likely to be another trumpet player. To a saxophone player a trumpet player is merely a musician, but to another trumpet player he's something wonderful—a trumpet player. Hearing a saxophone player or a pianist play a difficult passage may give a trumpet player intellectual or emotional pleasure, but when he hears a trumpet player play a difficult passage his aesthetic pleasure is accompanied by the sort of delicious physical thrill that a football fan gets from seeing a big guard crash through the blockers and tackle the quarterback. "He's a real brute," a trumpet player will sometimes say approvingly of another trumpet player. It is not so much the soloists who are admired this way as it is the "lead" trumpet players—the men who play the first-trumpet parts in the four- and five-man trumpet sections that are employed in the recording studios of New York and Hollywood, in the network-television staff orchestras, in the Las Vegas casino orchestras, and in the few remaining big jazz and dance bands. The lead players are regarded as an élite because of the difficulty of the job they must perform. To oversimplify it, some trumpet players play with taste but not enough strength, and others have the strength but lack the taste. The lead player must have both. He must be able to play constantly in the upper register—the most treacherous and tiring range of the horn—while providing an interpretation of the arrangement that will be definitive for the rest of the brass section and sometimes for the whole orchestra.

Though there are hundreds of professional trumpet players in the country and dozens of talented trumpet soloists, there are only a handful of real lead players. Among the names frequently included in this category by arrangers and conductors are Porcino, Childers, John Audino, Ray Triscari, Ernie Royal, Snooky Young, John Frosk, Al DeRisi, Ray Crisara, Mel Davis, and Bernie Glow. None of these men is more highly regarded as an all-round lead player by the lead players themselves than Glow, a bald, bearded, exceptionally cheerful man of forty-three, who travelled with the Artie Shaw and Woody Herman bands during the nineteen-forties and has worked in the New York recording studios since the early fifties. Other trumpet players speak of Glow with admiration and sometimes with awe. "Bernie is the Big Daddy of us all," Frosk, who plays lead trumpet with the N.B.C. "Tonight Show" band, said recently when Glow's name came up in conversation. "He has endurance, taste, accuracy, an incomparable sound—everything." Trumpet players tend to defer to Glow in quiet but flattering ways. If five first-rate trumpet players, including Glow, have been hired for a recording session, Glow normally finds when he arrives at the studio that the other players, without any instructions from the arranger, have sat down behind Parts 2 through 5, leaving the first part for him. "When you see the Boss coming, you move over," one of the trumpet players explained at a recording session several months ago. This deference has not made Glow arrogant. He is bowled over by how well so many of his colleagues play. Mention one of them to him and he will invariably say something like "Oh, what a fantastic player *he* is," or "Now, he's something really special."

Outside the music business, almost no one has ever heard of Glow, but nearly everyone has heard him play, without knowing it. He has recorded more than any dozen recording stars put together. The only way an American can be sure of getting through the day without being exposed to Glow's playing is to avoid movies, television shows, television commercials, radio commercials, phonographs, jukeboxes, discothèques, and radio disc-jockey shows of all types—jazz, pop, mood-music, Latin, rock, and rhythm-and-blues. At a conservative estimate, Glow has recorded a thousand tunes every year for the past sixteen years. He has worked with Frank Sinatra, Aretha Franklin, Moby Grape, Peter Nero, Tony Bennett, Sarah Vaughan, B. B. King, Wilson Pickett, Ella Fitzgerald, Dizzy Gillespie, Teresa Brewer, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman, the Rascals, Patti Page, the McGuire Sisters, the Four Seasons, Billy Eckstine, Kay Starr, Tito Puente, Mel Tormé, Buddy Greco, Perry Como, Al Hibbler, Wes Montgomery, Miles Davis, the Lovin' Spoonful, Dionne Warwick, and just about everyone else who has recorded extensively in New York. Glow has also recorded hundreds of radio and television commercials—or jingles, as the sound tracks for commercials are called in the business—for most of the soft-drink, cigarette, airline, and automobile companies. If Glow had done nothing but jingles, that would be enough to keep the sound of his trumpet constantly in the air. Most people haven't heard Woody Herman's "Lemon Drop," but has anyone escaped "Pepsi Beats the Others Cold"? Recording sound tracks for movies and television shows has occupied a relatively small part of Glow's time over the years, because most of the movie work is in California, and because working on television shows is not as lucrative for musicians as jingle dates are.

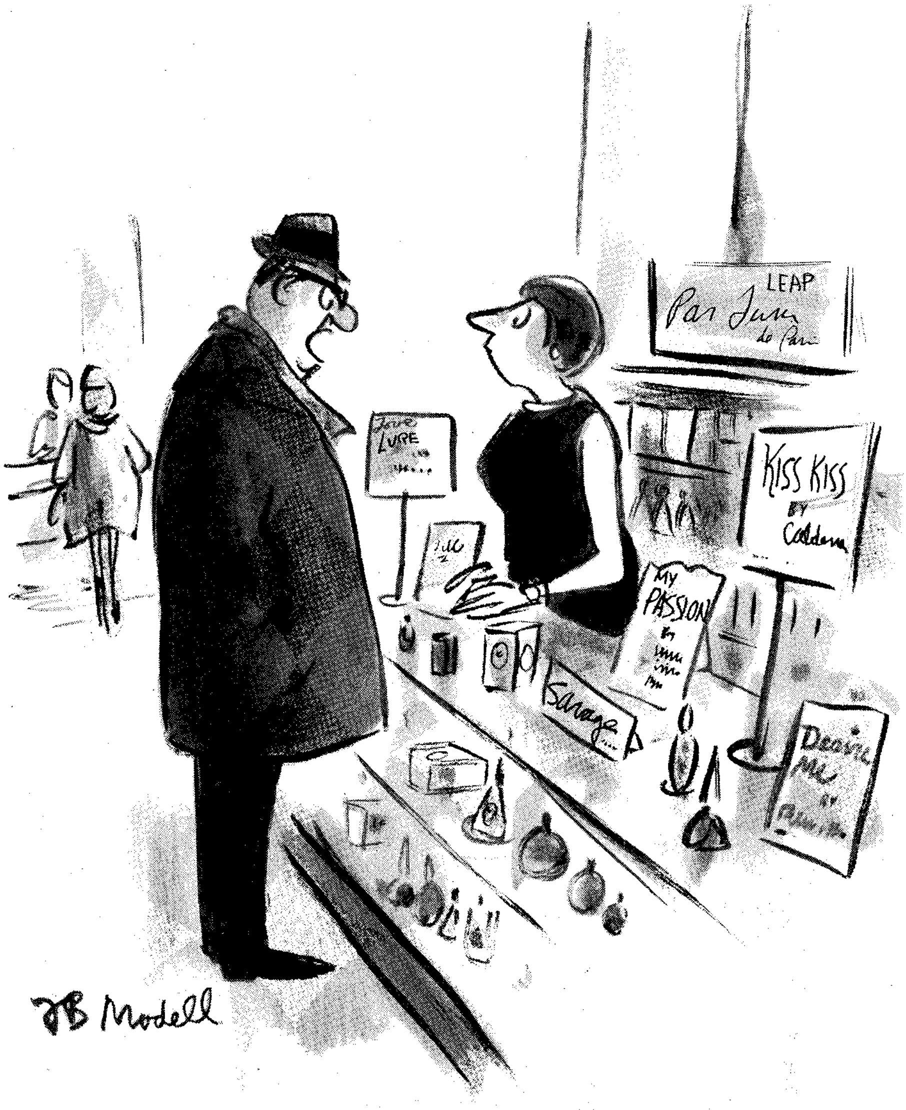


Glow is a free-lance performer. Unlike the gracious free-lance literary life, which consists, to a great degree, in sitting in bars and restaurants and talking about what one isn't writing, the free-lance music life is gruelling. Most weekdays, Glow arises at 7 A.M.—an hour at which it is unnatural for musicians to be conscious. This is so he will be able to drive in to Manhattan from his home, in Great Neck, where he lives with his wife, Gail, and three teen-age daughters, in time for his first recording date of the morning, nor-

from riches to wragge®
Random color geometrics on silk. About 140. Bonwit Teller, all stores; I. Magnin; Burdines. bh wragge

mally around nine or ten o'clock. He is likely to have a session from 9 A.M. to noon, another from 2 P.M. to 5, and another from 7 P.M. to 10. On a fairly relaxed day recently, he recorded a single with a pop group called Jay and the Americans from noon to three, at the O-D-O studios, on West Fifty-fourth Street; did a cigarette jingle from four-thirty to six-thirty, at the Six West Recording studios, on West Fifty-seventh Street; and recorded part of a jazz album with the arranger and orchestra leader Gary McFarland from eight to eleven, at the A & R Recording studios, on West Forty-eighth Street. Counting the time he logs on the expressways, he often puts in a thirteen- or fourteen-hour day. This is almost as rough a schedule as he kept during his road days, though the circuit he travels now is much smaller than the Herman band's was. Glow seldom has to stray below Thirtieth Street or above Fifty-seventh now, since most of the recording studios are in midtown Manhattan. He is active enough to keep an agent or a booker busy in his behalf, but things aren't done that way in the studio business. Anyone who wants to hire him for a record date just calls Glow's answering service in the city a week or so in advance and leaves a message. (New York musicians who don't have steady jobs and can't break into the studio field may have to go out and look for their work. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday afternoon, they gather by the thousand in the Roseland Ballroom, on West Fifty-second Street, where the leaders of pickup bands hire them for dance jobs.) One of the impressive things about Glow, or any other top studio musician, as he moves from record date to record date every day, is the seeming casualness with which he handles his varied assignments. Glow makes his rounds as matter-of-factly as a telephone repairman or a plumber, leaving behind him a trail of perfectly played trumpet parts. There is never a chance for rehearsal, except for the few run-throughs at the recording session itself. The musicians are expected to walk into the studio cold, sight-read the music, and make the record, with a minimum of fuss. An entire album is usually recorded in three three-hour sessions.

Almost half of Glow's working time these days is taken up by jingle dates, and the percentage is about the same for the other leading studio players in New York. It is one of the curiosities of the present-day music business that men like Glow, who have spent their lives mastering their instruments, find themselves progressing from Woody Herman and Tony Bennett to Chevrolet and Pepsi-Cola. This may be less a case of the musicians' debasing their art than of the advertising agencies' upgrading their commercials. The musicians take the jingle work because it pays well, of course, but they don't feel that they're slumming; jingle scores are often as demanding as any they encounter elsewhere. As the name implies, a jingle was once almost an afterthought in a commercial—a musical accompaniment that tinkled along unobtrusively behind the visual and spoken message. Today, when the United States seems literally crazed with music, advertising agencies want more originality in their jingles, and it is only a small exaggeration to say that in search of it they are looting all of American music, from jazz through electronic to hard rock. This is a development of the past five or six years. Jingles are now played by the best musicians, sung by the big pop vocalists and groups, such as Petula Clark and the Fifth Dimension, and written by name composers—men with established reputations in other fields, such as Chico Hamilton, the jazz drummer and composer; Sid Ramin, who arranged the music for the stage and movie productions of "West Side Story;" and Nelson Riddle, who has arranged and conducted numerous Sinatra albums and is one of the leading conductors on the West Coast. Many men of this calibre work part time or even full time for what are known as jingle houses—the production companies that oversee the writing, arranging, and recording of jingles. The president of one of the biggest jingle houses—MBA Music, Inc., in New York—is J. J. Johnson, who is an arranger and composer and one of the great trombone soloists in the history of jazz. This is almost, but not quite, the equivalent of J. Walter Thompson's having, say, Norman Mailer as copy chief. Naturally, with such classy talent producing the jingles, they are recorded with some care. It



"Do you have one that professes to be less stimulating?"

Western Electric: we make Bell telephones.
We also make the telephone network work.

You pick up your telephone. You dial. Seconds later another phone rings. Someone answers. And you talk.

Simple? Familiar? Yes. But to make it happen, hundreds of millions of complex parts have to work perfectly—together—with almost human intelligence, to find the number you're calling and connect you with it. Billions of miles of wire, cable, and radio relay paths have to be ready to carry your voice wherever you want to send it.

That's our nation's telephone network. It's the finest communications system in the world. Over 185,000 Western Electric people make or supply the hardware for a major part of it. From the smallest wire to the most awesome switching equipment.

Equipment that handles 350 million Bell System calls a day. And connects your phone to nearly every other phone in America.

Western Electric
Bell System Manufacturing Unit

SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PURVEYORS OF PROVISIONS
CHIVAS REGAL
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
SCOTCH WHISKIES
AND BOTTLED BY
BROTHERS LT
ABERDEEN, SCOTL

What more

Season's Greetings

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

can we say.

THE ONLY THING SHE'S WEARING IS WHAT WE'RE SELLING.

You're looking at it but you can't see it. A [illegible] Reid-Meredith, makers of modacrylic fiber wigs.
[illegible] know it's a wig, it's not a **Reid-Meredith.**
Reid-Meredith, Inc., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

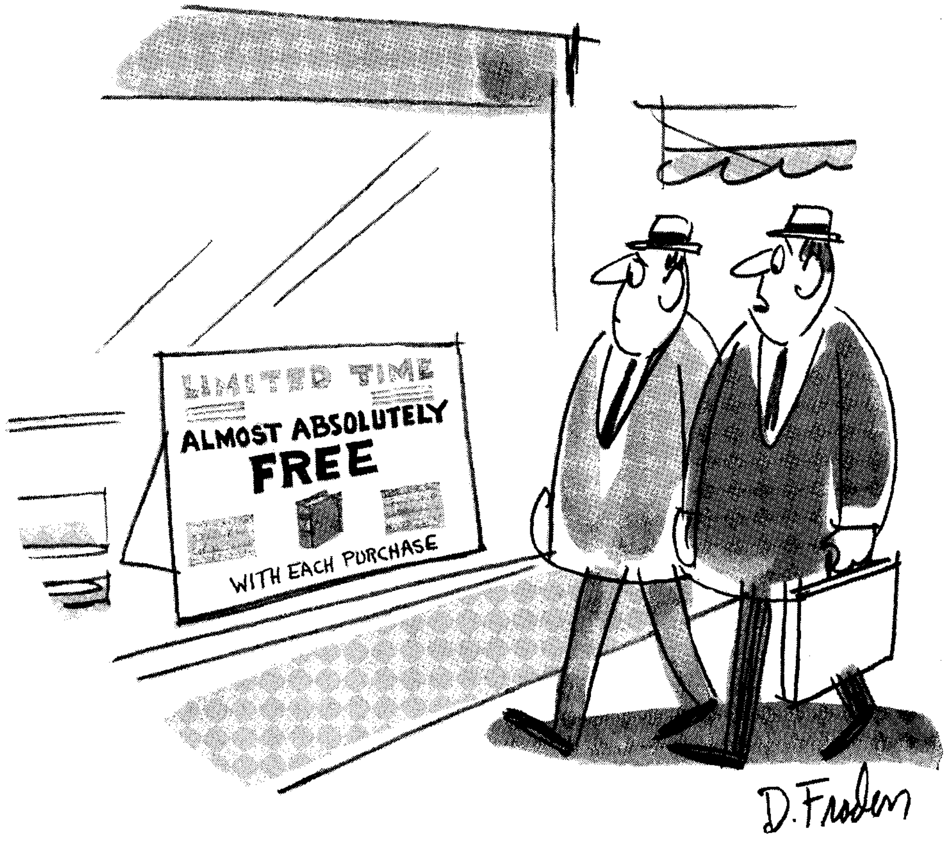
isn't unusual for a jingle producer to keep ten or fifteen musicians in a studio for three hours in order to get a perfect recording of a single thirty-second sound track. When Glow gets bored during such a repetitious session, he can console himself with the thought of his paycheck. The pay scale for jingles is forty dollars an hour, plus $13.33 for every twenty minutes after the first hour. If the player has to double on the date—that is, play another instrument in addition to his regular one—the scale is fifty-two dollars an hour, plus $17.33 for every twenty minutes beyond one hour. Glow, like most other trumpet players in town, doubles on flugelhorn and piccolo trumpet (a small-bore horn that produces a brighter sound in the high register), and some of the reed players double on four or five instruments. In addition to this basic scale, there are payments for various reuses of a jingle recording—with, for instance, a new vocal track or a new film. The pay scale for work on network television shows is $13.42 an hour, and the pay scale for ordinary recording is eighty-five dollars for the minimum call of three hours, plus royalties. At these rates, a busy trumpet player in New York can make more than fifty thousand dollars a year.

IF it seems strange, in this age of guitars, that there is a big demand in the record business for trumpet players like Glow, there is a simple explanation: The so-called big band, a form of musical ensemble that was invented in the nineteen-twenties, is not dead. The big band is supposed to have died in the late nineteen-forties, and its funeral has been widely publicized. What actually died then was the era of the *travelling* big band (though some of the best of the travelling bands of that time have survived to the present, and though some enormously successful travelling bands were born after the era had supposedly ended). As an ensemble form, the big band, or some variant of it, not only is alive but is pervasive in American music. The big-band sound—basically a brass ensemble playing in a jazz-oriented manner—is heard on almost every television show, in hundreds of commercials, in all big night clubs of the Copa or Las Vegas variety, behind all pop singers, and, increasingly, on rock and blues records. This is so for at least two very practical reasons. First, the sound of the big-band ensemble is showy. If Johnny Carson or Jackie Gleason came onstage backed by a quartet, the effect would be hollow and dowdy; instantly, the atmosphere would be that of a budget-minded afternoon show for housewives. Second, the big band does great things for the staple of the entertainment business, the vocalist. Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, Frank Sinatra, and Peggy Lee would sound good in any setting, but with emphatic, percussive big bands behind them they sound wonderful.

All this means steady work for Glow, because, in general, the most important men in the big-band ensemble are the drummer and the lead-trumpet player. The loss of a soloist or a good section player will damage the ensemble, but the loss of a strong drummer or a strong lead-trumpet player will destroy it. During a break in a jingle session recently at the Fine studios, in the Great Northern Hotel, on West Fifty-seventh Street, Glow, prompted by a friend, talked about the requirements of his profession.

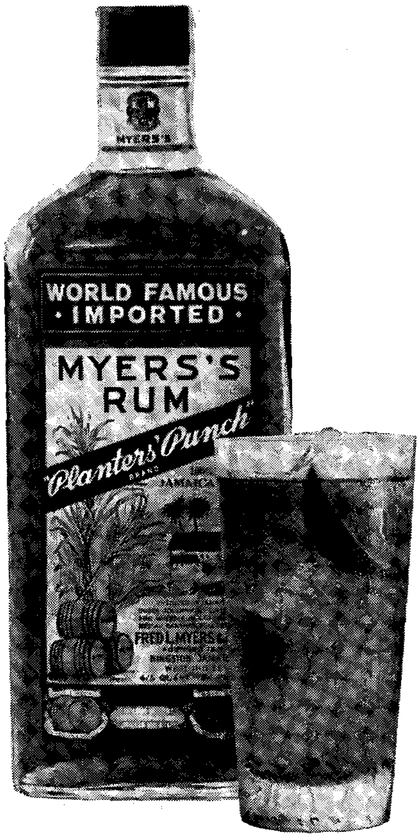
"First of all, the lead player has got to be able to play the instrument with a good, big sound," Glow said. "He's got to have a good high register. He's got to have endurance. Above all, I think, he's got to understand what a melody line means when he plays it—whether it's supposed to mean something syrupy and Guy Lombardo-ish or supposed to be something gentle or something swinging. A first-trumpet player's job is to look at a piece of paper and make it sound like music. It's a piece of paper with black dots on it, and of itself it's not music, and if it's played by the wrong people it'll never be music. It's a matter of interpretation. There are dozens of trumpet players in New York who can play as high as I can, or higher. Or who can play as strong as I can—though, in all frankness, there are very few guys in town who can play as strong as I can for as long as I can. I never reach a point where my lip is so tired that I just can't play anymore. But what you have to do is play *music*. Some people play the *trumpet* instead of playing music. There are players who are technically marvellous but get so wrapped up in playing technically marvellously that they ignore the fact that the only purpose in playing that well is to play music. The playing of the instrument is not the end. To me, that's the basic difference between a great musician and a good one. There are musicians in New York who do pretty well because they never hit clams—you can't put anything in front of them they can't play. They have all the qualifications. But they just don't have any musical sense. They never sound as if they understand what they're playing. They play it perfectly, but somehow it just doesn't add up. All those perfect notes don't add up to a song.

"Beyond this, there's a certain attitude that's necessary for the lead player—toward the men he's working with



"That's inflation for you."

MYERS'S DARK RUM. THE FLAVOR WON'T MELT WITH THE ICE.



Myers's isn't ordinary rum. It's dark Jamaican premium rum. The rummiest rum of all. It has a big, hearty flavor that won't get lost in a drink. Use Myers's every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. If you're ready for a good full-flavored rum.

Myers's rum is also available in a shaker top bottle for cooking. For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 339 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Myers's—The true Jamaican rum—84 Proof.

and toward the leader. A man can't be a good lead player if the fellows he's working with don't respect him. If they don't respect him, they're not going to coöperate, and you can't browbeat people into playing music. Music is not that sort of animal. You shouldn't ordinarily have to say a word to the other guys if the music is fairly well written. They should listen to you and play with you. Your interpretation is definitive. Of course, sometimes the music is not plain enough. Or sometimes arrangers will mark phrasing on the music that turns out to be the opposite of what is required to make it fit with the rhythm section. When this happens, the lead player will ignore the markings, and nine times out of ten the arranger will look up and say, 'Gee, thanks. Beautiful. It's just what I had in mind.' ”

Worrying about such niceties as making one's perfect notes add up to a song is a luxury of the few. Most people who try to play the trumpet find that their problems with it are as much physical as musical, the instrument evidently having been designed for maximum discomfort, annoyance, and pain to the player. With a sensible instrument such as a clarinet or a saxophone, the sound is produced in part by the vibration of a reed. But in the case of the trumpet, the player must vibrate his lips, which are tightly pursed and then buzzed against a metal mouthpiece. During long performances, the muscles of the lips and face tire, and the lips may eventually give out and refuse to buzz. Playing in the high register of many instruments is largely a mechanical matter—pressing a different key or combination of keys, for instance. To play in the trumpet's high register, the player must press his lips tighter and tighter together as he ascends, and provide more and more air pressure, supported by his diaphragm and by muscles in his back and elsewhere. This pressure further tires the mouth, and can also bring on leg and back aches. If the pressure is incorrectly applied, from the abdomen instead of the diaphragm, it can apparently cause a hernia. Normally, though, it will produce nothing worse than dizziness and blackouts—the phenomenon discussed in the March 14, 1959, issue of the *British Medical Journal,* in the article by the late Dr. E. P. Sharpey-Schafer, who was a professor of medicine at St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, and Maurice E. Faulkner, a professor of music at the University of California in Santa Barbara. “The effects [of playing the trumpet] on the circulation,” they wrote, “are those of a formidable Valsalva maneuver [a hard nose-blow with the nostrils and mouth blocked]: peripheral venous valves shut and blood accumulates distal to them. The effective cardiac-filling pressure, stroke output, and mean arterial pressure fall off rapidly. After about 7 seconds the slight rise of arterial pressure indicates onset of reflex constriction, which persists, after cessation of blowing, during the overshoot. Since the brain is not protected by venous valves the supply pressure across it falls so that the cerebral blood flow may become inadequate during the period of blowing. More usually dizziness or blackout is maximal immediately on release of intrathoracic pressure. . . .”

Dr. Sharpey-Schafer, who made the observations while Faulkner played the horn, reported that Faulkner reached a mouth pressure of a hundred and sixty millimetres of mercury (about three pounds per square inch) while playing a high D. It would have been interesting if he had made similar measurements during a performance by a “commercial”—that is, a jazz or dance-band—player, such as Glow, to compare with those of a “legitimate,” or symphonic, player, such as Professor Faulkner. In the past twenty or thirty years, the commercial players have extended the range of the trumpet far beyond its textbook limits; today they play in a register that the legitimate player would never attempt, and with a brute force that he would never employ. The range of the standard B-flat trumpet was once considered to be roughly from the F sharp below the staff to the high C above the staff. Commercial players are now expected to be able to play Fs and Gs above the high C all day, and some of them occasionally will play as high as the double C (an octave above high C), and even beyond. Trumpet playing has taken on a more athletic quality than ever, with each generation of players pushing the limits upward, like runners or pole-vaulters shooting for new records.

GLOW's preparation for this strenuous profession was literally perfect. He began his study of the trumpet, at the age of nine, with Max Schlossberg, who was then the foremost trumpet teacher in this country and perhaps in the world. His second teacher, after Schlossberg's death, was Harry Glantz, one of the great orchestral trumpet players, who played under Toscanini in the New York Philharmonic and the N.B.C. Symphony, and

DINK STOVER SEES "THE FERRET" UNMASKED

OR

"A MEDIA BLUNDER BOOMERANGS"

In which Dink learns the nefarious motive which fed the venomous rage of two captured ruffians who are about to receive their just deserts.

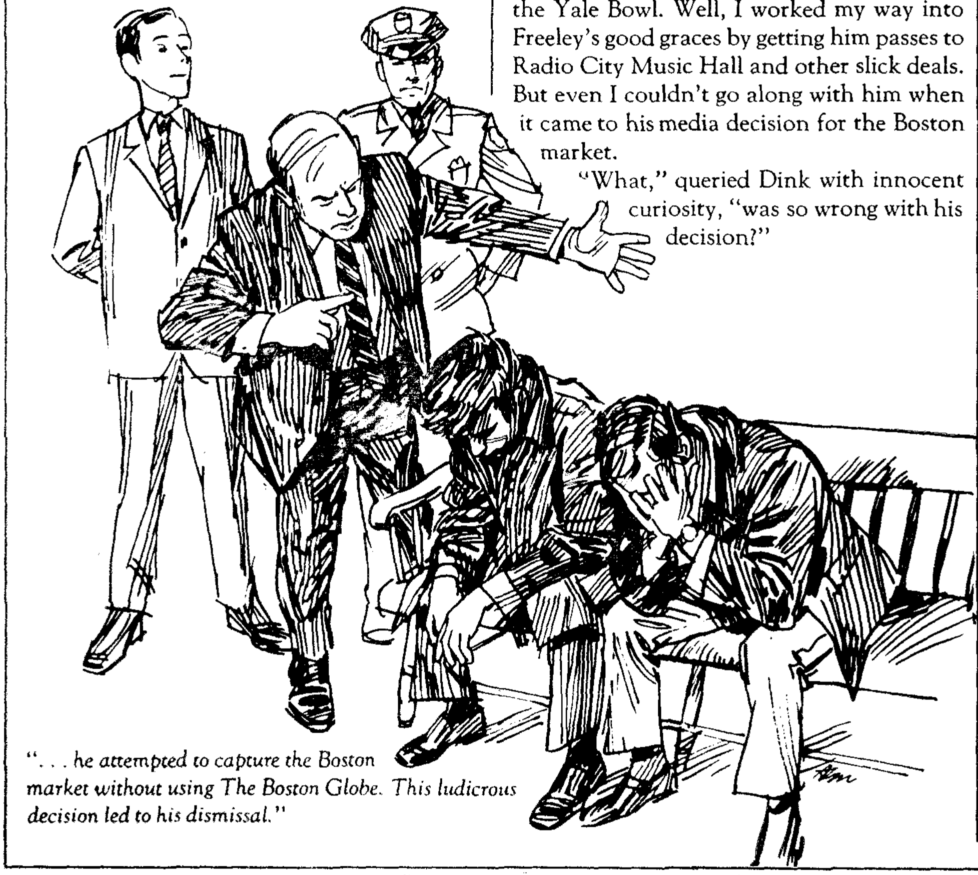
The somewhat ferret-faced man and his accomplice are being held in a police station in Boston. Their capture climaxes nearly a week of chaos – a week which has seen sabotage at Frolicdale-by-the-Sea, a shanghaiing of Homer Barrow, Chairman of Amalgamated, and a heroic rescue of the same by our intrepid Media Director, Dink Stover. Barrow and Stover have been brought to the station to identify the two prisoners:

"By Jupiter!" cursed Barrow. "I know that somewhat ferret-faced man. He is none other than . . ."

At this, the ferret lurched to his feet and darted for the door. But a stalwart member of "Boston's finest" collared him and marched him to the bench, where he slumped, crestfallen and defeated.

"Who is he, Mr. Barrow?" asked Dink.

"This ingrate was employed, I regret to say, at Amalgamated some time ago", replied the Chairman. "We had given him a position of awesome trust and responsibility; indeed, much of our destiny was in his hands. In short, gentlemen, he was our advertising manager. His name is Higby Freeley."



"*. . . he attempted to capture the Boston market without using The Boston Globe. This ludicrous decision led to his dismissal.*"

As Barrow voiced the formidable words "advertising manager", a hush had enveloped the precinct room.

"But why," asked Dink, "would a man held in such high esteem go astray?"

The ferret-faced man rose to his feet. "I'll tell you why. Because of my own greed. And because of the likes of Spencer Thwart over there. Who knows – if it hadn't been for him . . ."

Now the other prisoner was on his feet, pointing an accusatory finger. "None of that, Freeley. You'd made up your mind about the Boston market long before I had your ear. You see, Stover, I was media director for ________________(and here he mentioned a defunct agency which shall be nameless) while you were still scoring touchdowns in the Yale Bowl. Well, I worked my way into Freeley's good graces by getting him passes to Radio City Music Hall and other slick deals. But even I couldn't go along with him when it came to his media decision for the Boston market.

"What," queried Dink with innocent curiosity, "was so wrong with his decision?"

"Don't tell him!" shouted the ferret piteously. "I beg you!"

Barrow now intervened. "I must clear this up once and for all. Incredible as it sounds, Higby Freeley attempted to sell us on trying to capture the Boston market *without* using The Boston Globe. It was this ludicrous media decision that led to his dismissal. Amalgamated had no choice; the man's incompetence was obvious to all."

"And he dragged me down with him," added Spencer Thwart cringingly.

"It was all so unnecessary," said the Chairman, directing his remarks to the ferret. "Anyone could have told you that The Globe is the essential ingredient in a Boston marketing program. Even more so today; for example, 65% of the adults in households with incomes of $10,000 or more read this great newspaper. By the way, I have young Stover here to thank for that figure."

Spencer Thwart hurled a final contemptuous accusation at his companion. "You and your big idea that nobody bothers with readership studies!"

The ferret sat in sullen silence and hang-dog dejection, as Homer Barrow stepped to the desk to prefer charges.

* * *

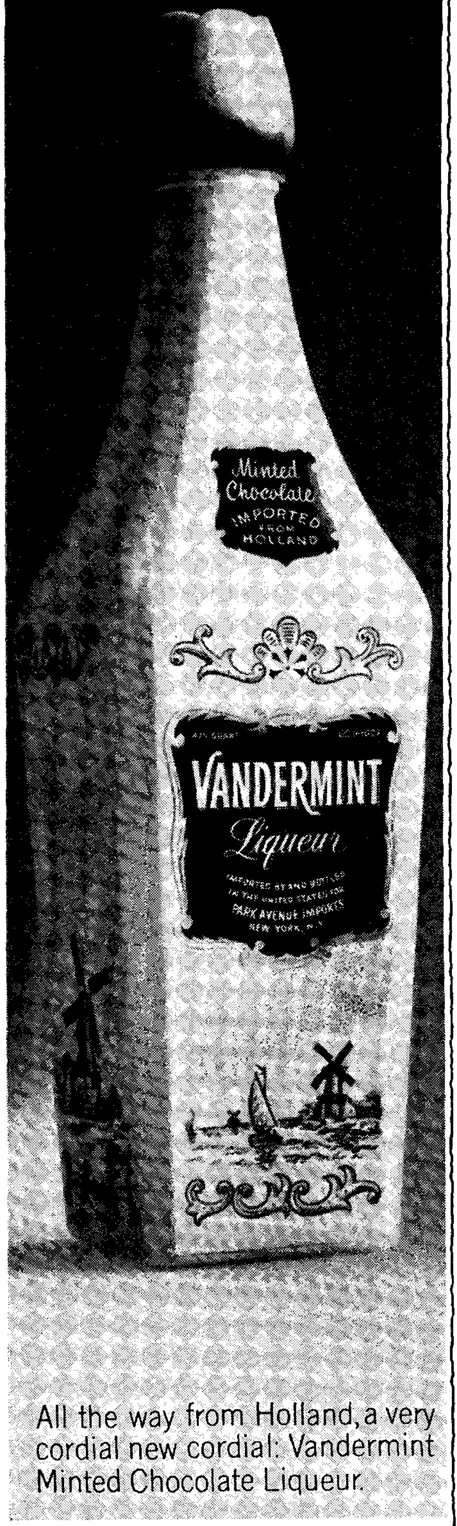
The reader will be pleased to learn that Homer Barrow's compassion came to the fore and he was instrumental in helping both Freeley and Thwart get moderate sentences. And he has promised the two men, after prison, positions with Amalgamated. But they will not be in the Advertising Department; they will be in Buildings & Grounds. They will be employed at the plant in Secaucus, New Jersey, entrusted with caring for the privet hedges surrounding the parking area and cafeteria.

. . . he walked Mary Jane Hightower to Rumpelmayer's.

As for Dink Stover – whose fortitude and athletic prowess saved Barrow's life – the Chairman of Amalgamated suggested that young Stover be "put in" for a vice-presidency. Small wonder that our hero was wearing a particularly genial smile last Friday noon – as he walked Mary Jane Hightower up to Rumpelmayer's for a hot chocolate.

ATTENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more readers and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Vandermint.
The 60 proof
chocolate
after-dinner
mint.


Minted Chocolate
IMPORTED FROM HOLLAND
VANDERMINT
Liqueur
IMPORTED BY AND BOTTLED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS NEW YORK, N.Y.

All the way from Holland, a very cordial new cordial: Vandermint Minted Chocolate Liqueur.

IMPORTED BY & BOTTLED IN THE U.S. FOR PARK AVENUE IMPORTS, 375 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 60 PROOF.

his third teacher was Nat Prager, another great orchestral player. Glow's career was planned in some detail by his maternal grandfather, Sam Finkel, who had been a musician in Europe and then in the Yiddish theatre in New York. Without consulting either the boy or his parents, Mr. Finkel announced one day that Bernie would be a musician—specifically, a first-trumpet player in a symphony orchestra. Glow's father, who was in the millinery business, was not musical, but he didn't object, and neither did Glow himself. "In my family, I was not asked, I was told," Glow says. Luckily for him, his grandfather had known Schlossberg in Europe, and was able to persuade the great man, who had settled in New York around the turn of the century, to take Glow on as a pupil. Schlossberg, ill and only a few months away from death, had not been accepting beginners; his students were advanced players, many of them members of major orchestras. "It was funny," Glow said recently. "I was a nine-year-old kid, and I'd come out of my lesson and there would be one of the guys from the Boston Symphony waiting his turn." For the first two weeks of his studies, Glow was not allowed to touch the trumpet. Schlossberg would let him do nothing but learn to set his lips correctly and make a sound with the mouthpiece. This was to insure that his embouchure, or position and use of the lips, would be perfectly formed; it was, and to this day Glow is grateful for this careful beginning, which he regards as the foundation of his present strength as a player. Glow was as bored by practicing as the next young musician, but his grandfather saw to it that he put in an hour a day on the horn. To impress upon the boy the desirability of playing things correctly, Mr. Finkel would call attention to any mistakes that Glow repeated by whacking him on the shoulder with a blackboard pointer.

The Bronx, where Glow grew up, and Brooklyn, where he often played as a high-school musician, seem to have been rich in musical talent during the thirties and forties. Glow played in teenage bands then with a number of boys who were to become famous jazz musicians, including Stan Getz, the tenor saxophonist; Tiny Kahn, the drummer; Shorty Rogers, the trumpet player and arranger; and George Wallington, the pianist. In this fast company, Glow took his turn at improvising jazz solos—without much success, he now thinks. But he already knew that his real interest was playing lead in a section. He had made that decision during long afternoons at the Fiesta Danceteria, at Forty-second and Broadway, where he heard Snooky Young play lead trumpet with the Jimmy Lunceford band, and at the Paramount Theatre, where he heard Billy Butterfield with the Benny Goodman band. The soloists in these bands impressed Glow, but the sound of the lead-trumpet players, soaring above the brass sections, gave him chills.

Glow was precocious. At the age of sixteen, immediately after his graduation from high school, he became the lead-trumpet player with the Richard Himber Orchestra, and spent his first year on the road. At eighteen, he was with Xavier Cugat and then with Raymond Scott, playing a daily show on C.B.S. radio. At nineteen, he was playing lead with Artie Shaw, and at twenty with Boyd Raeburn. At twenty-three—an age at which some musicians have barely begun to travel—he retired from the road. This was in 1949, after more than a year with one of the best large jazz groups in history, the Woody Herman band that was known as the Second Herd. For the next four years, Glow worked around New York in Latin bands, on radio shows, in theatres, in night clubs, and on weekend dance jobs. Though he didn't think of it as such, this was the last phase of his education for the studio business. By the time Glow was twenty-seven, he not only was technically accomplished but was also schooled in a greater variety of musical styles than many trumpet players encounter in their whole career. From 1953 on, as his reputation grew in New York, he began to be called frequently for record dates and for such television jobs as "The Milton Berle Show," "The Perry Como Show," and the "Tonight Show." He and Doc Severinsen, the virtuoso trumpet player who now leads the "Tonight Show" band, quickly came to be regarded as the successors to the top men in the previous generation of studio players.

Despite his success, Glow has let his grandfather down, in a way, since Mr. Finkel's dream was that Glow would grow up to be a symphonic player. Glow is unrepentant for having strayed into jazz and studio work. "It's really been fun," he says. "I'm a guy who's making a good living doing something he'd rather be doing than anything else in the world." He still remembers the sting of the blackboard pointer, though, and he rarely misses a note.

—WILLIAM WHITWORTH

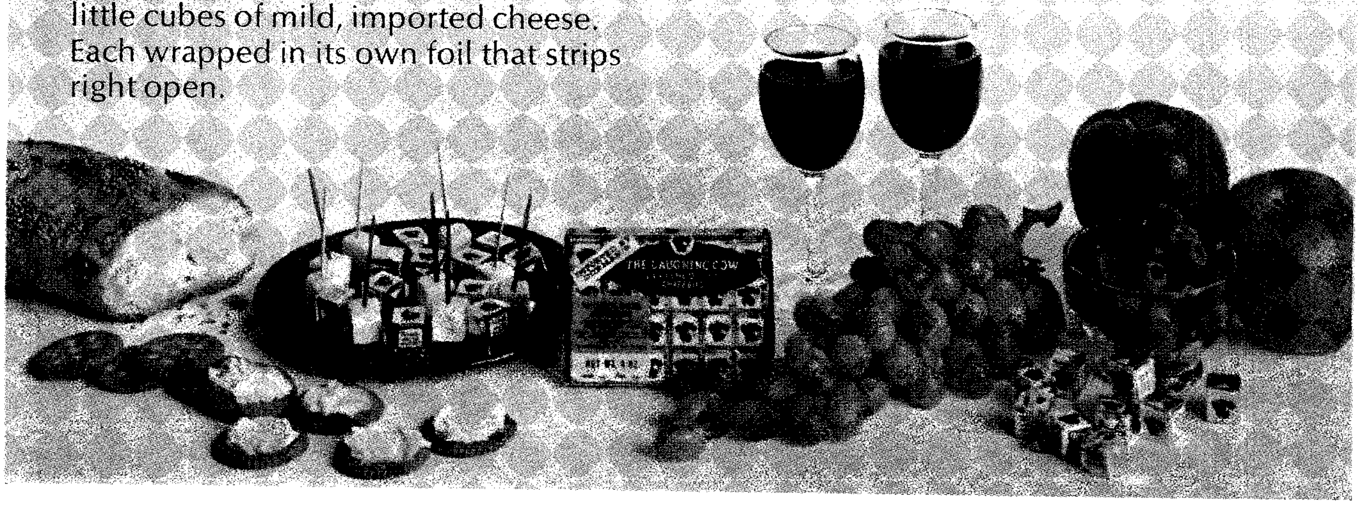
The Laughing Cow is more than cheese.

It's a conversation starter. A go-with that goes with everything. A compliment to a cracker. A "snack in the mouth" everybody loves.

Laughing Cow Cheezbits. 24 delicious little cubes of mild, imported cheese. Each wrapped in its own foil that strips right open.

Go get some Laughing Cow. It's at your supermarket.

IMPORTED BY
N. DORMAN & CO., INC.
73 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10013



Distilled & [illegible]
94.6 Proof. Imported by [illegible]
MERRY
There's nothing ordinary about this gin.
Or the people who give it.
Tanqueray
GIN
Imported from England
IMPORTED
Tanqueray
SPECIAL DRY
Distilled English Gin
CHARLES TANQUERAY & CO.
LONDON, ENGLAND

THE THEATRE

ON THE ROAD

THE damnable popular practice of ransacking old novels, plays, and movies for the purpose of manufacturing musical comedies out of them reached some sort of wretched inverted pinnacle of folly in the case of "La Strada," which put in a brief appearance at the Lunt-Fontanne, and which lifted everything from the celebrated Fellini movie except the one thing that matters and that is obviously incapable of being lifted—the sensibility of the maker. If, as his subsequent work suggests, Fellini himself could not successfully recapture the modes of feeling expressed in his movies of the nineteen-fifties, how much less likely is it that convincing counterfeits of these feelings can be manifested on Broadway at the very brink of the nineteen-seventies! To the many ordinary hazards of such an attempt is added the hazard of the nature of the audience's relationship to the original work. On aesthetic grounds, we may resent the indignities it is apt to suffer in the course of being translated from one medium to another; on emotional grounds, we may resent it as an unwelcome tampering with our pasts. I remember with undiminished keenness the pleasure I took in seeing the movie of "La Strada" all those years ago, and my memory of that pleasure is now itself a pleasure; as memories will, it has achieved an existence separate from the event that prompted it, and a value not necessarily in just proportion to it. However craven my confession may sound from a professional point of view, I am nearly always reluctant to risk sitting through revivals of plays and movies I have admired; I am a hundred times as reluctant to risk sitting through so-called "versions" of these plays, musical or otherwise. It follows that even an exceptionally able musical version of "La Strada" might have encountered an exaggerated skepticism on my part, and it is with what amounts to relief that I describe the recent work at the Lunt-Fontanne as so conspicuously bad that tender recollections of the original formed scarcely any part of my opinion of it. To deplore it required only the possession of ears and eyes.

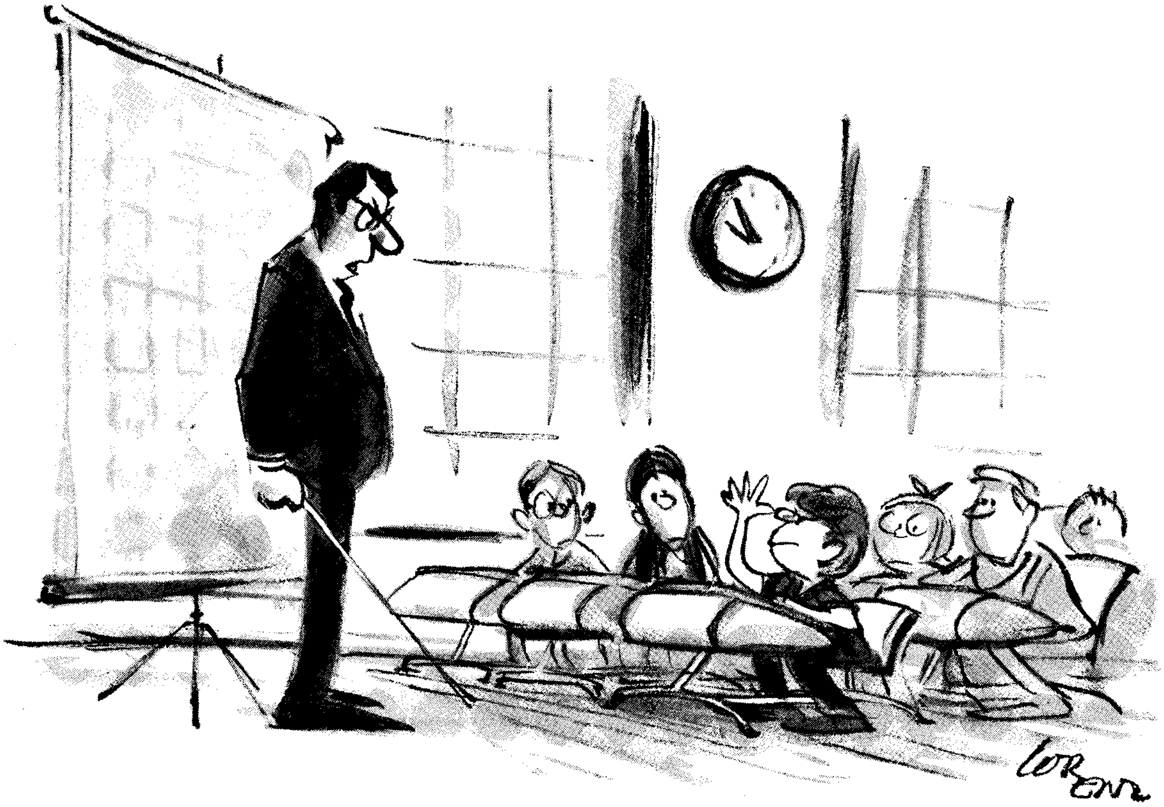
The execrable book of "La Strada" was by Charles K. Peck, Jr., and the no less execrable music and lyrics were by Lionel Bart. The dreary sets were by Ming Cho Lee, the dreary costumes were by Nancy Potts, and the dreary—and silly—dances and musical numbers were staged by Alvin Ailey. Was there, then, nothing to praise in this bizarrely misbegotten enterprise? Nothing, I fear, but the touching presence of Bernadette Peters as the simpleminded waif, Gelsomina. Miss Peters, who made a name for herself as the cherubic heroine of "Dames at Sea," was adorably gallant and woebegone, but her role was so skimpy that she remained a mere sad presence all evening long, and the songs that she was given to sing irritated us by being so plainly intended to wring our hearts and by so notably failing to do so. (At one point, Miss Peters was obliged to comment that it is better to be black and blue than blue. This was the level of verbal playfulness to which Mr. Bart habitually aspired.) Miss Peters was supported, though none too securely, by Stephen Pearlman and Larry Kert, and the entire production was directed by Alan Schneider, with less evidence of despair than he must have felt.

—BRENDAN GILL

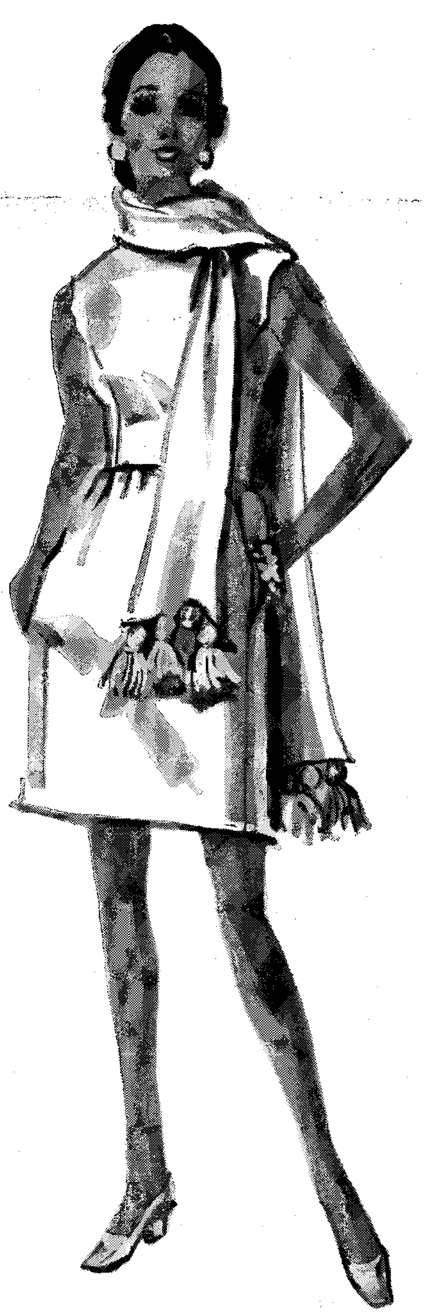
OFF BROADWAY

Way Stations

THE best that can be said for Ronald Ribman, whose triple bill "Passing Through from Exotic Places" is now on display at the Sheridan Square, is that he has provided a funny, though phony, part for Oliver Clark, who does beautifully with it. Mr. Clark was last seen here as one of the three undergraduates in "Spiro Who?," and he stole the show. Now, in "Sunstroke," the second of the one-acters, he appears—as portly and rumpled as ever—as an eager Bronx Jew who comes to an island somewhere in the



"May I remind you, Jensen, that teacher evaluation by the group has yet to be approved."

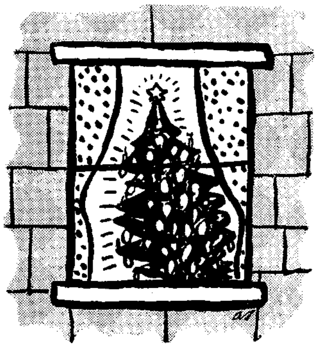


Your cruise is leaving,

and you should have this
scarfed dress aboard—
rayon (like linen), in
white or pink, by Shannon
Rodgers for Jerry Silverman.
Sizes 6 to 14, 90.00
In 54 Shop collections, at
all Lord & Taylor stores

Lord & Taylor

Pacific to be the entire local Peace Corps. The couple he is replacing have been running the island like antebellum plantation owners, and a well-educated young native has obligingly turned himself into a cringing, grinning houseboy. Even considered as comic fantasy, which it is, "Sunstroke" is cheap and unsound. The joke about a sophisticated black's switch to stereotype is so stale that it has grown rancid. Peter DeAnda shows poise and promise, though, in the role of the islander, and I hope he never plays another one like it.



"The Son Who Hunted Tigers in Jakarta," which opens the evening, is about a burglar who is caught by a suburban couple at three o'clock in the morning, and who tries to con them out of calling the police by playing in turn upon their credulity, sympathy, racial prejudice, and, finally, their guilt and their grief over a son recently killed in a motorcycle accident. The action is interminable and unconvincing, and the performances are, to say the least, uncomfortable.

"The Burial of Esposito" is a monologue, with interruptions, spoken by a poor, bedevilled Italian barber at the coffin of his son, killed in Vietnam. Vincent Gardenia is touching and almost believable in a patently synthetic role. Tresa Hughes, Robert Loggia, and Jay Hammer, as the barber's wife, brother-in-law, and dead son, are the interrupters.

"Passing Through from Exotic Places" is a set of poorly executed finger exercises. Each hits a tinny note, and each either deals with or touches upon ethnic matters with the utmost smart-aleck insensitivity. But Mr. Ribman is no smart aleck, except for this temporary aberration; he is the author of the admirable "Ceremony of Innocence" and "Journey of the Fifth Horse," and, no doubt, of more good plays to come.

An air of smug waggishness pervades "The Moon Dreamers," at the Ellen Stewart—another Surrealist, this-is-America jamboree—and it almost does the evening in. The show was written by Julie Bovasso, and what it is, exactly, is beyond me. I can, however, list some of the elements of which it is composed. These are: Camp (old style), Camp (new style), tiresome nonsense, amusing nonsense, social protest, fantasy, whimsey, music, singing, and dancing. And through the middle of this pandemonium of put-on runs an insane little playlet that starts out as a lampoon on drawing-room comedy but soon goes off in all directions. Much of the music consists of recordings of old popular songs—"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," "When My Dreamboat Comes Home," "Pennies from Heaven," and that sort of thing—and then, of course, we hear "America the Beautiful" again, as well as a number of military anthems, which are either mouthed or sung by those present. The characters on display—a random survey here—include three wounded soldiers from three wars, a French midget in Napoleonic battle dress brandishing a whip, a Chinese with a bad facial twitch, a Jewish mother, and a woman who dresses as Santa Claus. The laughter—strained from me most of the time, but occasionally real—comes from the abrupt transitions from one theatrical style to the next.

Although I cannot, in all conscience, recommend "The Moon Dreamers" to anybody, it is not a total loss. A few of the visual and aural effects are entertaining, and Miss Bovasso shows imagination and resourcefulness. (She does tend to let her jokes drag on, but then she also directed.) Nevertheless, the complacency and confidence of all hands are unwarranted and annoying. Those non sequiturs are no longer as startling as they would have been even five years ago. The *garde* is no longer all that *avant*. The set, by Miss Bovasso's brother Bernard X. Bovasso—a double-decker wooden structure of platforms and ramps on a bare stage—is appropriate and effective. The cast gives a varsity-show performance. —Edith Oliver

• •

A work train used at 34th St. for repairs on southbound tracks of the Sixth Av IND line during the night developed wheels and was ordered to clear the tracks at 5 a.m.—*The Post.*

Night is the time when things happen.

NOILLY PRAT
FRENCH EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH
MAISON FONDEE EN 1813
VERMOUTH
NOILLY PRAT & Cie
ANCIENNE MAISON Ls NOILLY FILS & Cie
MARSEILLE
R. Paradis 167
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
Produced and Bottled by NOILLY PRAT & Cie MARSEILLE
Contents: 1 pint 14 Fluid ounces Alcohol by volume 19%
Sole Agents in the United States of America
BROWNE-VINTNERS Co. NEW-YORK 22, N.Y.
MARQUE DEPOSEE
GRAN TORINO
TORINO, ITALY
SWEET
ITALIAN
VERMOUTH
CONTENTS 1 PINT 14 FLUID OUNCES
MARCA REGISTRATA
Made by NOILLY PRAT TORINO
EST. 1813
BROWNE-VINTNERS COMPANY
IMPORTERS FOR U.S.A.
NEW YORK

Imported by General Wine & Spirits Co., Browne-Vintners Div., NYC.

In 1813, Noilly Prat created the world's first dry vermouth, and everyone began to copy us.

This year, we created Gran Torino sweet vermouth. Now they've got double trouble.

STEINWAY & SONS

How to fight inflation.

It looks like a piano. And it sounds like a piano. But it's more than a piano. It's a Steinway.® And that means that it's not only a fine musical instrument. It's a fine investment as well. So fine, that people with 30 year old Steinways are selling them today for more than they originally paid.

What makes a Steinway such a blue chip investment?

Work. Experience. Work. Caring. Work. Using mortised joints where butt joints could get by. Making each individual hammer instead of buying them from someone else. Voicing each piano for 8 full hours. A thousand other details.

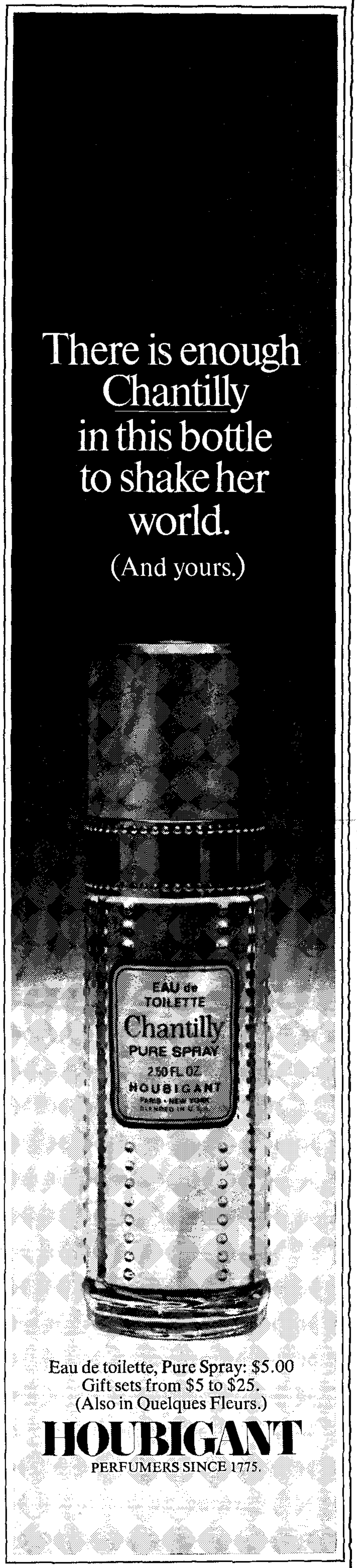
It takes a full year of this kind of work to complete one Steinway grand. A year that pays dividends in tone, touch and power year after year after year.

What this means is that although you pay more, a Steinway doesn't really cost more.

Because no matter how you decide to play it, a Steinway outperforms the market.

For more information write to Henry Steinway, Steinway Hall, 109 West 57th St. N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

Steinway & Sons

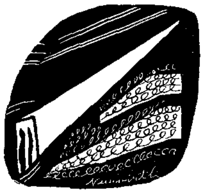


Eau de toilette, Pure Spray: $5.00
Gift sets from $5 to $25.
(Also in Quelques Fleurs.)

HOUBIGANT
PERFUMERS SINCE 1775.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

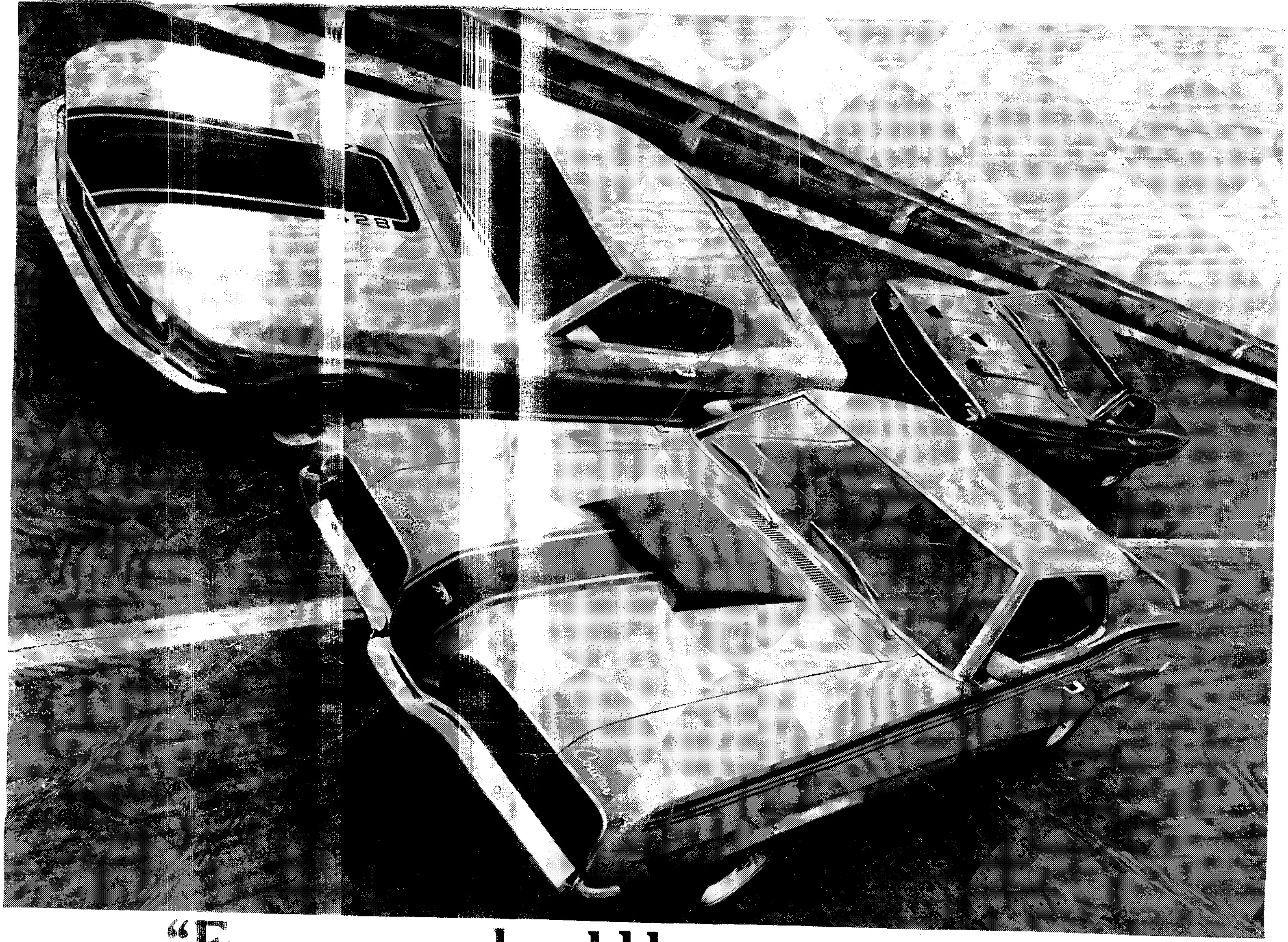
Gloria, the Girl Without Hope



A MOVIE of Horace McCoy's 1935 "classic" Hollywood novel "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" was long overdue. Like Nathanael West's "The Day of the Locusts," "They Shoot Horses" deals not with the movie business but with the people drawn to Los Angeles because that's where the movies come from. In the Depression years especially, it was a gathering place for the rootless and dispossessed, who hoped to find a new life in the movie sunshine. Robert, McCoy's hero, has been scrounging for work around the studios and hoping to become a director; and never doubting that he will, until he meets Gloria, who is young but looks old. Gloria, a would-be actress, got the idea of coming to Hollywood "from the movie magazines" while she was in the hospital recovering from having taken poison. She persuades him to enter a dance marathon with her, so that they can be spotted and maybe get a break in the movies. But in the hundreds of hours they dance together Gloria keeps telling him that she would be better off dead, and she's so bitter and so cruelly negative that she spoils things for everybody, so finally he's convinced that she *would* be better off dead, and when she asks him to shoot her he obliges—without malice or much feeling of any kind. He puts her out of her misery—a mercy killing, a murder from which he is totally estranged; the novel, which is in the American tough-guy tradition, is a home-grown, unassuming precursor of Camus's "The Stranger." The story, which begins with Gloria's account of her suicide attempt and ends with her death, is narrated by Robert, presumably while the judge is sentencing him to be hanged.

McCoy, who worked as a scenarist on some seventy movies before his death, in 1955, had already written the scenario in the novel, as Dashiell Hammett had done even earlier in "The Maltese Falcon;" that whole school of hardboiled American writers who simplified fiction to the fast, objective narrative style of describing what the characters did and what they said were, whether intentionally or not, writing in scenario form. If the printers had laid out their novels a little differently, the job of "adaptation" would have been done. (One might have expected American fiction to become more introspective as the movies "took over" action and dialogue, but the tough-guy fiction ran on a parallel track.) Intermittently over the years, there had been talk of filming "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"—as there has been talk of filming all the key Hollywood novels. But when Hollywood novels have been filmed, they have generally been badly done, and have done badly besides. "They Shoot Horses," however, had a great photogenic thirties subject—the marathon dance contest—and in the movie the Hollywood-novel aspect of the story has been deëmphasized.

If the story needed to be changed for the movie, it needed, perhaps, to be lightened; instead, it has been adapted with a sledgehammer touch, and for cosmic reverberations. There are thudders like "The whole damn world's like one big Central Casting—and they got it all rigged before you ever show up," and at the finale the master of ceremonies describes the contest still going on: "These wonderful, wonderful kids still struggling, still hoping while the Clock of Fate ticks away. While the Dance of Destiny continues. While the Marathon goes on and on and on and on. How long can they last?" In the novel, the men running the marathon were reasonably fair, and when the police stopped the contest the promoter divided up the prize money among the contestants, and even threw in an extra thousand. In the movie, the marathon is rigged so that no one will get any money. The contestants are all pursuing an illusion, and the marathon is thus turned into a dance of death that *justifies* Gloria's feeling that no one can win. The added incidents, such as the heart attack of one contestant (Red Buttons) as Gloria carries him on her back, and the flip-out of another (Susannah York), are well played and are effective in themselves (though the latter reeks of old Isabel Jewell movies), but they confirm Gloria's hopelessness. McCoy's hardboiled story stayed within its small frame; that's what was clean and good about it. But the moviemakers want to be more significant and more symbolic. Their approach throws the plot mechanism out of balance—as their additions support Gloria's cynicism, she seems tough and hard in a knowing way, and a survivor rather than a girl



"Every man should have a sports car. Even if it's just for a day."

For about 3 dollars a day and a couple of pennies per mile more than it costs to rent a standard Ford sedan or similar car, you can drive away from a Hertz office in something special. In a Shelby Cobra GT 350, a Mustang Mach I, or a Cougar Eliminator. (The only thing special you have to do is be at least 25 years old, and make sure you make a reservation in advance.)

The Shelby Cobra GT 350 is in the rear. It's powered by a Shelby Ford 351 cubic-inch displacement Ram-air V8 engine rated 290 horsepower at 4800 rpm.

The Mustang Mach I, on the left has a 351 cubic-inch displacement Ford V8 engine. It rolls out with competition shocks, springs, and stabilizer bar.

The Cougar Eliminator has a four-barrel carburetor, and a 351 cubic-inch displacement V8 Mercury engine. Its European heritage includes hood mounted air scoops, racing mirrors, competition hood lock pins, bucket seats, and full European car instrumentation.

The man who's behind the selection of all these cars is Dan Gurney, one of the world's greatest racing drivers and Executive Director of the Hertz Sports Car Club.

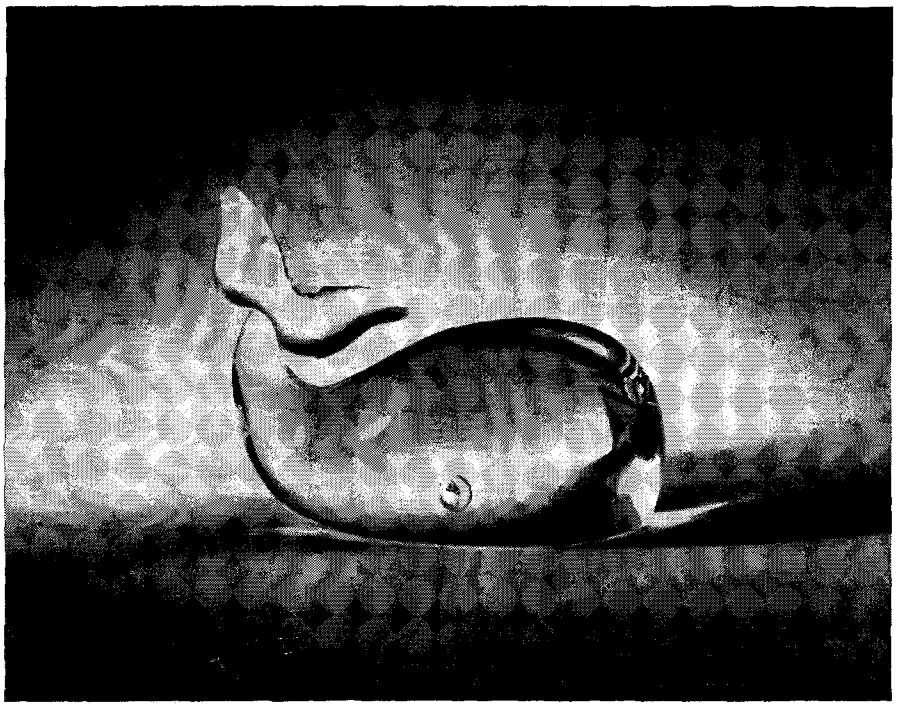
He's the only driver in motor racing history to win major victories in the four primary types of racing: Grand Prix, Indianapolis, Stock Car, and Sports Car. Now, reading all this may give you the impression that our sports cars are a little hot to handle. But we offer them with power steering, power disc brakes, automatic transmission, and air conditioning. So you don't have to be a Dan Gurney to drive them.

Hertz®

©HERTZ SYSTEM, INC., 1969

Dan Gurney
Executive Director of the Hertz Sports Car Club.

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

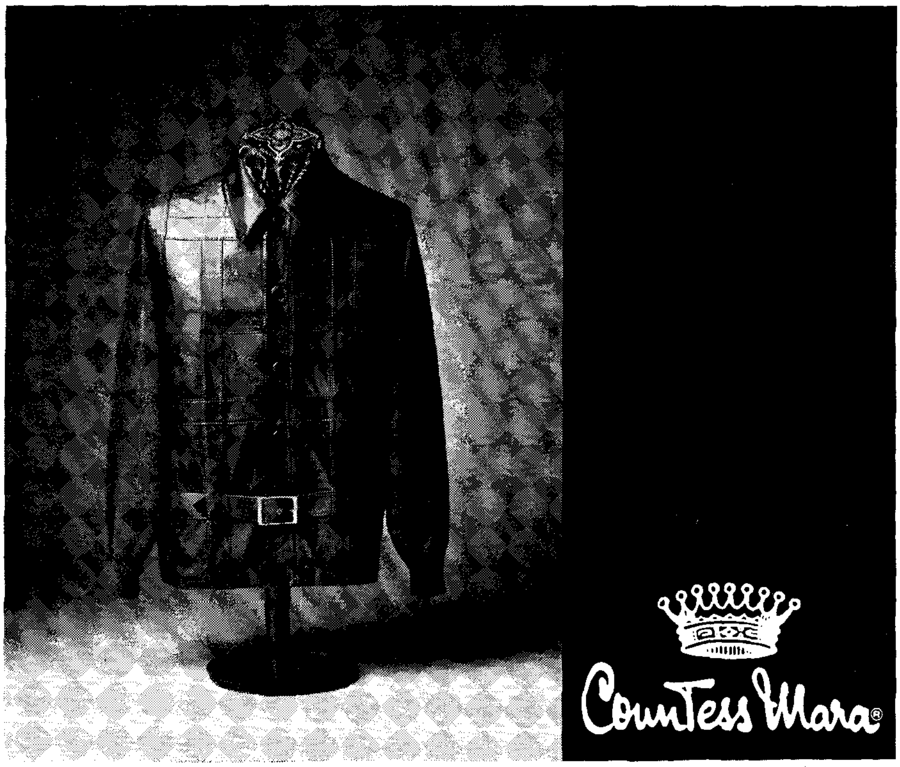


Five inches long from nose to tail • $75.00

Crystal whale—
ever watchful on desk or mantel

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022



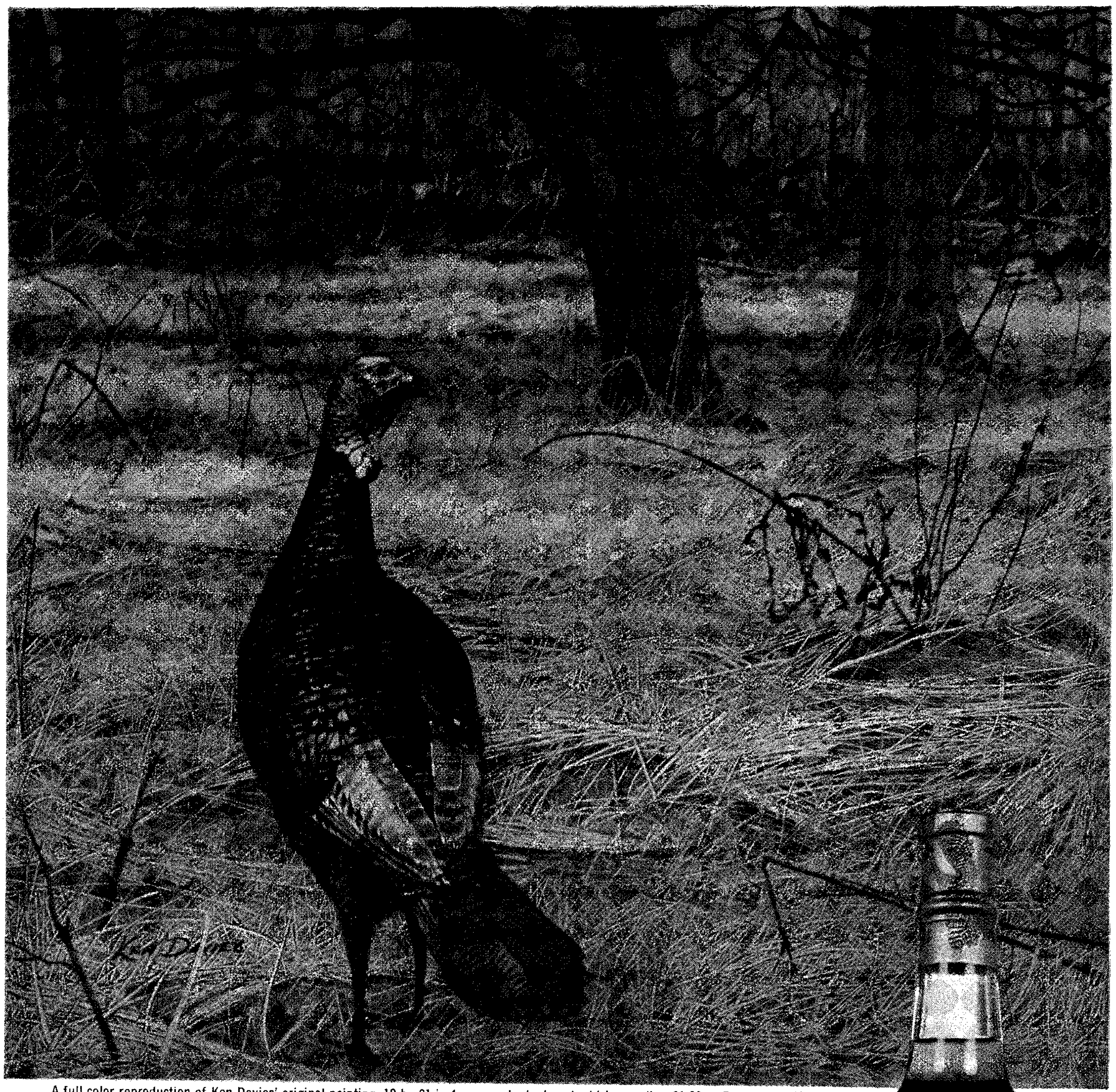
Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million"

Sportswear, for instance, designed with the same devotion to good taste and flawless quality that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs are discreetly identified by the famous nine-point coronet, your assurance of individuality and authenticity. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York.

who is driven to suicide. She seems stronger than anyone else. So when she quits the marathon, the movie collapses, and when she asks Robert to kill her we just don't believe it.

I have dwelt on the novel because I think some elements in the movie (particularly at the end) are incomprehensible if one doesn't know the original story. Obviously, moviemakers have a right to alter their material, but the material here has been altered so that it doesn't make sense. It doesn't even make good *commercial* sense; the moviemakers have sacrificed McCoy's plain story and his sane, balanced view of the marathon-dancing phenomenon for a banally "philosophic" microcosm-allegory that has already led some reviewers to make such remarks as "One of the phenomena of America's Depression days was the marathon dance, which turned into a national orgy of hunger, physical exhaustion, greed, despair, and downright brutality" and "Screenwriters James Poe and Robert E. Thompson and director Sydney Pollack convey the message that there is no justice." Sometimes it's hard to know what goes on in the heads of the moviemakers who labor to put in such deepthink messages and in the heads of the reviewers who so eagerly receive them. Marathon dancing was about as much of a "national orgy" as goldfish-swallowing or the roller derby.

Though it staggers under this heavy load, "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" is a very striking movie, with vestiges of the hard sarcasm of thirties lower-depths humor—those acrid sick jokes that make one wince and laugh simultaneously. Sydney Pollack is not an imaginative director, or inventive, but he stages a big, macabre elimination-race scene terrifyingly well, and he keeps the grisly central situation going with that special energy and drive that often make American movies more exciting and more fun to watch than even the best European movies. Though in this picture Pollack doesn't rise much above a high level of competence, he doesn't botch things, either. He keeps very tight control of the actors, and they work well with him—in some cases, better than ever. The adapters have written a good role for Gig Young as the promoter-m.c.; he's a crude barker who in his pitches on the microphone cheapens every human emotion, but he's also sensitive and empathic, and he knows how to handle people in crises—partly, one gathers, because he has been among people in ugly messes all his seamy life. A contrasting character, a hopeful preg-



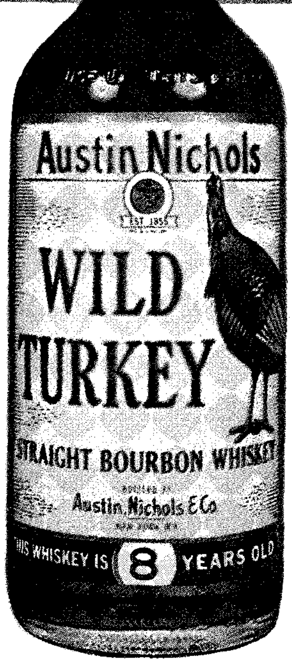
A full color reproduction of Ken Davies' original painting, 19 by 21 inches, may be had postpaid by sending $1.00 to Department Y, P.O. Box 432, Maspeth, New York 11378.

The Responsibility of Being the Best—

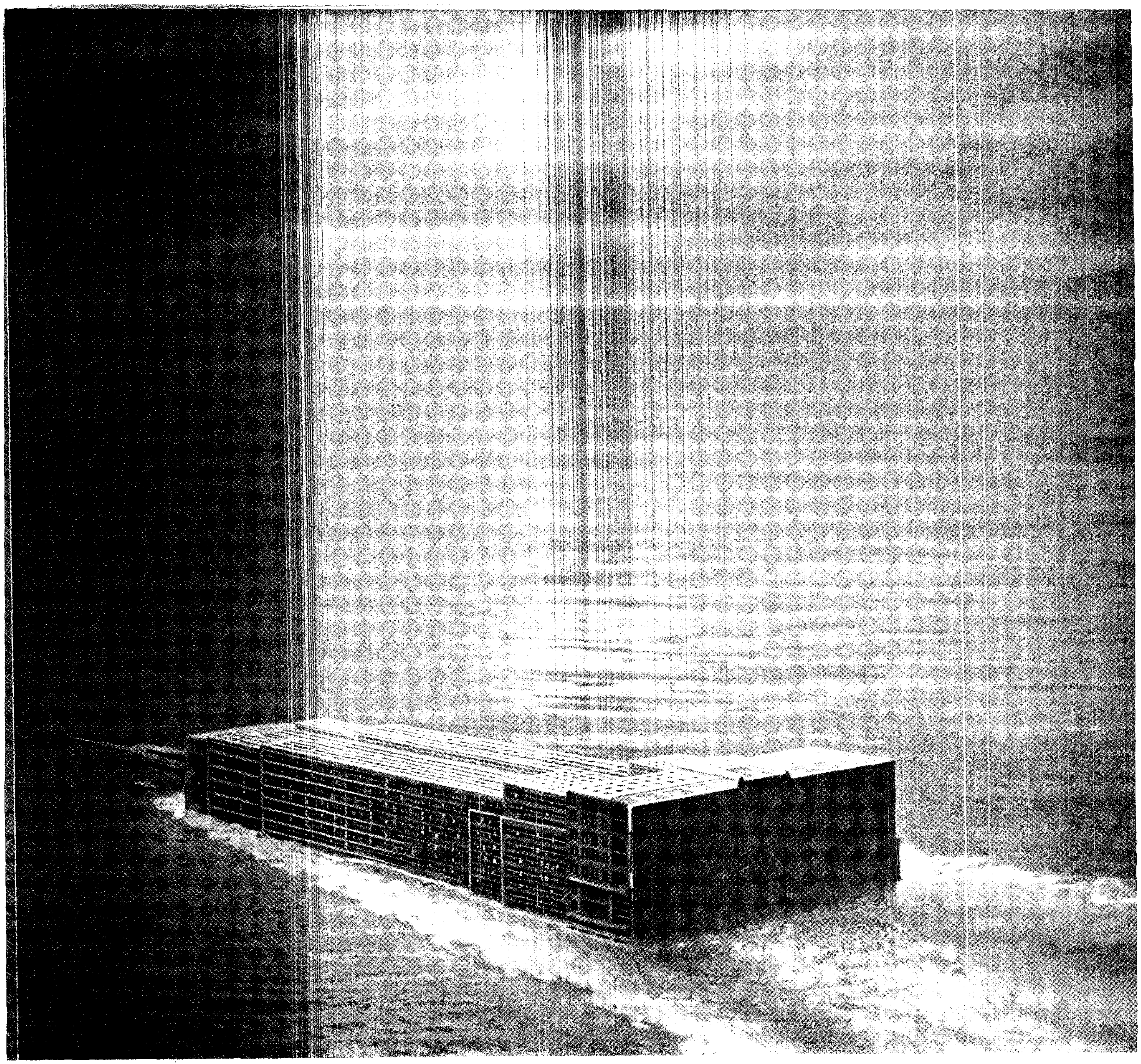
There is always one best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.


Austin Nichols
EST. 1855
WILD TURKEY
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Austin Nichols & Co
THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

101 Proof—8 Years Old—AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC. New York-New York



How to send the Empire State Building out to sea.

Without its TV antenna, the world's tallest building is a bit over 1200 feet from end to end. It has about 20 million cubic feet of office space inside.

Those measurements are just about matched by National Bulk Carrier's Universe-Ireland supertankers—the world's largest ships.

Fully loaded, one of these tankers weighs in at almost 380,000 tons. And carries nearly two and a half million barrels of oil in a single trip.

It's hard to imagine a ship that size. Harder still to move it. But steam turbines and gears from General Electric have the power to do it.

General Electric has been in the marine business for more than 55 years. And has supplied steam turbines for thousands of ships of all types. Plus other vital marine equipment such as electric motors, turbine-generators, communications and navigational equipment, and automatic control operations systems.

GE keeps things moving on more than just the oceans. On land, GE propulsion equipment powers the Metroliner—a train that's gone 150 miles an hour. In the air, GE jet engines power the C-5A, the world's largest plane. And will soon power America's newest Trijet, the DC-10. At General Electric progress keeps moving full speed ahead.

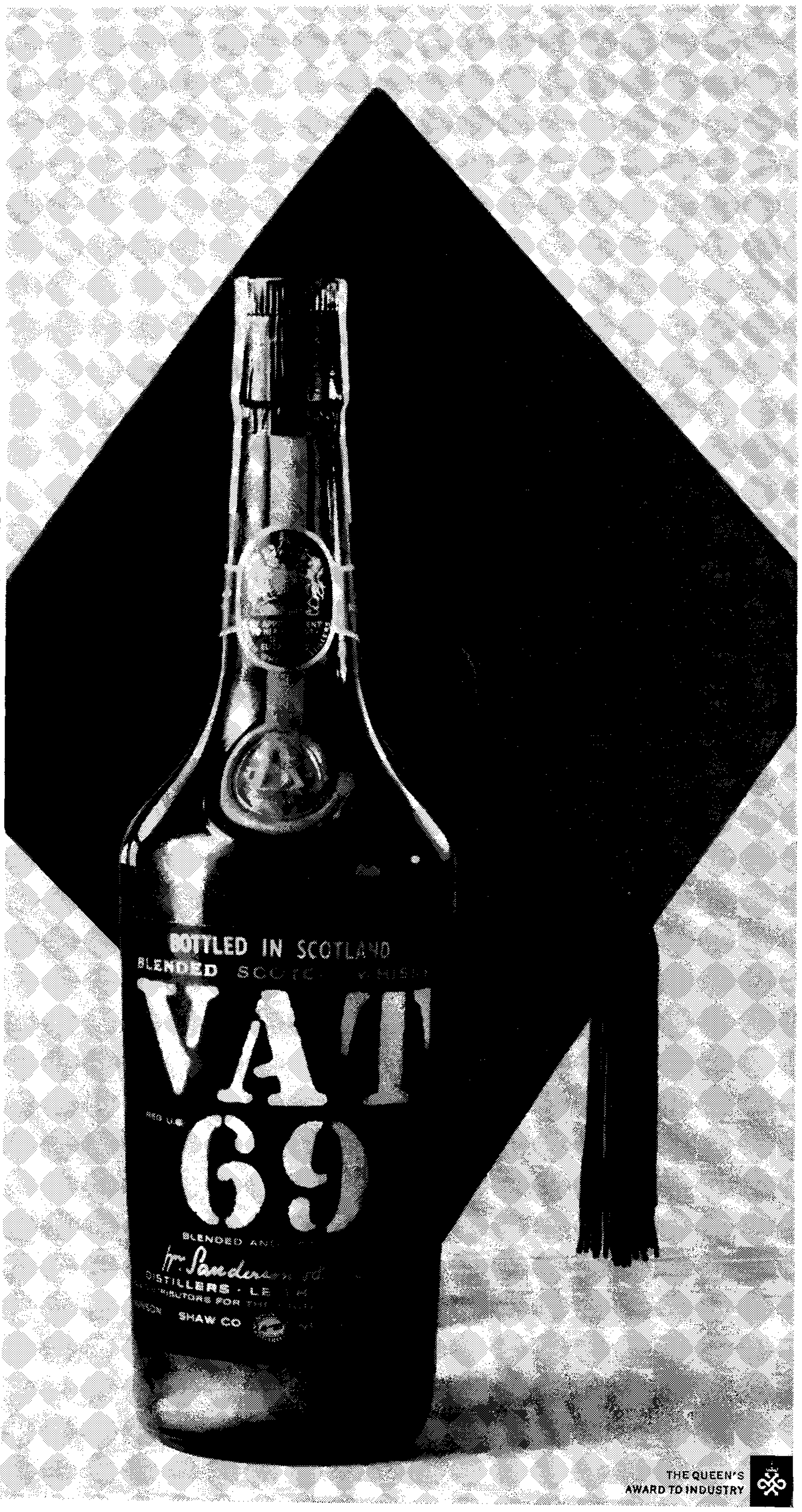
And progress is our most important product.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

nant girl, is played by Bonnie Bedelia, who sings "The Best Things in Life Are Free" in a lovely voice that, in the harrowing relentlessness of this movie, fills one with gratitude—it's like a reprieve. Robert, however, needs to be defined in some way so that his *acte gratuit* makes sense to us, if not to him. The adapters may have thought they were making him an Existential hero by giving him no reactions or motivations, but instead they just made him a weak character—a vacuum in the picture. Michael Sarrazin, who demonstrated his abilities in earlier work, is lost. Robert wanders around looking calf-eyed and vaguely benumbed, and I wouldn't be surprised if some people take him for a mild psychopath.

Fortunately, Gloria, who is the raw nerve of the movie, is played by Jane Fonda, who has been a charming, witty nudie cutie in recent years and now gets a chance at an archetypal character. Sharp-tongued Gloria, the hard, defiantly masochistic girl who expects nothing and gets it, the girl who thinks the worst of everybody and makes everybody act it out, the girl who can't ask anybody for anything except death, is the strongest role an American actress has had on the screen this year. Jane Fonda goes all the way with it, as screen actresses rarely do once they become stars. She doesn't try to save some ladylike part of herself, the way even a good actress like Audrey Hepburn does, peeping at us from behind "vulgar" roles to assure us she's not really like that. Jane Fonda gives herself totally to the embodiment of this isolated, morbid girl who is determined to be on her own, who can't let go and trust anybody, who is so afraid of being gullible that she can't live. Gloria is not just without false hope but without hope; she's not an easy girl to like when she goads the pregnant woman to get rid of her baby or when she rebuffs all gestures of comfort or sympathy. Jane Fonda makes one understand the self-destructive courage of a certain kind of loner, and because she has the true star's gift of drawing one to her emotionally even when the character she plays is repellent, her Gloria, like Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs, is one of those complex creations who live on as part of our shared experience. Jane Fonda stands a good chance of personifying American tensions and dominating our movies in the seventies as Bette Davis did in the thirties; if so, Gloria will be but one in a gallery of brilliant American characters.

"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" would be more compelling and give



The class of '69
—or any other year.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

Drench your wife in emeralds.

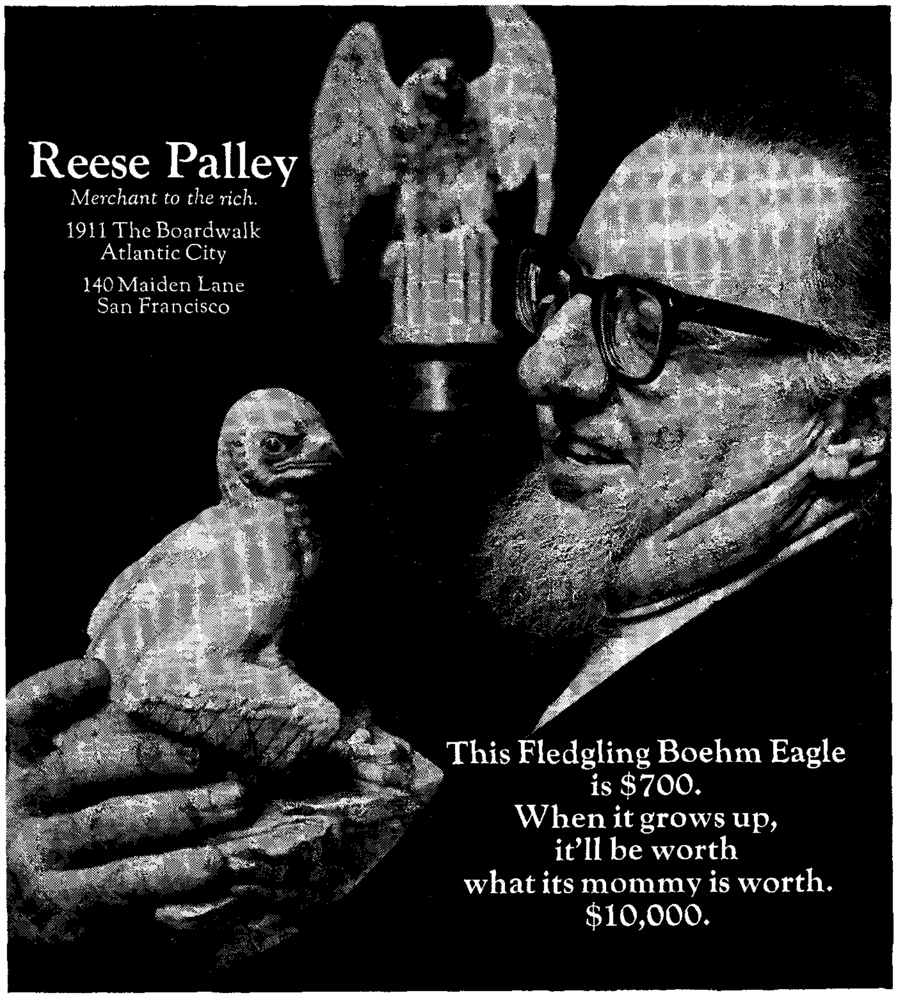
Steal away with her to one of the 5 great beaches in the world. Where the ocean is green as emeralds. The sand as white as sugar. And golden tans take less than a week. What's in it for you? The ocean, beach, pool, water sports, golf, tennis and nightlife that keeps you up late as you like. (If this ad doesn't convince her, try our folder. It's really persuasive.)

On one of the 5 great beaches in the world.

NASSAU · BAHAMAS
Emerald Beach Plantation
Jim Bearce, V.P. & Gen. Mgr. AND HOTEL

A Member of the Distinguished Hotels of the World.

See your travel agent or **Robert F. Warner, Inc.**
630 Fifth Avenue, New York • JU 6-4500
Boston • Chicago • Washington • Toronto • Miami



much more pleasure to the audience if the moviemakers had not employed a grotesquely inefficient storytelling device—the flash-forward. One reason people who are not forewarned may take the hero for some kind of nightmare-ridden nut is that we get flash-forwards of him behind bars and on trial; it's easy to mistake these for his past or for visions. The flash-forwards are a disgraceful example of *nouveau* artistry; they present material that we are not yet prepared to assimilate, and that many people are sure to misinterpret, because, in a melodrama like this, flash-forwards *feel* like memories or premonitions. With the whole movie looking strange and unrealistically dark (macabre lighting and a lot of brown tones), and the flash-forwards even more oppressive (in midnight blues), how can an audience reasonably be expected to understand that it's being given glimpses of the actual future? In the marathon dance, one sees the people deteriorating physically in the speeded-up continuity of a testing situation; the main body of the picture was apparently shot in continuity, and that helps to make the deterioration convincing. As a screen subject, *the marathon dance* is “*a natural*,” *not* because of its corny allegorical possibilities but because movies are ideally equipped to show us what happens to people in unusual situations under incredible stress. To break into something like this with the latest devices that have some French cachet is to betray the kind of insecurity that is turning big-studio American movies into an embarrassment. And, to compound the folly, the movie opens with a flashback that is presumably triggered by an *implicit* flash-forward. This little madness is meant to act out the title metaphor for us—as if we needed it—though what we see is two people who seem to be hunting horses. They're following a stallion with a shotgun, waiting for him to need shooting. And when he falls down, they proceed to shoot him, although he may just have a pain in his chest or acid indigestion. And, oh, these movie men, with their misplaced romantic imagery, giving us a wild, beautiful stallion running free before it stumbles instead of Old Nellie, the plow horse that McCoy's hero remembered, who was hitched to the plow when she broke her leg and still hitched to the plow when she was shot.

ANYONE who says anything against a trifle like “John and Mary” risks appearing ridiculous, for it's the merest gossamer of a movie, but that gossamer littleness, which is intended to be ever so appealing, leaves a bad aftertaste, because there's so much calculation involved in keeping this picture wispy-small. One can feel the presence of regiments of advisers and technicians hiding behind the butterfly's wing and trying to make it iridescent; we're so conscious of them that the movie never leaves the ground. "John and Mary" latches on to the latest imaginary life style and sells it back to the narcissists of "now" consumer goods—like selling the snake its own tail. It's so damned cleverly manufactured to be skimpy and insubstantial and to tie in with the very latest totally non-controversial commodities. It's about people whose highest aspiration is to cuddle, and the computerized formula includes American equivalents of the romantic ingredients that made "A Man and a Woman" such a misty-eyed, hand-holding, let's-go-to-bed hit. This time, it's the man (Dustin Hoffman) who has the block—not a sexual one but reservations about opening his life to feeling—and it's the understanding little girl (Mia Farrow) who sticks around until the block is overcome. And in case we didn't know that "John and Mary" is up-to-the-minute from the accoutrements and the people's chic jobs and nuanced attitudes, there's the new political quietism of the let's-get-away-from-it-all-and-cuddle generation. The source of the hero's suspiciousness and his fear of being "open" is that his mother was too busy demonstrating (for Biafran relief and other causes) to make a home for him.

Mia Farrow's eyes are like headlights, but she's adorable in a beautiful little sick-kitten way. Everyone understood that the old fragile heroines—the Depression waifs like Loretta Young in "A Man's Castle"—needed to get

Sip a fraise des bois

Chambraise the fabulous aperitif

New! Made with those rare fraises des bois—the tiny wild strawberries of France!

Now you can delight in this joyously wild aperitif flavored with France's unique little wild strawberries...glorious straight or on the rocks.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U. S. A.: MUNSON SHAW CO., N. Y.
CHAMBRAISE
J. BOISSIERE
CHAMBERY-COMOZ

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

This time you packed everything, especially our skimmy pleating of bright stripes that refuses to wrinkle. Hand-washable Arnel® triacetate-and-nylon knit in yellow-red-navy-white. For 3 to 13 sizes, $28. Young Elite® Dress Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

well, and it's rather frightening that this little rabbit looking for a hutch is presented as a modern ideal. The waif who has done it to herself—made herself a sprite and put herself outside the range of normal possibilities—may have a momentary appeal, but, like that other bizarre waif-actress, Luise Rainer, whose career was short-lived, Mia Farrow is beginning to strain her "delicious" mannerisms. Every tiny lick of the lips is just too vixenish; the inner-directed smile, the childlike movements, and the odd little voice are getting rather creepy. But Dustin Hoffman draws upon his astute knowledge of the audience's good will toward him and does well, and Michael Tolan is shrewdly personable as a senator—and particularly attractive here because he behaves like an adult. This movie is supposed to be about two people who have sex the first time they meet and whose *subsequent* romance we observe. But taking Peter Pan home to bed doesn't seem very sexual. Both John and Mary are far more infantile than the Johns and Marys in the old necking-only-until-marriage movies, and the super-subtleties of their "mating rituals" are childish. When she phones home, he feels she's broken the mood and spoiled everything. These hairbreadth nuances are like a childish parody of Nichols and May routines, yet the movie is selling just this brand of romantic infantilism—babes-in-the-wood in bed and in love. John Mortimer wrote the script with perfect market pitch, and Peter Yates directed with an infallible eye for success, so they can't really be faulted except for their intentions, and for their failure to make the film truly lyrical or magically romantic. It's fast and very deftly edited, however—a shrewdly contrived product. Reviewing this perfect nothing of a movie is rather degrading: it's like giving consumer hints on the latest expensive, worthless gift for the person who has everything.

"GAILY, GAILY" should be wonderful: Ben Hecht's reminiscences and fantasies about his early years as a Chicago newspaperman are marvellous movie material—evocative, good-humored, full of life. A good subject, a charming plot, and not too bad a script (by Abram S. Ginnes) have been lost along the way in this overproduced period re-creation that is only moderately entertaining. The director, Norman Jewison, tries hard, but he just doesn't have the feeling for Hecht's Chicago; he uses huge mobs and big locations, but the whole movie seems to be on a musical-comedy stage. The scenes of Carl Sandburg reciting a poem and the young hero screaming about political power are really inexcusable. Jewison turns the joyous comedy of our corrupt past into picturesque (non-denominational) Americana, overembellished, overplayed, and almost always off target. As the young Candide-Ben, Beau Bridges has a smiling, engaging presence and, as an older reporter, Brian Keith is, as always, splendid. (The best reason to see the picture is for his timing, and for the way he can deliver an epithet like "You quack!") But the picture bustles around in all directions trying to be lusty, and never discovers how. Melina Mercouri is the madam of a bordello that looks as big as the Ritz; she seems to have been encouraged to act like a tempestuous drag queen of the forties, and she is allowed to sing in a post-Dietrich style. There's also a revolting, condescending performance as a politician by Hume Cronyn (who has become my least favorite actor now that Ernest Borgnine has improved somewhat). Ben Hecht—a fast, unpretentious realist—was the greatest American screenwriter. Jewison so consistently puts the camera in the ornately wrong place that the whole picture begins to be decorative and "artistic"—just what Hecht hated most in movies. When Jewison opens a scene through jewelled droplets on a window, one can almost hear Hecht roaring obscenities. But the man who wrote the script of "Gone with the Wind" without reading the book, the man who wrote the classic comic descriptions of how the picture business falsifies material would have appreciated the joke of the 1910 demonstrators in this movie gathering outside the Chicago Board of Trade with placards calling for "Love."

—Pauline Kael

•

IN HURRICANE CANYON

After we talked, after the moon
rose, before we went to bed, we
sat quietly. That was when
we heard the river—big stones
bumping along the bottom from
away up the mountain.

How terribly shredded and lonely
the water went as it cried out and
held splinters of moonlight, and its
life raced powerfully on! That night,
we bowed, shadowed our eyes,
and followed—all the way down—
one slow, helpless, bumping stone.

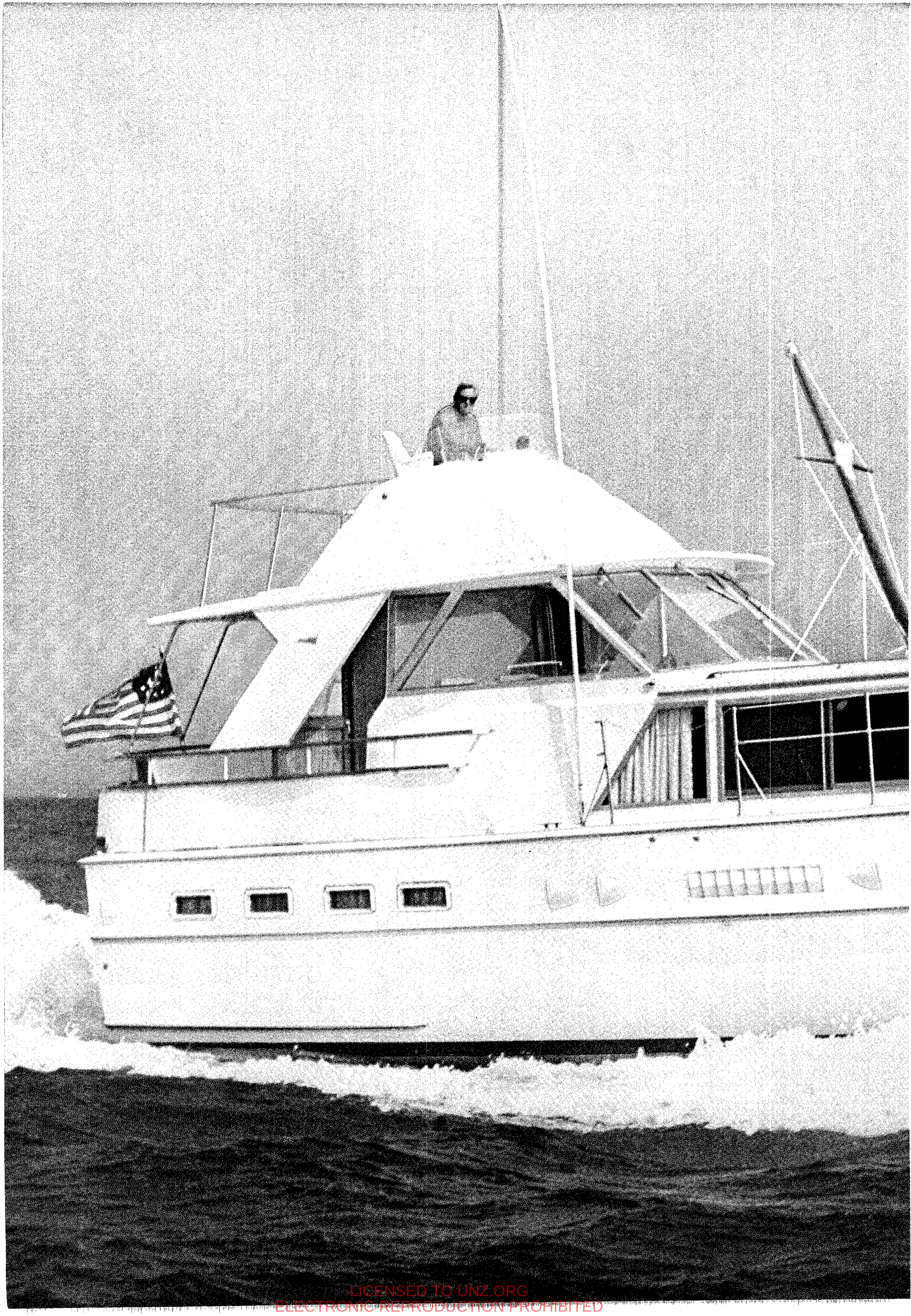
—William Stafford

[illegible] Blended Scotch Whisky, [illegible] Proof. Bottled in Scotland. [illegible] Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y. [illegible] vary according to state and local [illegible]

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
12 YEARS OLD

Christmas gifts, $60 and under.

Johnnie Walker Black Label Six-Pack, about $60. Sold separately, about $10 a fifth.

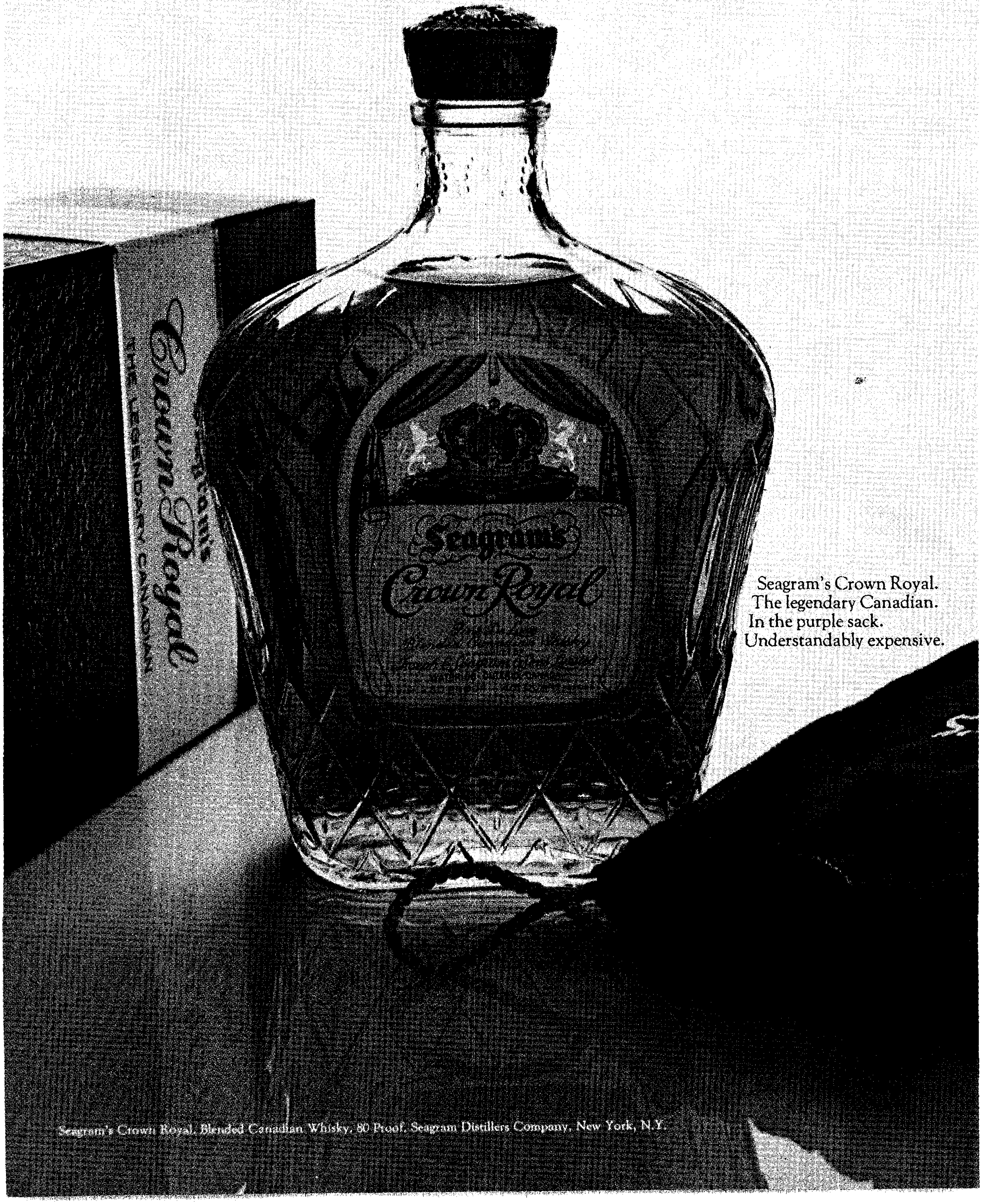


Some owners say their fiberglass Hatteras® is the most beautiful boat in the world.

Others say it's the most spacious. Others say it's the easiest to maintain. What do you say? What, you don't own one? Start living. Now. Write for name of the nearest dealer. If you'd like a portfolio of color literature enclose $1.00. Hatteras Yacht Division, North American Rockwell, 2475 Kivette Dr., High Point, N.C. 27261 (Shown: 44 Triple Cabin)

Hatteras Yacht Division
North American Rockwell

Raise somebody's standard of living this Christmas.


Seagram's
Crown Royal
Seagram's
Crown Royal
THE LEGENDARY CANADIAN

Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

O TANNENBAUM

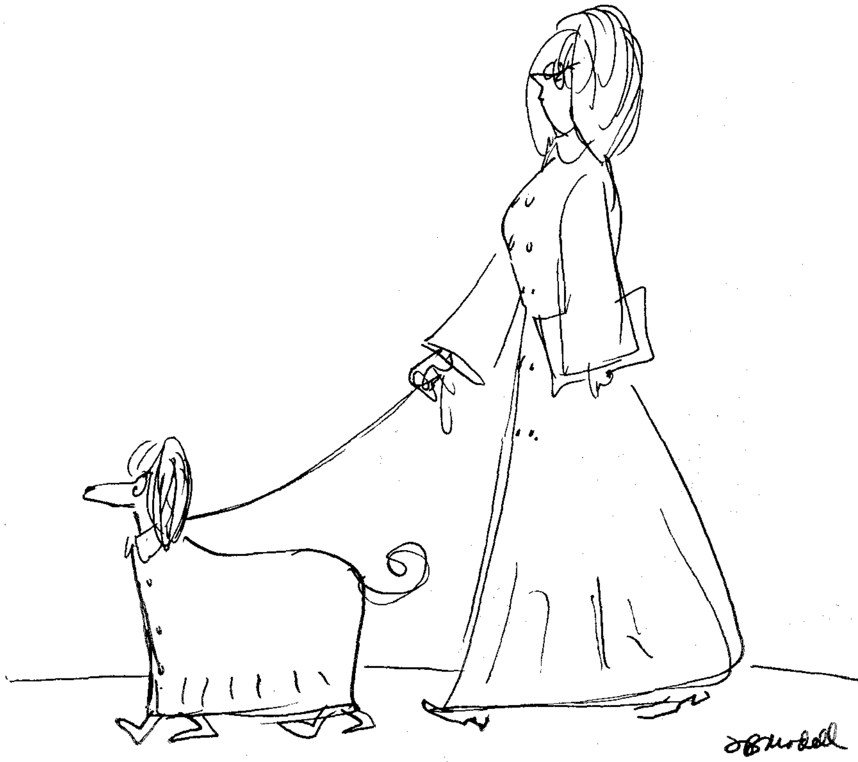
WE four—my wife, my two daughters (aged about six and nine), and I—are walking in a leisurely way up First Avenue. It is four years ago in Manhattan's East Village, a sunny Saturday morning, enough days before Christmas so that total panic has not seized us yet. The slushy streets, the cold wet feet, the department-store crush, the rival shoppers, the neon glare, the paper bells, the plastic balls, the recorded cheer, the money-begging Santa Clauses, who in their multiplicity debase the currency of Christmas, all are somewhere else. My daughters, with Mona Lisa smiles, harbor the plump satisfaction of having begun their Christmas vacations. My wife and I are content with the sun and with its being Saturday morning (we both work). Our quest is a bushy, symmetrical, seven-foot fir tree that the older two of us know there is not even a remote chance of our finding at a price we are willing to pay. We—again I exclude the children—are penny pinchers, I by inclination, my wife because she is my wife. Christmas is still too far off for bargains. When his hands are frozen and his nose is red and running and only hours are left before the final bell closes trading for the holy season—that is the time to talk trees to the man on the corner.

Never mind, we're looking. We pass pawnshops and pet shops, antique stores and hardware stores, psychedelic emporiums and fruit stands, and lots and lots of Christmas trees. In bunches, they lean against brick walls, sleek and green but already dead, their mortal wounds oozing resin onto the sidewalk. Trimming a Christmas tree is dressing a corpse. The thought is unworthy of the day. I banish it. The girls keep spotting individual specimens that would be perfect for us. "How about that one, Daddy?" "And this." *Pro forma*, we commence tentative negotiations on several occasions and are quoted prices in the ten-dollar range. While I mumble and demur, the disgusted dealer turns his back on me. The girls' disappointment each time is minimal. With animal understanding, they appear resigned to this charade. They even seem to know by heart the part they are supposed to play. Meanwhile, like a four-headed, amorphous beast, jointed by the transparent tissue of familyhood, we advance along the pavement, window-shopping and rubbing up against the sun.

To make what happens next intelligible, some background material is necessary. Here, then, are some facts, cut and dried. Fact No. 1 is that my wife and I are not getting on. Although neither of us knows it, the Christmas that has sent us out in search of a tree will be our last together. But because we don't know it, and because it is Christmastime, and because the girls are with us and the sun is shining in New York in December, we are doing our best. As a matter of fact, on this particular Saturday morning, although for several years it has not always been so, our best is pretty good. If the film broke at just this point and someone was handed a frame or two to analyze, he must certainly deduce that we, all four of us, are perfectly content.

Fact No. 2 is that we are not normally content except in the country. For us, the country acts like oil. In it we slip and slide around one another in a rather pleasant way. As a machine, we may not be very well designed or very efficient, we may not even be working to any purpose, but at least our moving parts function quietly and smoothly in the country. In the city, we grate and screech and belch up acrid, black smoke. Why, then, do we live in the city? There is no neat answer. I could mention jobs, friends, the action, but I suppose the answer that comes closest to the truth is that we live in the city because I have always lived in the city.

The fact that we are happier in the country had been given expression two years earlier when we spent my patrimony on six acres of land and an old house on Block Island, nine miles off the coast of Rhode Island. The house isn't much—an undistinguished saltbox, gutted by our predecessors and reappointed in Kelly-green Naugahyde furniture and fake-brass light fixtures out of the pages of a Sears, Roebuck catalogue. But the land is lovely. It is hard to explain how lovely the land is. You can see the sea in three directions. And a lighthouse. And off on the horizon on clear days Montauk Point. There is an undulation to the whole island that remembers the ocean of ice that shaped it half a million years ago. Stone walls surround and define our piece of it. But under the walls the land rolls and heaves; no slope or hill or hollow exactly repeats the next, but each flows into the other with a natural grace that leads away across distant fields, to end abruptly in the sea. Some three hundred years ago, the hand of man came down heavily on the island, but (if one can overlook the callous treatment of the Manisses Indians) it may be said to have been laid on honestly. With axes the forest was cut down, with oxen the stumps were pulled; the rocks, one by one, were pried out of each square foot of the rich topsoil, first to be piled in mounds and later, when wood became too scarce to be used for fencing, to be reassembled into a far-reaching network of stone walls, a folk-wrought monument to man's sociability, an enduring



expression of understandings long forgotten.

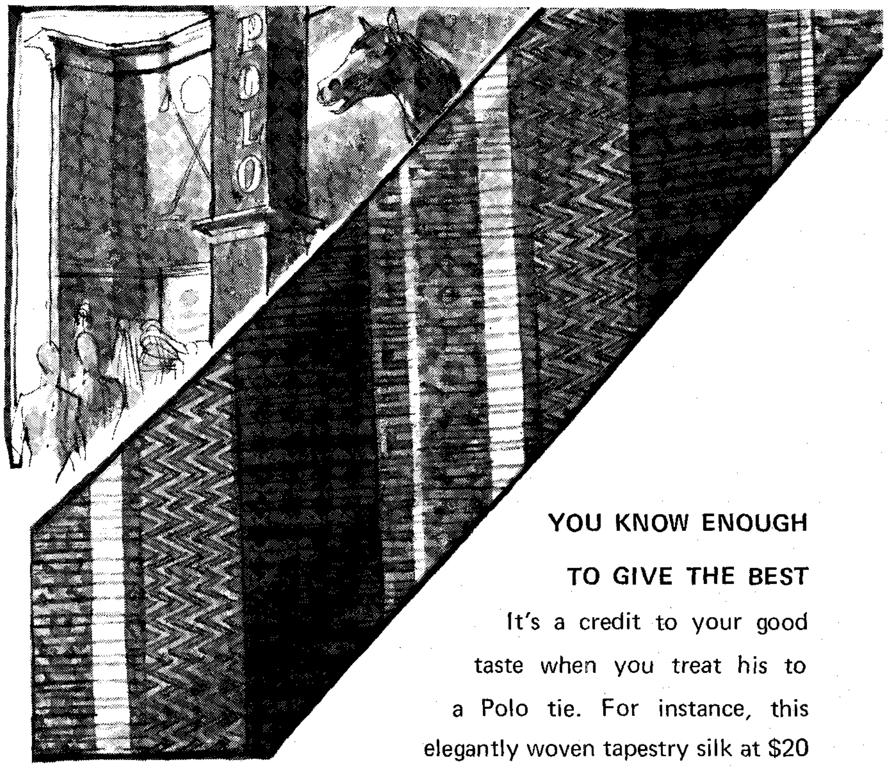
Now the island is no longer farmed. Bayberry, blackberry, honeysuckle, and briar rose have filled the fields and covered the walls. But the forest has not yet returned. It was obliterated too completely to renew itself with the speed that it has on abandoned mainland farms. Here and there, in a protected hollow, a single tree struggles up out of the low brush. But the wind, which can be fierce on the island at any time of the year and in the winter is truly savage, beats it back until in submission it assumes the form of the bushes around it. It is the lack of trees that gives the island its open, rolling character. We know this. And yet we know, too, that without trees the land is somehow shamed, like a woman with a shaved head. Already on our six acres, besides clumps of privet, Russian olive, lilac, and forsythia, we have planted two cherry trees, a Norway maple, and a McIntosh apple. When each was finally set in place and liberally doused with water and we stood back to admire our work, the satisfied glow of creation radiated from us. As the trees visibly thrived, which they did despite our city-bred doubt whether nature would actually work for us, this feeling was constantly renewed. God, or whatever other agency is responsible for creation *in toto*, must be supremely happy. Our feeling about trees is Fact No. 3.

WE leave First Avenue and stroll west to Third, and then north again. Above Fourteenth Street, the tone of the stores changes. In place of the stripped-down oak furniture, the antique stores have real antiques in their windows, and there are no longer any pawnshops. At Seventeenth Street, we come to a plant store. Inside is a profusion of tropical jungle growths with large leaves and long names. Outside, on the sidewalk, surrounded by ivy plants, are several small, potted balsam fir trees. The smallest of all, about two feet tall, has an eight-dollar price tag on it. My wife and I look at each other.

Ought we to? It's really more than we intended to spend.

Let's!

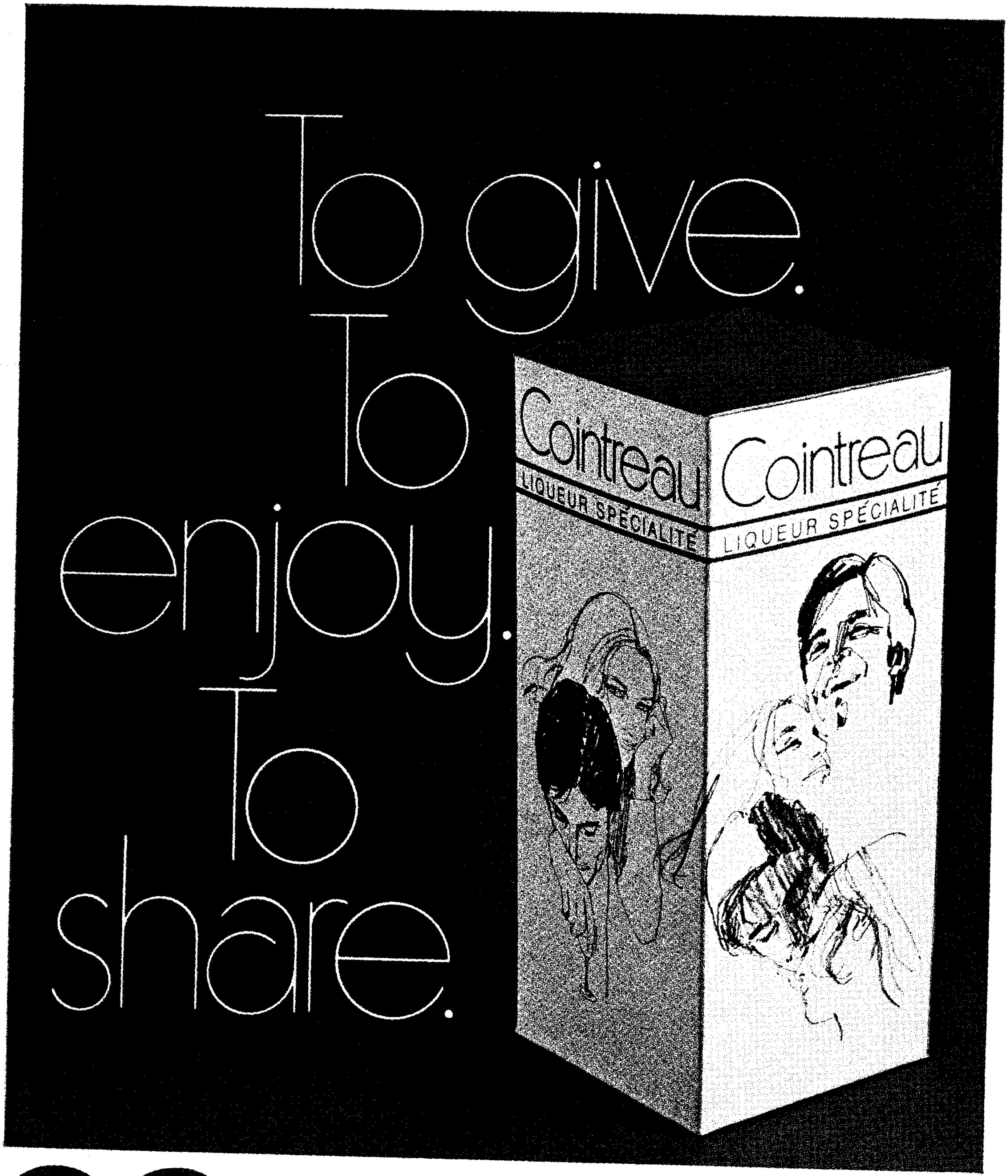
In the spring, we can take it up to the island and plant it. Imagine, if we did that every year, pretty soon we'd have a whole grove of trees. In graduated order. And when we led our grandchildren out to picnic under them, we would fondly slap the thick trunk of a towering fir and say, "Yes, I remember the first Christmas we



YOU KNOW ENOUGH
TO GIVE THE BEST
It's a credit to your good taste when you treat his to a Polo tie. For instance, this elegantly woven tapestry silk at $20 from The Polo Shop in our Men's Store, Street Floor, New York and all stores.
Bloomingdale's Men's Store
3rd Avenue at 59th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 · EL 5-5900

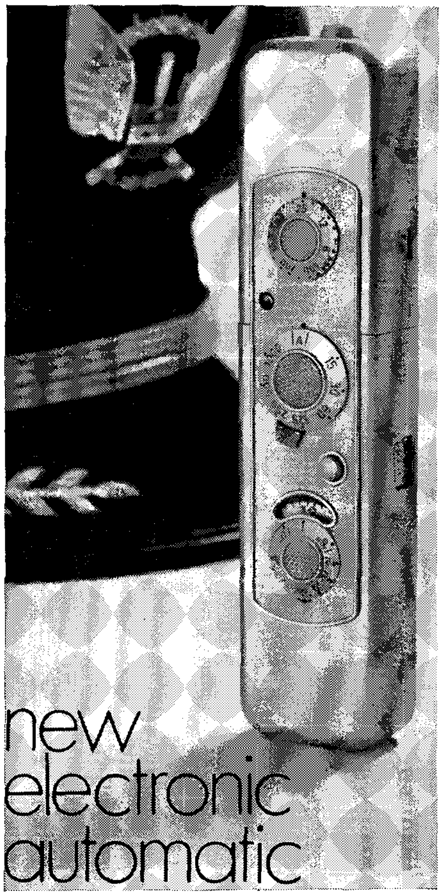
SONY
RADIO
SONY

It's not a giant hand. It's a tiny radio.
About 2 cubic inches tiny. A little gem in black and chrome. But with integrated circuitry, tiny sounds as big as big. It runs on a built-in battery that's rechargeable. Comes with a battery charger, an earphone and carrying case. And goes for $39.95.* All in a gift box. A tiny gift box, that is.
The tiny Sony® ICR-120
*Mfr.'s suggested retail price. ©1969 Sony Corp. of America. Visit our showroom 585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.


To give.
To enjoy.
To share.
Cointreau
LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ
Cointreau
LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ

COINTREAU

LIQUEUR SPÉCIALITÉ 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau, Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey meet the world's tiniest computerized camera



MINOX® C

Incredible! Now, the world's tiniest precision ultra-miniature camera has one of the world's tiniest computers which electronically assures correct exposures from a time-splitting 1/1000 second to a full 7 seconds. Aim and shoot. Sharp, sharp pictures are yours automatically in both sparkling black-and-white and full color.

Your constant companion, the MINOX nestles in pocket or purse, ready for instant picture-taking action—for business, pleasure . . . at home or on your travels.

Long famous for undercover work, MINOX cameras are gems of precision engineering by West German craftsmen. With hundreds of minuscule parts, they require over 2,000 painstaking operations to manufacture and assemble. Quality control? Mechanical tolerances are held to 4/10,000 of an inch . . . optical tolerances to less than 1/50,000 of an inch.

MINOX is the camera that's "with it" . . . more members of royalty, captains of industry, film and sports stars and "now" people use MINOX as their personal camera than any other camera.

COME SEE IT . . . COME TRY IT . . . at your camera store. Featherlight . . . weighs in under 4 oz. fully loaded, with 36 shots and battery. Under $200. Still scarce . . . but worth waiting for.

sole U.S. distributor
MINOX CORPORATION A DIVISION OF Berkey Photo Inc.
P.O. Box 1060, Woodside, New York 11377

bought a live tree. We were living down on the lower East Side then. Remember? Let's see, was it in '66—no, '65."

It seemed the perfect solution. It also perpetuated the game.

"But, Daddy, it's so small," my older daughter said. "How could we put lights on it and things? And . . ."

"Oh, it will be lovely," I said. "We'll all make tiny little ornaments. And then we can buy a few pine boughs and string the lights around them. It will be great, you'll see."

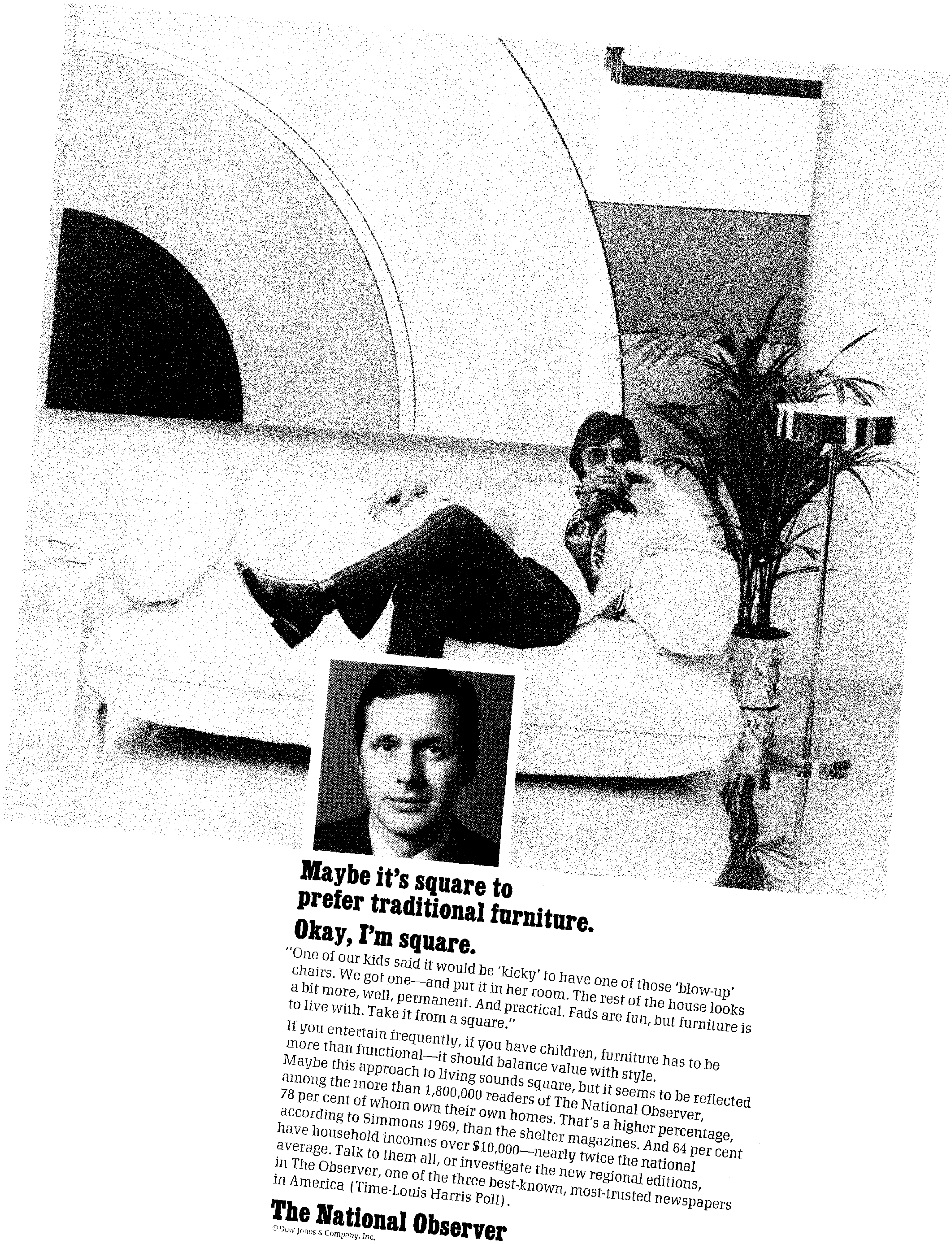
And really, it wasn't bad at all. Only, when it came to Christmas Eve, there was no obvious place to pile the presents. And I had a slight pang of conscience when, on Christmas Day, at the house of friends, I noticed my younger daughter rest an envious glance on our host's floor-to-ceiling-length tree, decorated with gingerbread cookies and lights that twinkled on and off.

After New Year's, we took the marbles tied with wires, the candy kisses, and the little bits of paper that the girls had colored with Magic Marker off the tree and set it out on the fire escape. We decided that despite the fallout produced by the Con Edison plant on Fourteenth Street the tree would have a better chance of surviving outside in the cold than in a steam-heated apartment. All through January, February, March, and into April, it endured life on a New York fire escape, five floors above a yard strewn with broken bottles and a soggy, rotting mattress, while inside the four of us, unable to hibernate, struggled as best we could to survive the winter, too.

WHEN Easter finally came and we went up to the island to open the house, closed since the previous Thanksgiving, we took the tree with us. Although it had lost none of its needles, it showed no positive sign of life. Still, with some ceremony and the best of hope, we planted it on one side of the entrance to the driveway. Next year, we would find a tree to match it and plant it on the opposite side. But there was no next year. That summer, my wife and I took separate vacations—she in July, I in August. The girls stayed through. When my wife left the island on the afternoon of the day that I started my vacation, she took with her the ironstone platter that we had found in the island dump, a large copper caldron that had belonged to her grandmother, and a number of other incongruous but to me quite obvious selections that bespoke finality. All else she relinquished, save, of course, the girls themselves, whom she left on reluctant loan until Labor Day, when, it was arranged, I would put them on a plane for Chicago, where she was going to live.

Standing on the pier in August, I watched the boat grow small in the distance. My wife's slight figure on the fantail, propped against the after deckhouse, diminished and dissolved and was lost for the last time, while the girls pulled at my sleeve, saying, "Come on, Daddy, let's go to the beach," but I stood where I was and kept my face turned away from them because there were tears in my eyes, which at first surprised and then warmed me. Were the tears a Pavlovian reflex brought on by having watched so many movies? Probably. Still, it was comforting to know that when the chips were down, one's heart was, after all, not a total bounder. I could almost hear the sad violins swell to crescendo. And then, as if to mock me, the sky filled with the sound of angels. The girls said, "Listen!" We looked up and saw flying over the harbor, making the air hiss with each gentle pulse of its white, white wings, a swan. It honked once and wheeled to the west, disappearing over the roof of the Surf Hotel. I stood clutching a creosoted piling, staring after it, and hearing, or thinking I heard, the receding caress of feathers. I held the moment as an unwed mother holds the baby she has promised for adoption. Clearing my eyes, I turned to follow the girls across the parking lot, and as I pivoted I caught a last glimpse of the boat, far out now, a toy on the horizon.

A month later, at Kennedy Airport, I repeated the swan scene. I tightened the girls' safety belts for the third time, kissed them, and allowed myself to be propelled up the aisle by a pert young stewardess who seemed to relish the notion of playing surrogate mother for a couple of hours. I was barely off the plane when the airtight door was sealed behind me with a hush. It was not a bird I watched, but I watched with the same damp eyes as a TWA Boeing 707—I supposed it was the girls', though I could not be certain, having lost track in my dash to the observation deck—roared abruptly into the air and disappeared westward, leaving me behind, detached and empty, engulfed in the morbid smell of burned



Maybe it's square to prefer traditional furniture.

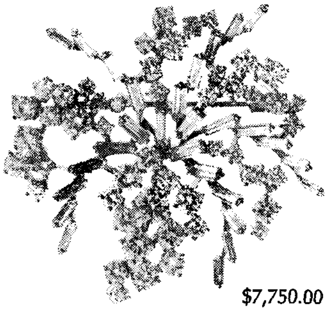
Okay, I'm square.

"One of our kids said it would be 'kicky' to have one of those 'blow-up' chairs. We got one—and put it in her room. The rest of the house looks a bit more, well, permanent. And practical. Fads are fun, but furniture is to live with. Take it from a square."

If you entertain frequently, if you have children, furniture has to be more than functional—it should balance value with style. Maybe this approach to living sounds square, but it seems to be reflected among the more than 1,800,000 readers of The National Observer, 78 per cent of whom own their own homes. That's a higher percentage, according to Simmons 1969, than the shelter magazines. And 64 per cent have household incomes over $10,000—nearly twice the national average. Talk to them all, or investigate the new regional editions, in The Observer, one of the three best-known, most-trusted newspapers in America (Time-Louis Harris Poll).

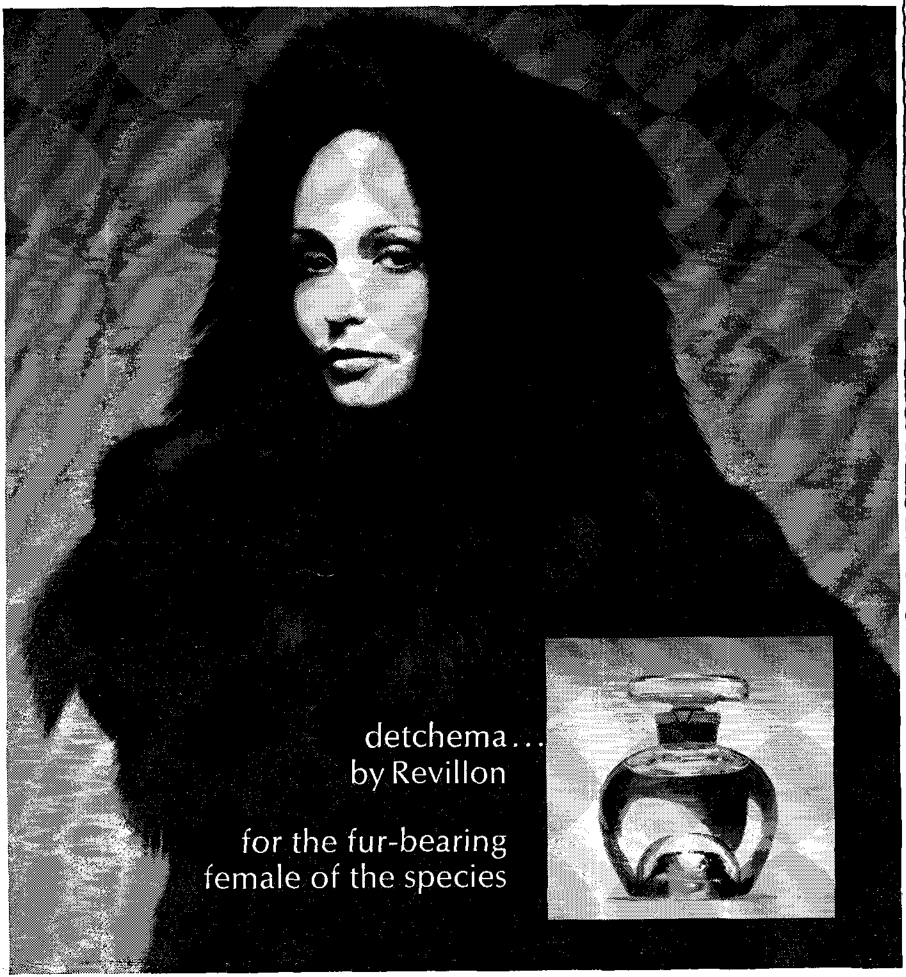
The National Observer

© Dow Jones & Company, Inc.


$7,750.00

18 Kt. white gold brooch set
with 49 full cut brilliants 5.51
ct. and 28 baguettes 2.90 ct.

Distinctively
GÜBELIN
3 West 57th Street, New York
(212) PL 5-0053
Jewelers to the world since 1854



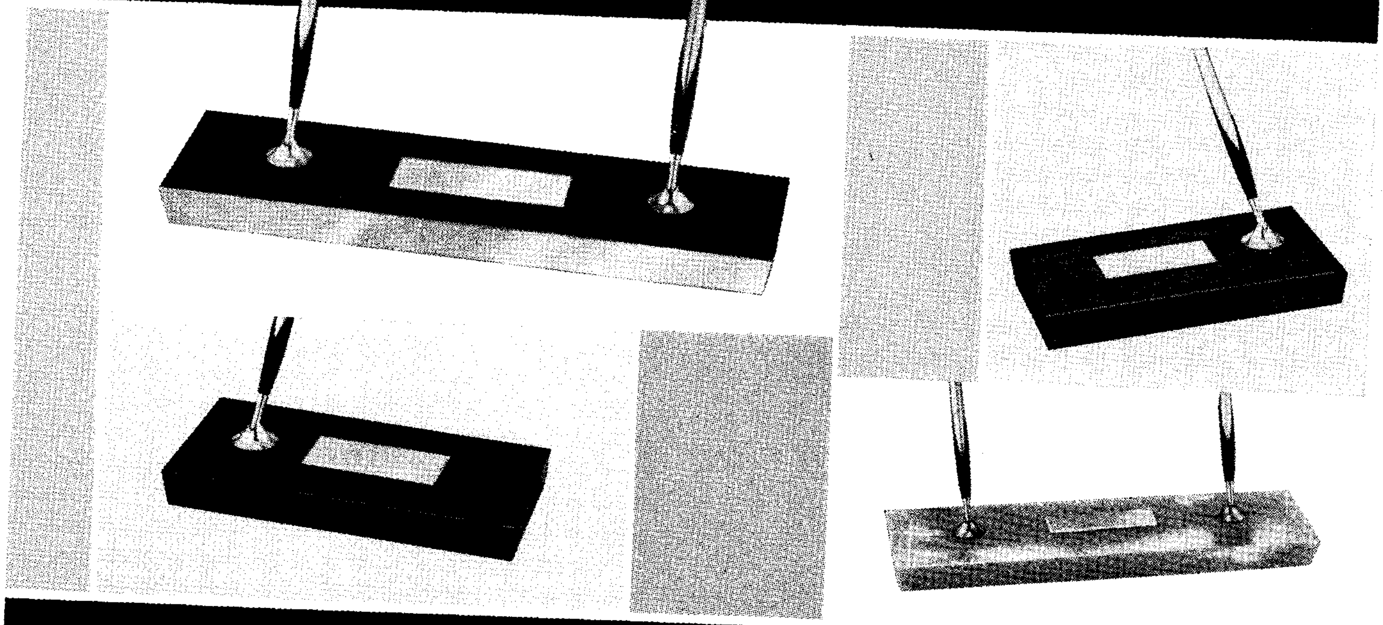
'The Detchema Collection' by Parfums Revillon, Paris. At discriminating stores.

kerosene. I was getting good at this.

Nature can be callous. In the midst of the most shocking trauma—death even—our hair and fingernails continue to grow. It was like that with the Christmas tree. A month after we had planted it on the island, buds the color of bread crust had begun to swell on the tips of each small branching. By early summer, these had lengthened and had commenced magically to metamorphose into sheaves of needles so delicately green that in moonlight they looked white. By July, these additions were marked by a color difference only, a tender yellow green against the heavy dark green of the previous year's growth. And by the end of August the tree was all one shade again, looking much as it had the day we bought it. But now it stood nearly three feet tall, perfectly symmetrical, firmly rooted, ready to fulfill all prophecy. Where it stood, beside the entrance to the driveway, several hundred yards from the house and the rest of the planting we had done, it was a lone sentinel flanked by grass and low bushes, the first stamp of our occupancy to be seen when entering the drive—and the last on leaving. My wife, sitting beside me in the car as we paused to pull out of the drive on our way to the boat in August, did not look back at the old house that had absorbed the brunt of her nesting instinct. She looked instead at the balsam fir, and there passed in that glance, and in that glance observed, as much as either of us was able to say that afternoon.

Dedicated to the proposition that the shifting world around them ought to have a point of continuity, I kept the house as a place to take the girls during future summers. That reason travelled the highroad. On the low road went the investment of love that had been lavished on the land. Each bulb interred, each blade of grass mowed, each stone replaced on a wall, and each tree planted had been deposits in a joint account that now, with greed and embarrassment leering at me, I stood as the sole beneficiary of. There were moments when I felt like a child who insists on having his toys back only to find himself left without anyone to play with. Real anguish is something we can all do without, but home-brewed melancholy has a bittersweet taste that in this day of synthetic, mass-produced emotion is to be treasured. That fall, I savored it in a big snifter.

TWO days before Christmas, I returned to the plant store on Third Avenue and bought another live bal-

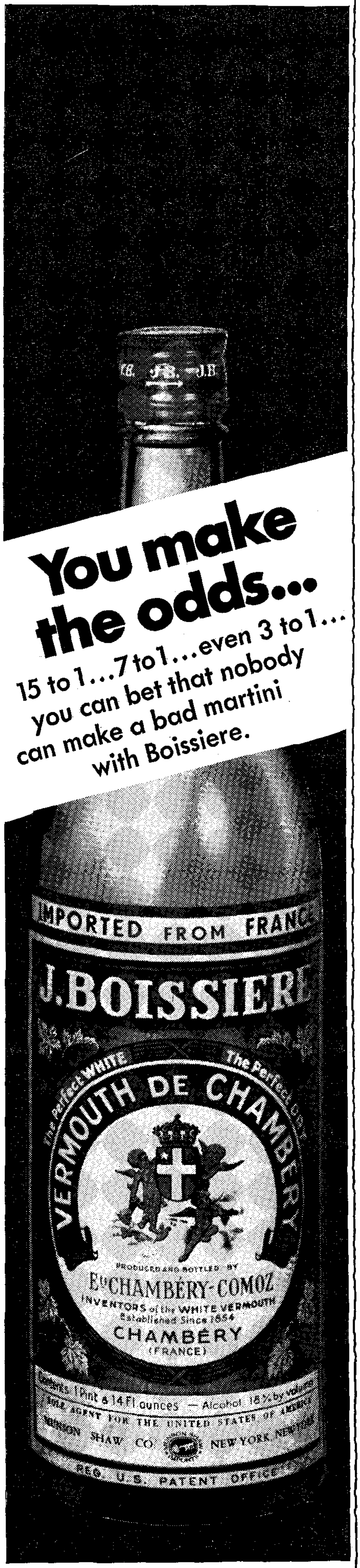


Creating a better impression

Cross Desk Sets — masterpieces of style and decor. 12 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Silver Writing Instruments available with single or double bases in jet black crystal, white onyx, walnut, bronze or Color-Crest. From twenty-five to seventy-five dollars each. At Better Stores Worldwide.

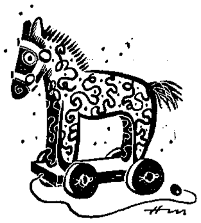
CROSS®
SINCE 1846

©1969 A. T. CROSS CO., LINCOLN, R. I. 02865


You make the odds...
15 to 1...7 to 1...even 3 to 1...
you can bet that nobody can make a bad martini with Boissiere.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J.BOISSIERE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY
The Perfect WHITE
The Perfect Dry
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
Ets CHAMBÉRY-COMOZ
INVENTORS of the WHITE VERMOUTH
Established Since 1854
CHAMBÉRY
(FRANCE)
Contents 1 Pint & 14 Fl. ounces — Alcohol 18% by volume
SOLE AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
MUNSON SHAW CO. NEW YORK, NEW YORK
REG. U.S. PATENT OFFICE

sam fir. On the twenty-fourth, with the tree under one arm and a duffelbag full of warm clothes slung over the other shoulder, I took the train to Westerly, Rhode Island, and a cab to the airport, and made the ten-minute flight to the island as the only passenger in a single-engine plane. At each stage of my journey, the trappings of an American Christmas—the recorded carols in Grand Central Station, the arched-over main street of Westerly, the red-and-green crêpe-paper banner in the airport reading "Merry Christmas," even all thought of the girl with whom I was keeping company, who had gone to Montclair, New Jersey, to be with her parents for Christmas, mercifully receded behind me, until I found myself alone under the sun.

The surrounding water pulls on the climate of the island, dragging it back, so that spring comes late, summer lingers into fall, and winter does not usually settle on the island until late January. The white layer of frost that on December nights crisps the grass and withers the last of the tomato vines fades quickly in the morning sun. What deciduous trees there are, an occasional grove of staghorn sumac, the wild apple, the ash-leaved maple beside our house, all lose their leaves in the first fall storm, almost before they have begun to change color. But the bushes carry the muted browns, the muddy greens, and the mustard yellows through to the very end of the year. Here and there a shadbush or a patch of poison ivy flames red. The honeysuckle remains green, and the perennial grasses, freed from competition with the annual crabgrass, plantain, dandelion, and other weeds, have a last verdant fling. So long as the sun is out, it can be lovely on the island in December. And it was. The temperature stood in the upper forties, a light southwest wind was blowing, and the sky was clear, with only an occasional cloud far off on the horizon. The air was so pure that breathing had a sensual quality about it.



By cutting across a gravel pit, skirting a honeysuckle-infested car dump, and bulling through a briar patch, one can walk from the island airport to our house in under fifteen minutes. As I descended the hill before our driveway, I passed a small pond on my right with three wild ducks resting on its surface. Far ahead of me, the sea sparkled in the midday sun. The only sound was the wind through a patch of beach plum. I came to woo this beauty with the gift of a tree. It was the right gift, and I was happy.

Now I can see through the break in the stone wall that admits the drive. Last year's tree is gone. Dug up. I rush forward and drop on my knees beside the hole. The dirt around it is already dry. The tree might have been taken any time within the past month. Between thumb and forefinger I pick up a short branchlet that has been torn loose, dark green, weightless as a feather. It is all that's left.

In this world of Vietnam, assassination, race hatred, and mass misery, the sense of boundless outrage I feel at having a tree uprooted is undeniably contemptible. But for all that, it is no less real. I have been spat on, I have been lynched, my land has been seized by the state, my cathedral bombed. I will find the man who did it and revenge myself on him if it takes the rest of my life.

Two hours later, I still have not got my car started—a 1950 Ford sedan, the trunk section cut away and replaced with a shallow wooden box that partially transforms it into a truck. I had put it in wraps for the winter and had not intended to use it this trip. To bring the car to life means reviving the battery and refilling the radiator, which has been drained. Since the house plumbing has also been drained for the winter, I must locate a pail and a rope and dip water from the cistern. After doing this, I find that the battery terminal is corroded and has to be cleaned. Finally, of course, the damn thing won't start anyway. So, using a long section of iron pipe for a lever and a rock to put under a rear tire to keep the car from rolling back, I inch it with much sweating and groaning to the top of the little hill in our drive. During the struggle two things happen: the wind veers to the northwest, and my anger abates, draining off into that donkey Ford and evaporating naturally into the dry air of time.

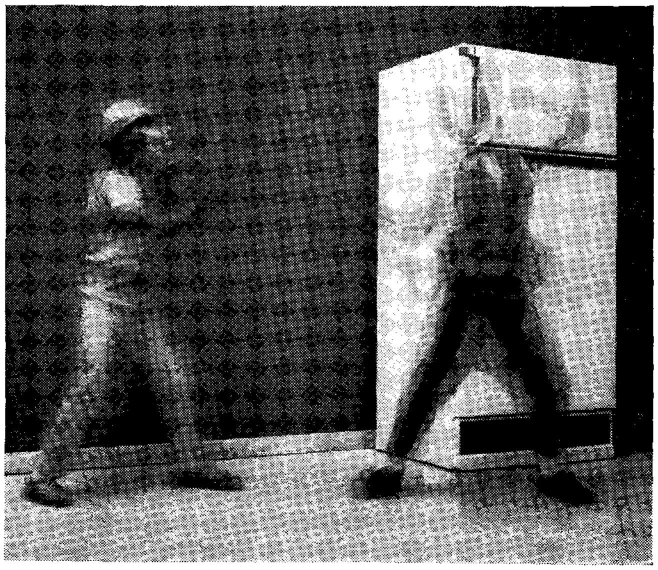
Now the car is poised on the top of the hill. A last push, a quick leap into the driver's seat, and I will be off. I pause a moment to catch my breath and wipe the sweat out of my eyes. The sun still shimmers on the sea, but the wind now has a chill edge to it that pierces my jacket. I shiver and realize that the temperature has dropped. If the car doesn't start going down the hill, I will have to drain the radiator right away before it freezes. But why the car? For a confused few

We want to be useful ...and even interesting

Accomplishment

In the year now closing we paid good wages to 112,000 people around the world and nearly $200,000,000 in dividends to more than 200,000 shareowners. In addition, we did another good thing. You know those hard-edged film packets that have to go up against your gums and tongue when your teeth are x-rayed? There's a good chance you'll find those edges softer now.

The acquisition season



PRACTICAL THINGS

The kids will grow up. Perhaps, at that unimaginable time, possessions grown shabby will be thrown away even if they work O.K. Ridiculous to worry about it now.

Our only purpose in bringing it up here is to illustrate one among many roles we play in the economy. We make a product called EASTMAN "NPG" Glycol. If you are not in the enamel industry, you can ignore it forever. If you are, you may *prefer* to ignore it, because you know that glycol for polyester enamels doesn't have to cost what "NPG" Glycol costs.

To play our role, all we have to do is get across the idea that the toughness imparted to polyester finishes by "NPG" Glycol through chemical cross-linking now puts them out in front of acrylic finishes (which are not quite as stain- and solvent-resistant) and vinyls (which are a bit soft).

If that idea does get across, we stand to take in nearly 3¢ for the 2 ounces or so of glycol needed in the polyester finish for a 16-cu. ft. home refrigerator.

LESS PRACTICAL THINGS

A new camera is acquired. Desirable for visits, picnics, graduations, weddings, birthday parties, sunny days with the gang at the beach. Anything else? Yes. Environmental awareness.

In *this* weather?

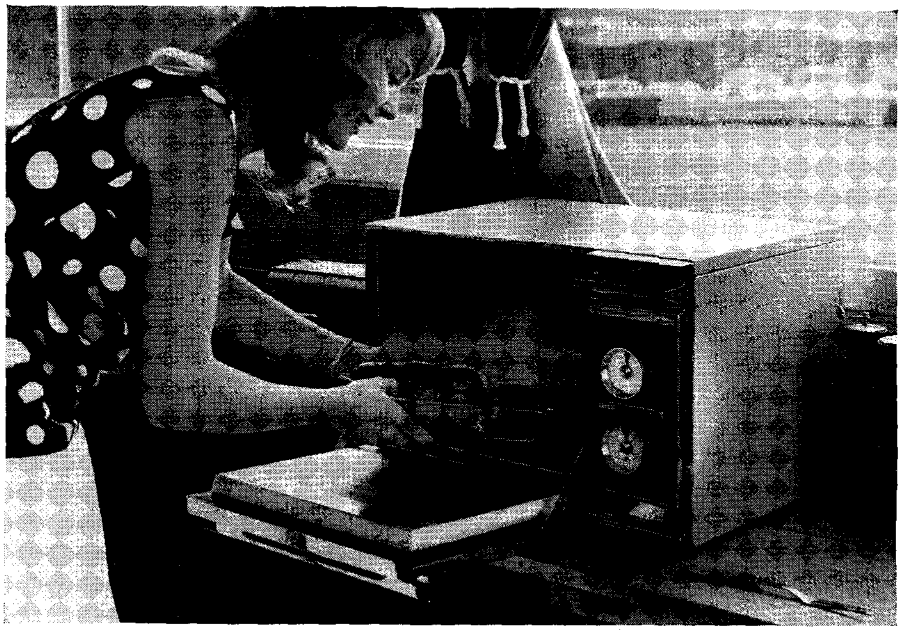
Any weather can be enjoyed with a grateful, interested eye and mind. Also any worm, any spider web, any leaf, any large rock, any small shell. Teach that to your children. Environmental awareness makes it worthwhile to be alive. As awareness ripens here and there into understanding, it gets even better.

A camera finder in front of the eye helps build awareness. This has been proved in slum and suburb, and for other aspects of reality than spider webs. It's like the difference between thinking important thoughts and actually having to express them.

Last summer fifteen of our men were paid to spend their time in five national parks giving "environmental awareness" slide shows. The National Park Service and we believe that the parks ought to be more than places where it is easier to smell the next family's cooking than at home. "Take nothing but pictures, leave nothing but footprints," says the Service.

If you're lucky, it will occur to you on looking at the pictures that you could have seen things just as beautiful the other 50 weeks of the year.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY An equal-opportunity employer

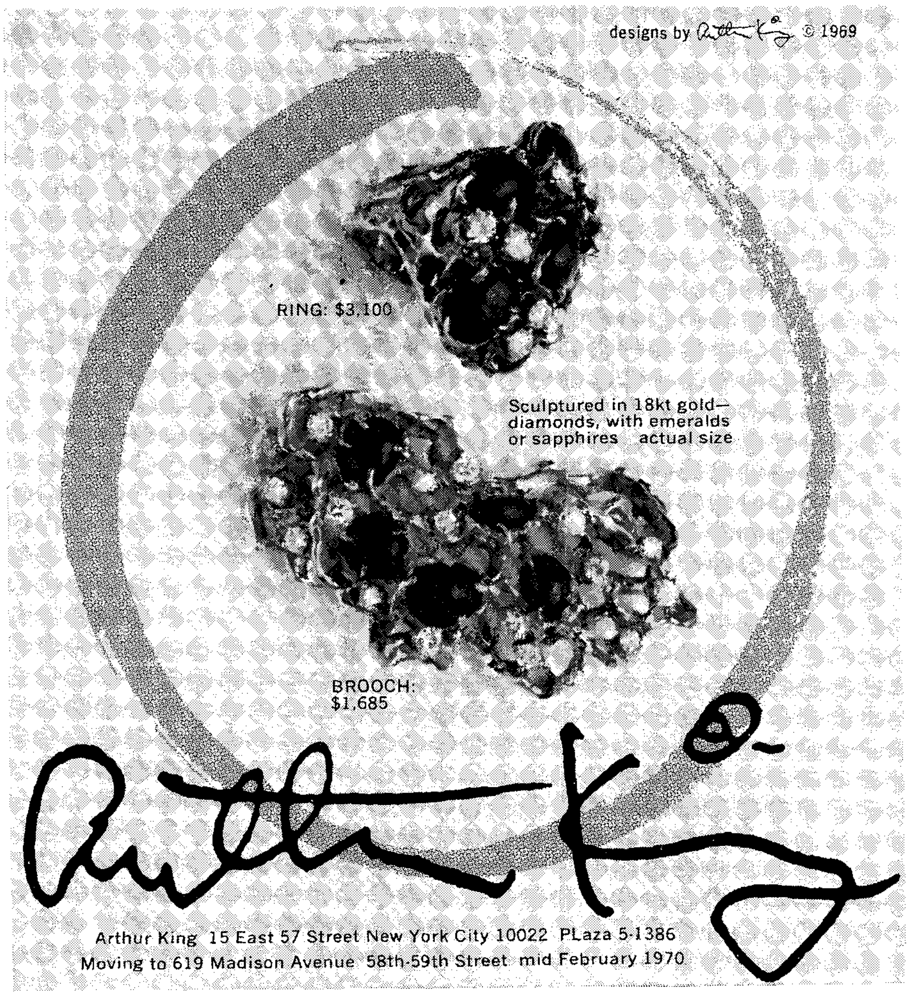


Cool, clean way to roast

Cook a five-pound roast medium-rare in only 37½ minutes in this microwave electronic counter-top oven. Baked potatoes take only four minutes. Stainless steel oven lining increases efficiency of radar-type waves, reduces cleanup to a mere wipe with a damp cloth. Oven stays cool to the touch inside and out. Ideal for home, boat, cottage. Just plug it into any 110-volt, AC outlet.

Stainless Steel
BY REPUBLIC STEEL CORPORATION
Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities

(Only the ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The microwave oven manufacturer's name and address will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-9130, 1441 Republic Building, P.O. Box 6778, Cleveland, Ohio 44101.)



designs by Arthur King © 1969

RING: $3,100

Sculptured in 18kt gold—diamonds, with emeralds or sapphires actual size

BROOCH: $1,685

Arthur King

Arthur King 15 East 57 Street New York City 10022 PLaza 5-1386
Moving to 619 Madison Avenue 58th-59th Street mid February 1970

seconds, I fumble through my memory for the reason that I am trying to start it. Remembering, I put my shoulder against the doorframe, the car begins to roll, I jump in, and halfway down the hill the engine catches. Rapture begins to seep back into me. Not daring to take my foot off the accelerator, I come tumbling out of the driveway at breakneck speed and have only a fleeting glimpse as I pass of the raw earth where the tree had been.

My quest is hopeless. There are far too many houses on the seven-mile-long island. It takes, I have been told, several days for a man in the summer merely to read all the electric meters at the end of each month. And yet my anger, being righteous, supposes that some supernatural force must surely guide me to the spot where the tree has been replanted. I do not even consider that it may be inside some house, or even have been taken off the island. Within half an hour, I have virtually given up, and as my concentration on the tree diffuses I become aware that the weather has changed abruptly. The wind is blowing at gale force, and the temperature has surely dropped well below freezing. Then, on Dorey's Cove Road, at the very bottom of a hill, where I stop a moment to watch the sea pounding ashore in frothing, uneven combers that send spray spattering against the windshield, the engine dies. The battery, after one feeble pulse, gives no more response. I cannot push the car. In front of me lies the beach, behind me the hill. There is nothing I can do but drain the radiator and walk the three miles back to the house.

I start off along the beach, but am soon driven inland by the stinging spray that already is beginning to glaze the dune grass and bushes within a hundred yards of the ocean. Still, the sun shines and there is no cloud in the sky. When I finally reach the house, the sun is just setting behind me, and the ocean as far as I can see is steaming like hot soup, sending up huge tendrils of vapor to be whipped, buffeted, and dispersed by the wind. On cool nights in summer, I have seen mists rise over the calm surface of a lake. But now this is happening in daylight all around me over the whole, wildly lashed surface of the sea. I feel small and cold. The wind is strong enough to lean against, and the puddles in our driveway are already crusted over with ice. As quickly as I can, with numb fingers, I set some cannel coal burning in the kitchen fireplace. I open a can of tuna fish and a can of spaghetti and heat them up together in a saucepan. The tarry smoke from the coal blackens one side of the pan. The gloom deepens and I light some candles, the electricity having been turned off for the winter. Huddled as close to the fire as I can get, I eat my supper. It tastes of coal tar. The fire throws some heat directly at me, but it makes no impression whatsoever on the temperature of the room. The candles flicker in drafts that squeeze through myriad cracks in the old house. A family lived here once, winter and summer, farming the land. I think of van Gogh's picture "The Potato Eaters." I look at the thermometer outside the window—five degrees above zero. The house shakes in the wind as I have never felt it do before.

I pull on all the sweaters I can find and two pairs of pants. I heap four blankets onto a bed that I pull up in front of the fire, and still I shiver through the night. In the morning, I wonder if I have slept at all. Over the sullen remains of the fire I heat some water for tea, but then I can't find any sugar. The tea scalds without warming. I locate some crackers in a tin. The wind has abated somewhat, but the temperature is still hovering just above zero. My thermometer, which records high and low temperatures, shows that it reached two degrees below during the night.

I carry a shovel down to the driveway entrance, where I have left the tree I brought with me. But the ground when I try it is like cement, and the roots of the tree, which slips easily out of its pot, are encased in a hard, truncated cone of earth. I carry the tree back with me to the house and place it in the lee of the tool shed. As an afterthought, I pile some old, dried grass cuttings around it. It will survive. In the spring, it will grow again. I lock the house and walk back to the airport, where I have to wait until late afternoon for the wind to die down enough for the pilot to come and fetch me. While waiting, I call the local mechanic and ask him to pick up the car. I also call Chicago several times but get no answer. When the pilot finally arrives, I sense that he is annoyed at being called away from his hearth and home on Christmas.

—P. S. WOOD

•

For your face we have Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Face Tan, and Face Conditioner, things that will make your face look and feel like it has spent the day in the middle of a trout stream.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

"I have seen better faces in my time . . ." —"King Lear."

Craftsmanship lives in Benchmark. Measure your Bourbon against it.

The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

So, they were happy with the name Benchmark. It means, "that which others are measured against".

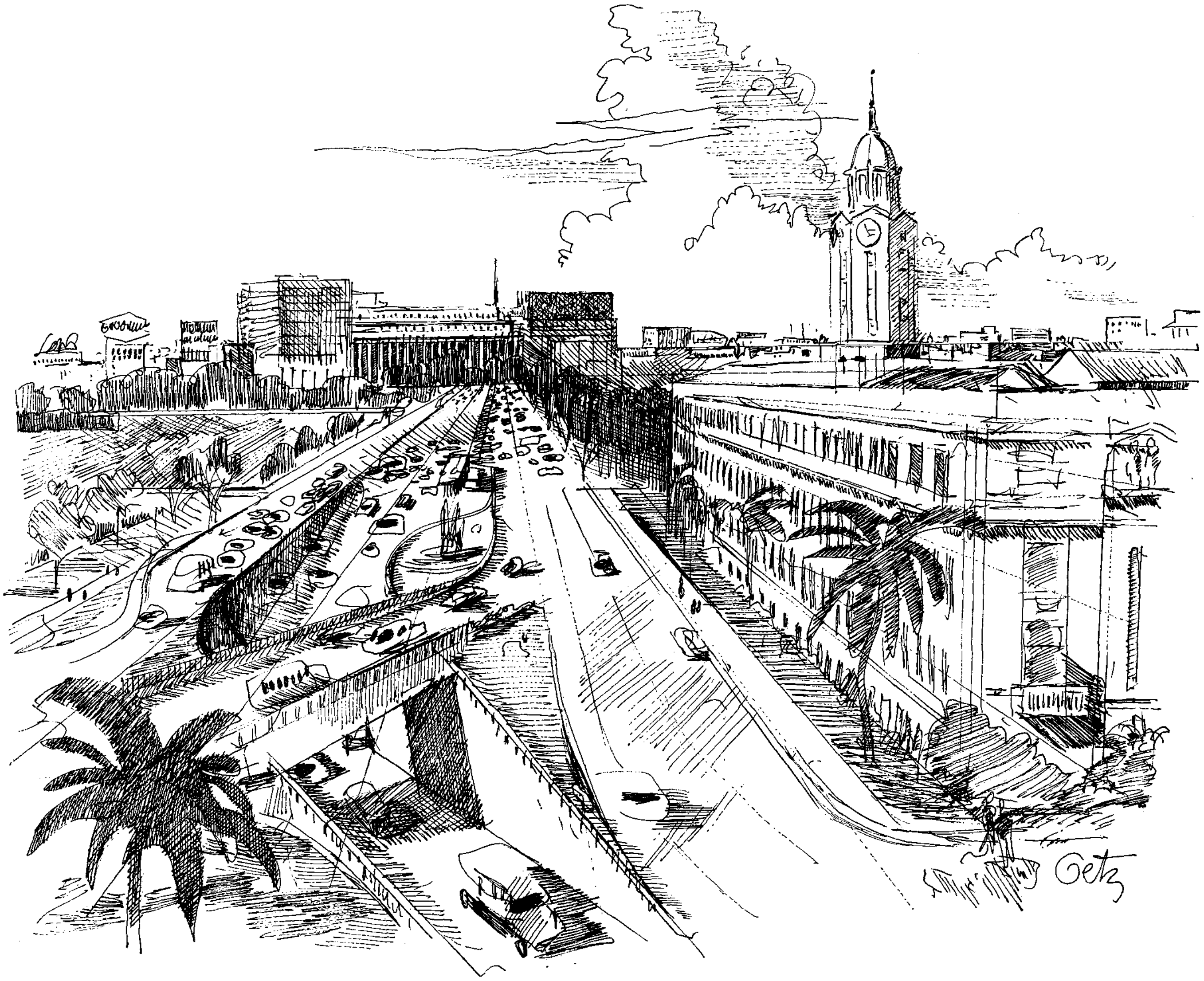
They think their Bourbon lives up to its name. Taste it and see what you think.

INTEGRITY - TRADITION
CRAFTSMANSHIP
Seagram's
BENCHMARK
PREMIUM BOURBON
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Louisville, Ky.

N°5
CHANEL

LETTER FROM MANILA



DECEMBER 10

LAST June, in a speech to the Manila League of Women Voters, President Ferdinand E. Marcos bemoaned the fact that "politics here is becoming too rough, becoming too dirty." He called Philippine politics "the activity of the irresponsible, the almost insane." The election of November 11th, in which Marcos, the sixth President of the Republic of the Philippines, became the first ever to be returned for a second four-year term, went far to prove his point. Though he described it as "the most peaceful, cleanest, and most honest election the country has ever had," almost everyone else thought it was the dirtiest, the most exhausting, and very nearly the most violent the country has had. The Filipino capacity for putting up with almost anything, including a vast amount of graft much of the time and a vast amount of vote-buying at election time, may account for the fact that, although an abundant zest and a refreshing spirit of contemporaneity prevail among the more than thirty-seven million Filipinos, their basic way of life—dominated by pervasive poverty—has scarcely changed since the country became independent, in 1946. Now, however, while watching this election, I had the feeling, for the first time in the two and a half decades I have been visiting the islands, that the Philippines may at last be on the verge of real change, including an end to, or at least alteration of, their post-colonial special relationship with the United States, which has been profitable for a privileged few but has done little for national pride. Some long-overdue improvement in social and economic conditions seems about to take place, whether peacefully or, as some fear, violently, and this will affect the life both of the poor farmers, who make up about seventy per cent of the population, and of the unemployed or underpaid urban workers, who make up a large proportion of the rest. Since nowhere else in Southeast Asia is the gap between wealth and poverty so great as it is here, even a slight and gradual lessening of this gap would be all but revolutionary. Heretofore, Philippine politics has been marked by a lingering feeling of passive dependence on the United States and a tendency to talk a lot about reform but to do very little to achieve it. Now, however, the republic is showing new nationalist spirit and a desire to identify itself more closely with the rest of Asia, and these manifestations promise to provide a new impetus for change—or what Marcos has sonorously tagged a "challenge to greatness."

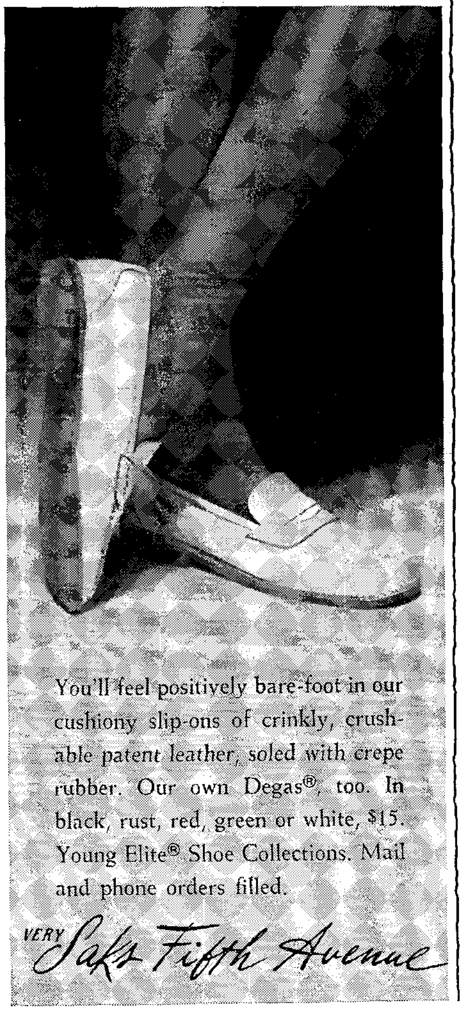
Marcos's reëlection, by what was apparently a record margin of close to two million votes out of almost nine million cast, is certainly a factor in favor of this prognosis, though his ambition to go down in history as the greatest Filipino President is clouded by the current assumption that he will go down as the richest, and by the fact that in pursuit of one or both aims he made sure of his reëlection by distributing vast sums of money. His opponent, Senator Sergio Osmeña, Jr., the son of the republic's respected first postwar President, was such a weak candidate (Osmeña was accused of collaboration with the Japanese as a

In the passageways under Kronborg Castle sits the statue of a Danish warrior. They say if Denmark is ever threatened he'll stand and fight. And the first thing he'll defend is our fine fur collection!

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



You'll feel positively bare-foot in our cushiony slip-ons of crinkly, crushable patent leather, soled with crepe rubber. Our own Degas®, too. In black, rust, red, green or white, $15. Young Elite® Shoe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

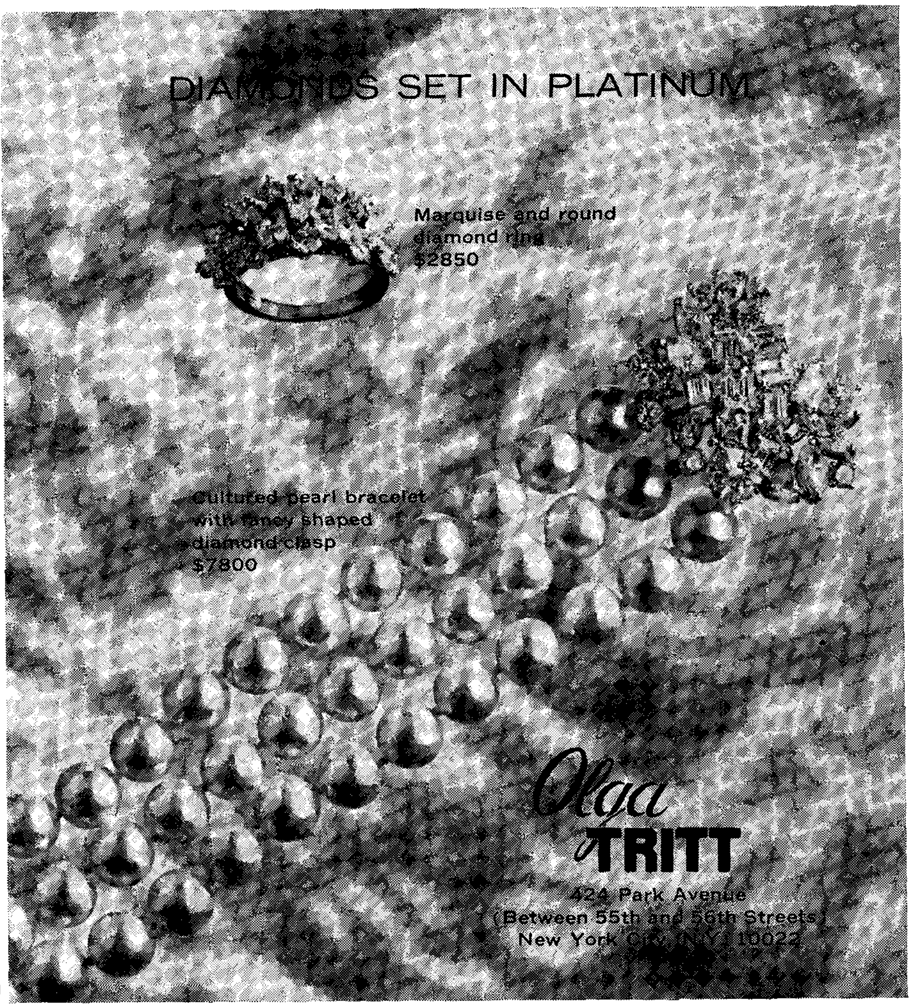
young man during the war, while Marcos was a guerrilla hero) that there seems no reason for Marcos's party to have dispensed between fifty and a hundred million dollars on everything from a smothering barrage of television to what election officials have said was an unprecedented amount of plain old-fashioned vote-buying. The facts (or apparent facts, since all the returns are subject to final confirmation after recounts) that the President's party won seven of the eight senatorial seats being contested and all but twenty-four of the hundred and ten races for the House of Representatives seem to be further indications of the unlimited resources that Marcos deployed. These included planes and helicopters, which took the President and his beautiful wife, Imelda—who shows signs of developing into a sort of Evita Perón-style political figure in her own right—all over the wide archipelago. It may be that he was simply running scared because of the unbroken Filipino tradition of voting against the incumbent.

In terms of either issues or parties, the word "opposition" in the Philippines has little meaning, largely because many political leaders, including Marcos himself, have regularly switched their allegiance back and forth between the two major parties, the Nacionalistas and the Liberals. Marcos, a former chief of the Liberal Party who was elected President as a Nacionalista, is said to have put pressure on his old Liberal colleagues to engineer the nomination of Osmeña in place of their original favorite, Senator Genaro Magsaysay, the brother of the late Ramón Magsaysay, the folk-hero President who put down the Communist-led Hukbalahap uprising in the nineteen-fifties. Though Senator Magsaysay is scarcely cast in the same mold as his brother—he hardly ever put in an appearance in the Senate chamber, and he lacks his brother's magic popular appeal—some people felt that he might have been elected on his name alone. However, he did run, as Osmeña's Vice-Presidential partner, and though Philippine voters can choose a President from one party and a Vice-President from another, he fared just about as poorly as Osmeña did.

There have been rising post-election protests, including official ones by the Liberals, unofficial ones by students, and the customary bitter post mortems by Filipino commentators—mixtures of cynicism, remorse, and national self-flagellation. "We're definitely in a new scientific age, yet politically we still belong to the savages," M. N. Querol wrote in the Manila *Times*. Maximo V. Soliven, also of the *Times*, declared, "We must all share the blame; we permitted these things to happen, if only by looking the other way." One of the more perceptive columnists, Eduardo Lachica, of the Philippines *Herald*, said, "The Liberals were outspent, outshouted, and outgunned by the Nacionalistas—that's the simple story of the elections." The further fact that what has been called Marcos's Operation Overkill aroused more cynical comment than actual resentment led Lachica to lament, "To many disenchanted citizens, democracy in the Philippines is dead. But this may be really what a lot of people want—defaulting their responsibility to the strongest man. To this observer, the electorate showed it was too callous, too lazy, too uncaring to experiment any further with democracy." This appears to be an exaggeration, if only because a number of civic organizations, under the direction of the honest and enlightened chief of the country's Commission on Elections, Jaime Ferrer, undertook a carefully planned campaign to scrutinize the balloting. This effort had the backing both of local parish priests and of the increasingly socially-conscious Church hierarchy in this predominantly Catholic country. Billboards displayed admonitions to the effect that "he who sells his vote sells his soul and his country," and priests exhorted their congregations to vote. But, as Ferrer was the first to admit, he and his several hundred thousand volunteer aides were unable either to stop vote-buying or to curb terrorism. "Officially," seventy-two persons, a record number, were killed in the election period, extending from mid-June to mid-November, and three or four times as many were murdered in this gun-toting country as a result of family feuds, which often have political overtones and tend to increase in an election year. Ferrer and his staff supposedly had temporary jurisdiction over the Philippine Constabulary and the Army, but the Election Commission's orders to the troops were invariably disregarded, and, in addition, many so-called "goons"—civilian terrorists, sometimes dressed in Constabulary uniforms—took over in many provinces. The usual investigations are still under way, and they promise to have the usual results—lots of noise but no action.

IN the light of all this sordid electoral byplay, how can there appear to be some hope for constructive political change? The answer lies partly in the unusually strong mandate that Marcos was given—whether altogether honestly or not—and partly in his political philosophy. Although he likes to talk about "the politics of power," he went out of his way after the election to deny that he sought to become a dictator, asserting, "Any move to impose dictatorship will invite a violent reaction from the people." But since he can now afford to ignore political patronage, for a while at least, he is in a rare position to face up boldly to the "challenge" he has posed for himself—that of dealing with what he has described as "the inertia of centuries" in the Philippines. Some Filipinos are comparing him to General Charles de Gaulle, and others to some of the more enlightened strong men in Latin America—a relevant analogy, because the Philippines, too, were under the colonial rule of Spain for several centuries. Marcos, a man of remarkable self-discipline and political skill, has also enjoyed phenomenal political luck, and he now stands to benefit from the peculiar international situation that marks his return to office. He begins his second four years at the moment when the whole American role in the Far East is being reëxamined, not only by the United States but by all the nations in the area. Though Marcos remains pro-American, his keen political sensitivity has prompted him to respond expertly to the new nationalist sentiment in the country—especially among the youth—which favors changing the Philippines' relationship with the United States and with a number of nations in Asia and Europe, including some Communist ones with which Manila wants to begin trading.

One of Marcos's first announcements after the election was that he was withdrawing from Vietnam the fifteen-hundred-man Philippine Civic Action team he had sent there, over considerable domestic opposition, after his first election. Small as this force is, and peaceful as its role has been, its departure—since it is the first allied force to leave Vietnam—is symbolic of the imminent change in American-Filipino relations. To a considerable extent, the move represents the rebellion of a child against its father. Shortly after the election, a report by Senator Stuart Symington's Subcommittee on United States Security Agreements and Commitments Abroad charged, among other things, that the United States had provided the Philippines with thirty-eight million dollars' worth of assistance to support the Civic Action group, and this statement created a storm of pro-


DIAMONDS SET IN PLATINUM

Marquise and round diamond ring $2850

Cultured pearl bracelet with fancy shaped diamond clasp $7800

Olga TRITT
424 Park Avenue
(Between 55th and 56th Streets)
New York City, N.Y. 10022

MAUPINTOUR '70 HOLIDAYS / LEAVE YOUR CARES AT HOME!

SPAIN PORTUGAL & MOROCCO

PLUS THE CANARY ISLES, MADEIRA, THE FABULOUS ALGARVE

☐ **SPAIN/PORTUGAL/TANGIER,** 15 days. 3 days in Estoril, 4 days in Madrid, 2 days in Seville. Cordoba, Granada, Malaga and Tangier. Weekly, Mar. to Oct., from $668. *From New York via Iberia Air Lines.*

☐ **SPAIN/PORTUGAL BY MOTORCOACH,** 22 days. Easy paced but comprehensive. Superior hotels. Entertainments, special events. Tangier, too. Weekly, Mar. to Oct., from $748. *From New York via Iberia.*

☐ **SPAIN/MALLORCA/PORTUGAL,** 22 days. Lots of time in Madrid, Barcelona, Palma, and Lisbon (stay at the Ritz!) plus Torremolinos, Andalucia. Weekly, Feb. to Oct., from $958. *From New York via Iberia.*

☐ **MOROCCO/CANARIES/MADEIRA,** 22 days. The Algarve, too. Best hotels. 4 days at famous Reid's on Madeira. Leisurely, special events. Year 'round departures from $1138. *From New York via Iberia.*

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folders or write Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Telephone 212-687-7773.

Maupintour
world-wide standard of travel excellence

ASK ABOUT THESE OTHER MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS FOR 1970:
☐ *Oberammergau Passion Play,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ *British Isles,* ☐ *Greece/Aegean,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient, and*
☐ *South America.*

LONDON'S FINEST

Traditional as Tower Bridge. British as a guardsman's bearskin. As London-bred as St. Paul's itself. That is Balkan Sobranie **Smoking Mixture**—an exquisite blend of mature Virginian and rarest Yenidje. Treasured by knowing smokers since the Victorian days.

BALKAN SOBRANIE SMOKING MIXTURE MADE IN LONDON ENGLAND
Balkan Sobranie
Smoking Mixture
WITH THE FINEST YENIDJE TOBACCO

BALKAN SOBRANIE
SMOKING MIXTURE
Blended and manufactured in England.

At quality tobacconists, 2 oz. can $1.00 ($1.05 West Coast) or send $2.00 for the Balkan Sobranie four blend taster pack (4 oz.) to U.S. Agent: James B. Russell, Inc. (Dept. NY4) 150 West 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

HAPPY your HOLIDAYS at RANCHO ENCANTADO

. . . the Enchanted Ranch in the Land of Enchantment, New Mexico! Ski at twelve thousand feet, snowmobile against deep blue skies, sunbathe on your private patio, toast your toes at your own fireplace. Colorful Spanish décor, superb cuisine and bar. Winter trailrides, trap, Indian pueblo and Spanish village festivals. And more!

Rancho Encantado, Rte 4, Box 57c
Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501
Phone 505-982-3537

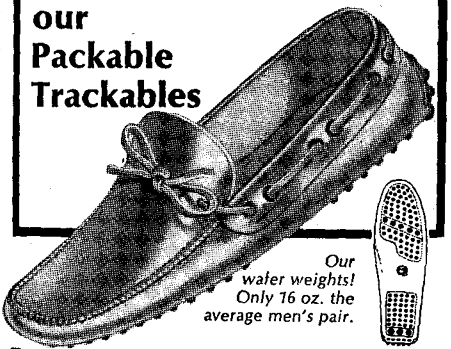
Peter's BACKYARD
OPEN 7 DAYS
Charcoal Broiled
STEAKS • CHOPS
LOBSTER
Res. suggested: GR 3-2400
64 W. 10th Street

test here. Marcos, Nacionalista congressmen, and military men all immediately denied receiving any special payments and repudiated any suggestion that the Filipinos in Vietnam were "mercenaries," but the testimony gathered by the Symington subcommittee, together with private admissions by Americans both here and in Saigon, clearly indicates that the Civic Action group received considerable material and monetary support. The Symington report was drastically censored before it was released, but the reaction has nonetheless been vehement, and this reaction has extended to other sections of the report, particularly those that analyze the American role in the Philippines in recent years, including the racketeering that has existed around the major American military bases, Clark Field and Subic Bay, near Manila. This angry response to the report's criticism of corruption and other shortcomings among the Filipinos was to be expected, both because many of the allegations are true and because much that might have contributed to a more positive picture was left unsaid.

Besides, the Filipinos feel that, quite apart from their imitation of the American way of life, which is often carried to the point of absurdity, the United States is primarily responsible for much of the social disintegration that has taken place here over the last twenty-five years, notably the condoning by the American military establishment of, among other things, the prostitution and gambling that have long existed just beyond the confines of Clark Field and the Subic Bay base. They also believe that we maintained a post-colonial attitude here for an unnecessarily long period after 1946, and that the rampant postwar corruption was encouraged and exploited by a good number of Americans, both returning prewar entrepreneurs and new postwar carpetbaggers. Surprisingly, under these circumstances, a deep fund of pro-American feeling nevertheless remains among Filipinos all over the country. Much of this is simply due to habit, but it is also based on genuine friendships established earlier between Filipinos and Americans and on assistance rendered by both private and official Americans, especially in the field of education. And, of course, the heroic Second World War partnership is still a factor.

As for our own disillusionment over the Filipinos' failure to follow American democratic patterns, it was both foolish and futile for us to expect them to do any such thing, particularly over-

LOAFAROUNDS™ our Packable Trackables



From the sportscar circuits of Europe, we bring you the driving shoe of champions!

They've become our everyday shoes for relaxing, beachcombing, country club-ing and just plain loafing around, indoors or out.

Yesterday's craftsmanship today in supple copper colored calf. Genuine moccasin construction with handsewn vamp seams. Patented "Carro" soles provide positive non-slip grip.

Travel favorites, they stowaway in their colorful drawstring bag on those rare occasions when you're not wearing them! When ordering by mail state men's or women's and size for perfect fit. $25 **add $1 post on mail orders.**

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6, Mon. & Thurs. Till 9.

Satisfaction Guaranteed • N.Y. Residents Add Tax
Visit Our SAFARILAND™ Shop
or Write For Free 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

COUNTRY

CURTAINS
AT THE RED LION INN
STOCKBRIDGE
MASSACHUSETTS
01262
Write for brochure, Dept. 16

This ad is for a hotel that remembers it's in...
JAMAICA

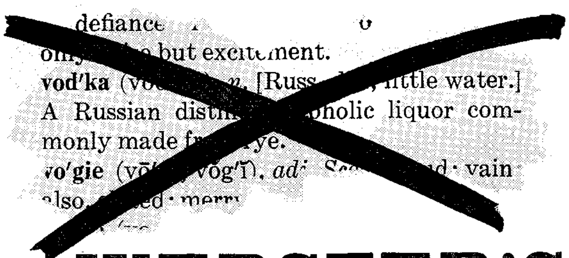
Slow-paced, idyllic. Incredibly thoughtful Jamaican service. Silver Seas is the real Jamaica. More like a private club than a hotel. See your travel agent. Or write RR Hotel Representatives, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York 10036. Ask for the real Jamaica.

Silver Seas Hotel. Ocho Rios.

night and considering that theirs was a schizophrenic ex-colonial society. An awareness that our concepts may not be applicable to the Philippines at all—or, at least, not without some drastic changes—has been evinced in a recent decision to rewrite the constitution in 1971, following a special election next November of delegates to a constitutional convention. One proposed change that is likely to be adopted is the establishment of a single six-year term for the President. There is already some speculation that, despite an existing ban against a third term, Marcos might use the new constitution as an excuse to run for the first six-year term, but so far he has vigorously denied any intention of doing so. (It has also been rumored that his wife might run, but he has denied this even more vigorously.)

At any rate, Marcos has his hands full right now with all sorts of problems, including severe economic ones. The three accomplishments that he most prided himself on during his first term were the building of thousands of miles of new roads, the building of thousands of new schools, and the transformation of the Philippines into a potential rice-exporting nation. In each case, he can be said to have enjoyed a remarkable amount of luck, largely in the form of American assistance. The United States provided equipment, partly in return for the dispatch of the Civic Action group to Vietnam, to help build the roads; the final settlement by the United States of damage claims from the Second World War paid for most of the new schools; and the improvement in the rice situation, attributable to so-called "miracle rice" capable of increasing crop yields as much as four times, was made possible by American foundation support of the International Rice Research Institute, at Los Baños, south of Manila, where experiments over a period of years happened to prove successful just as Marcos came into office.

Marcos's success in handling his "challenge to greatness" will be determined by his response to the two most critical problems in the Philippines—violence and land reform. The ultimate solutions are the same for both—social justice and the amelioration of poverty. No President has successfully dealt with the problems except Magsaysay, who in the early nineteen-fifties subjugated the Huks by resettling hundreds of them on new land in Mindanao, the principal southernmost island. Now, once again, the Huks are a



~~defiance … but excitement. vod'ka … [Russ… little water.] A Russian dist… holic liquor commonly made f… ye. vo'gie (vō… vōg'ĭ), ad … vain also … merr…~~

WEBSTER'S WRONG about VODKA!

Vodka really originated in Poland!
You're a Vodka Connoisseur only
after you have tasted the original!
Distilled from 100% grain.

Taste-Test **WODKA WYBOROWA**

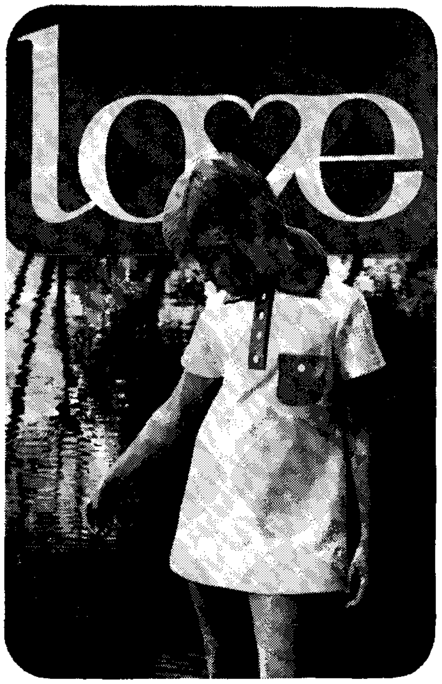
!Vodka dates back to 11th Century Poland, nowhere else.
100 Proof – Imported by AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

Polmos
WODKA WYBOROWA
100 Proof
4/5 QT.

Countess Mara

Countess Mara designs more than ties for "one man in a million"

Pajamas, for instance, designed with the same devotion to good taste and flawless quality that distinguishes Countess Mara neckwear. And, like the ties, all CM designs are discreetly identified by the famous nine-point coronet, your assurance of individuality and authenticity. Countess Mara, Inc., 110 East 57th Street at Park Avenue, New York.



It must be Love. A dress to match
Daddy's favorite polo shirt in white
Celanese® Fortrel® polyester
petit-point knit, flagged with red.
2-4T, 4-6X, $9. 7-14, $10.

Bonwit Teller, New York & all stores
Parisian, Birmingham, Ala.
R. H. Stearns, Boston
Battelstein's, Houston
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles
Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.

Joseph Love Inc.
1333 Broadway, N.Y. 10018
® FORTREL IS A TRADEMARK OF FIBER INDUSTRIES INC.

C'EST
LES BERNARD

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CAPRICORN. For those ambitious, hard-working people born from December 22 to January 20, Les Bernard has the perfect gift: their own sign of the zodiac pin done in 14-carat gold-plated sterling called diamond-point, set with a real ruby. $15.00. From a collection of a dozen cosmic conversation pieces at all branches of Julius Garfinckel & Co. and Lord & Taylor. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

C'EST LES BERNARD

problem, and their resurgence among impoverished sugar-plantation workers in central Luzon, and, to some extent, in Mindanao and in Negros, in the central Visayan islands, has been accompanied by a far more widespread discontent among the peasants and workers as a whole, as well as among students, teachers, and intellectuals. In this popular ferment lies a revolutionary potential that Marcos is fully aware of, and that he is aware he must come to grips with if his new Administration is to hold together, let alone achieve greatness. For, as his immediate predecessor, Diosdado Macapagal, said in a speech last May, "The unfortunate fact is that . . . in the Philippines the common man . . . has been so neglected, and has been so exploited, that if this traditional default is not corrected the common people, unable to bear their cross of poverty, misery, and social injustice any longer, may use violence to achieve their redemption." Macapagal is the son of a poor family, and his social conscience runs deeper than that of Marcos, whose people were quite well off. In the same address, Macapagal referred to the "unholy alliance in which political influence entrenches expanding wealth." This alliance is typified by the links between the so-called "oligarchy"—represented by Marcos's Vice-President, Fernando Lopez, a sugar baron and landowner who is one of the wealthiest men in the country—and both the old and the new breed of ardent nationalists, the first typified by the veteran Senator Lorenzo M. Tañada, who is chairman of the radical Movement for the Advancement of Nationalism, and the second by a number of younger radical critics and commentators, including columnists who write for the Manila *Chronicle*, which is owned by the Lopez family. Marcos has, however, brought in some able non-Establishment men, such as his Secretary of Labor, Blas Ople, who has close ties with radical labor groups and liberal intellectuals, and Rafael Salas, his former Executive Secretary, who directed the new rice program, and who is now at the United Nations as a consultant on economic affairs.

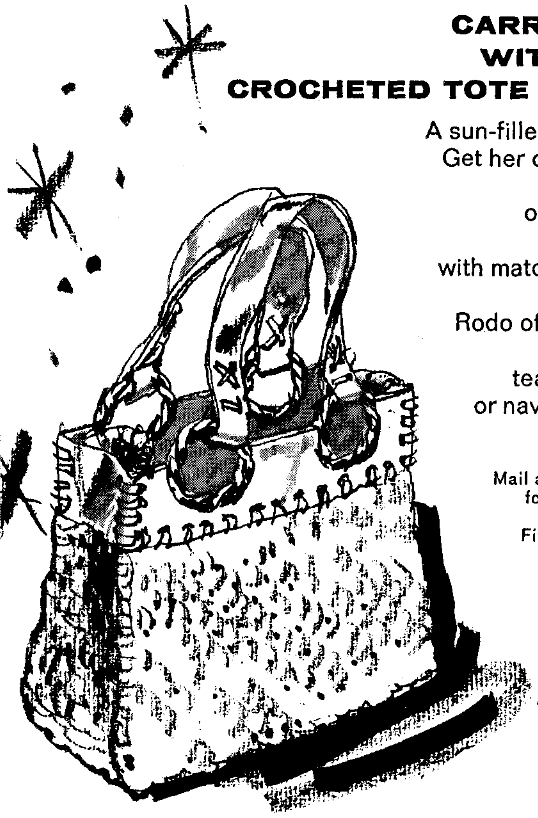
Marcos and some wealthy members of the Liberal Party—including Senator Benigno Aquino, Jr., who married into a rich sugar family and who is now the leading candidate to succeed Marcos as President—have quietly established contact with the Huks. Aquino, however, who at the age of twenty-two worked under President Magsaysay, and who also has a keen social conscience, is one of a handful of politicians who are becoming increasingly worried about the Huk revival and the dangers of another severe outbreak of violence, like the one in the fifties. Now that the elections are over, Aquino, Marcos, and others may initiate an effort to combat the Huks, both militarily and by social and economic means, as Magsaysay did.

WHAT is perhaps most interesting about the recent political developments in the Philippines is the new role of the students. Belatedly by comparison with their fellows in Japan, Indonesia, and Vietnam—among other Asian nations—Filipino students have in the last year become a political force in their own right. From now on, they seem bound to play an influential role, both on broad issues of social justice and on more specific matters, including land reform, the curbing of violence, and a change in relations with the United States. The last subject is one that the students feel very strongly about. Discussions about the future of the American bases are scheduled to start in the next month or two, and negotiations begun last year over the twenty-year Laurel-Langley trade agreement, which gave American businessmen special rights here, and which expires in 1974, will continue. Marcos has declared emphatically that the agreements regarding the bases must be changed and has acknowledged that the students, "whose historical perspective is different from their elders'," have been "among the first to demand that we reëxamine old ties and old assumptions." During a celebration last October commemorating the American landing at Leyte twenty-five years ago, he said, "The junior partner of the alliance has learned to grow out of his original sentimentality nurtured for many years by the memories of liberation. While we now remember those days, at the same time we should be able to say, in the words of Robert Graves, 'Goodbye to all that.' " There are some Filipinos who are demanding the complete removal of all the bases, but Marcos is not one of them, and the outcome of the discussions will probably be some sort of compromise agreement including a proviso, similar to the one just negotiated between Japan and the United

States, that no nuclear weapons are to be installed in the Philippines without Manila's consent. Most Americans privately admit that there is absolutely no need for us to retain all, or even most, of the huge Clark Field airbase, which covers some hundred and fifty thousand acres north of Manila, and which Filipinos have called "the fifty-first American state." Clark is likely to be cut in half, at least, and the surrendered land turned back to the Philippine government. Shortly after the election, the Americans relinquished their share of the Mactan airbase, on the island of Cebu, and also cut back their personnel at Clark by ten per cent.

The most difficult talks will concern our naval base at Subic Bay, on the coast northwest of Manila, which serves the Seventh Fleet as a vital repair and operations center, and which our Navy has made clear that it wants to hold on to. The Filipinos will probably be willing to make some sort of new arrangement there, at least temporarily, but Foreign Secretary Carlos P. Romulo told me the other day, "We have to consider seriously what the United States presence here is for, over all. Is it for your defense or ours? In some ways, the bases are a magnet for aggression, and we don't really need them for our internal security. The Seventh Fleet is a regional deterrent, but what we would like ultimately is a non-intervention agreement with America, Russia, and China. As for the hundred and fifty million dollars in revenue we will lose if the bases are removed or drastically cut back, we must be prepared to pay the price. We can no longer exist as spoiled children."

In addition to the question of the bases, new agreements have to be reached on jurisdiction over American servicemen here. A number of unpleasant criminal cases have occurred in the past several years, the most recent one being the killing by Michael Moomey, an American sailor, of a Filipino civilian, Glicerio Amor, at Subic Bay last spring. Moomey, who was off duty at the time, said he mistook Amor for a wild boar while he was out hunting—an explanation that could hardly have been more insulting to a sensitive people. Under the 1947 agreement on the bases, the Americans had the right to try Moomey, but the case became entangled in a debate over the applicability of a more recent agreement, drawn up in 1965. This would have given the Filipinos jurisdiction over Moomey, because he was not on duty when the crime occurred, but the treaty



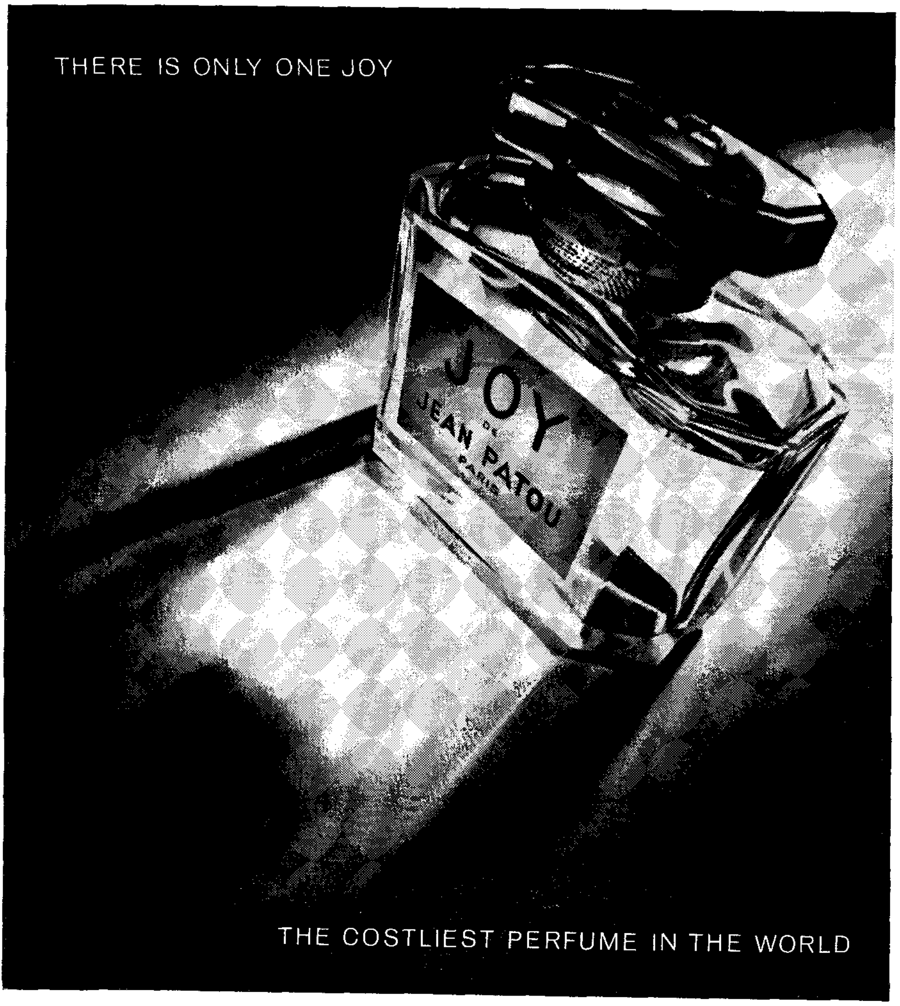
CARRY HER AWAY
WITH BONWIT'S
CROCHETED TOTE FROM ITALY!

A sun-filled vacation in sight? Get her our sunsational tote that carries her fill of sun gear, done up in crocheted straw with matching patent leather trims and handles. Rodo of Florence's design, in white, black, tea, toast, red, yellow or navy, 8½" x 11", 32.00

HANDBAGS

Mail and phone. Please add .75 for delivery charge outside regular delivery area.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York and all stores

BONWIT TELLER



AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly delicious

Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur—imported from Italy.

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

In the cultural and commercial center of the Hub, a hotel in the quiet European tradition.

THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

had not yet been ratified by the Philippine Senate. The Philippine Department of Justice ruled that such ratification was necessary, but the United States maintained that the agreement was operative from the date of its signing and expressed willingness to turn Moomey over to the Filipinos. But after the local authorities made no move to take him into custody, and the Philippine Department of Foreign Affairs indicated that it would have no objection to the United States' assuming jurisdiction, and because both Moomey and a key American witness in the case were due for discharge, the American naval authorities went ahead and court-martialled him. Much to the surprise and chagrin of our Embassy, he was acquitted, and allowed to return home, where he has since been discharged. Privately, the Embassy had anticipated that the court-martial would find him guilty of manslaughter but, since he had personally apologized to Amor's father, would then give him a suspended sentence and allow him to go home, without protest from the Philippine government. Now, following an angry demonstration by students and others outside the Embassy gates, the Filipinos are insisting that Moomey be returned to Manila for trial. The official American position is that the Filipinos should have moved to exercise their rights under the 1965 agreement. The Americans also point out that, though the Filipinos may feel strongly about the Moomey case, there have been twelve hundred criminal and civil cases involving Americans in or around the bases since 1946 and in only twelve of them have the Filipinos waived their right to try the guilty men, while in the twenty-nine instances of the killing of Americans by Filipinos not one Filipino was convicted. "We just sat back and said nothing," one high-ranking American told me. Nonetheless, there is no doubt that the Moomey case was handled badly by the naval authorities, and that it has done American-Filipino relations no good.

THE talks about the Laurel-Langley treaty, which were begun here and will be resumed in Washington, have a strong bearing on the critical economic situation in the Philippines, which is compounded by one of the fastest-rising population rates in the world—three and a half per cent a year, which means that the present population of more than thirty-seven million will increase to more than forty-five million by 1975 and to nearly sixty million by 1980 unless family-

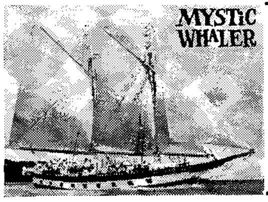
DORAL
COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL / MIAMI

Now golf on four 18-hole courses. The Red *Tiger,* The White *Wonder,* the Blue *Monster,* and this winter's new *Bachelors'* Gold—for men only. *And all golf is complimentary here.*
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300



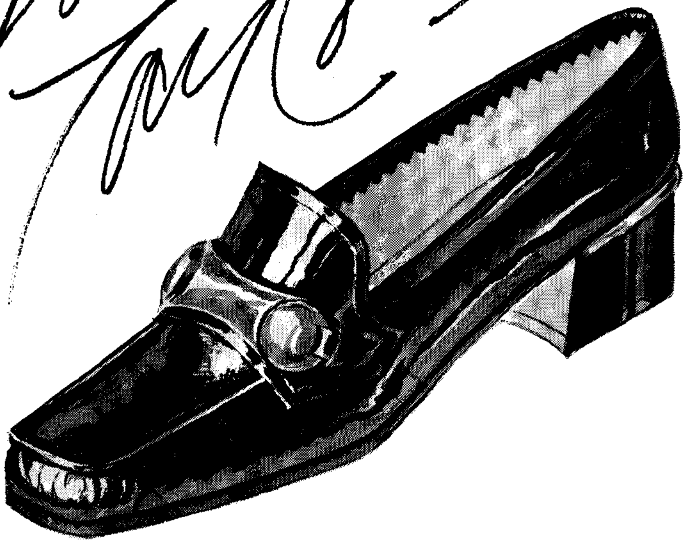
MYSTIC WHALER

SET SAIL
smack against the tide of travel conformity! Virgin Islands Dec.-May. New England coast June-Oct.
Free Folder
MYSTIC WHALER
Mystic, Conn.
06355

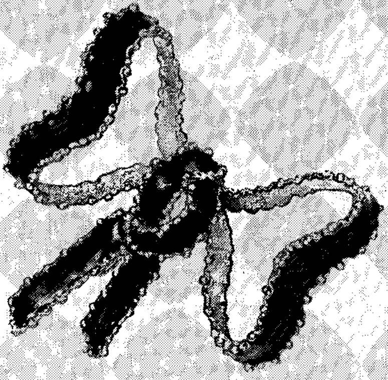
Takeda's IRORI
AUTHENTIC JAPANESE STEAKS & SEAFOOD PREPARED ON OPEN GRILL
Individual Private Tables
60 W. 56th ST. tel. 247-3349

planning schemes now being introduced with American assistance can keep it down. For the past five years, there has been an annual increase of more than six per cent in the gross national product, but, with eight per cent of the labor force unemployed and twenty-five per cent of it underemployed, and with seventy-five per cent of those who are employed making less than the equivalent of six hundred dollars a year, the increase means very little, particularly since about eighty per cent of the accumulated income and wealth has remained concentrated in the hands of less than ten per cent of the people. This shameful imbalance is largely the inheritance of colonialism, both Spanish and American, which placed and maintained the national patrimony in the hands of a small number of families. The Laurel-Langley treaty of 1955 was essentially a legal instrument enabling the rich to consolidate their position. It gave Americans equal rights with Filipinos in the exploitation of local natural resources, in the operation of public utilities, and in a wide variety of other business enterprises, in return for tariff privileges on Filipino imports into the United States, especially sugar, but also tobacco and other products. Both sides have already determined that these parity rights will be discontinued or drastically reduced in 1974, but the details are yet to be worked out. The Filipinos are seeking to retain certain tariff preferences and continued guarantees on sugar quotas, and the Americans are willing to give them some advantages, on a gradually diminishing scale, but the Americans complain that so far the Filipinos have been unwilling to make any concessions in return. Washington's position is an embarrassing one, because of its avowed policy in recent years of expanding free trade and dealing with all nations on an equal basis. A further complication is that Americans who have established themselves in business here over the years are trying to safeguard their investments. These include some very valuable landholdings, which predate independence, and the question of whether the land will have to be surrendered after 1974 is now before the Philippine Supreme Court, though ultimately it may be decided by legislative compromise. All in all, the process of "peaceful de-colonialization," though it presents a striking contrast to the violence that has accompanied struggles for independence in many parts of the world, can itself be long and painful. It does not make headlines or create national moral conflicts, but the issues are just as com-

Lord & Taylor



Importique houses one of the best shoes in Italy: superbly ornamented patent leather casual in black, bone, red, navy, mustard, brown, white. Ours alone, 40.00 Third Floor, Lord & Taylor, New York only



RIBBONS TO TIE A LOOK TOGETHER
They're laced with 18 karat yellow gold and looped with blue and green enamel.
The shimmering bow from our delicious world of jewelry, $85.

LAMBERT BROTHERS
Jewelers Since 1877
545 Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York
Also Smith Haven Mall • Smithtown

Solid wood,

of course.

But that's not the only reason Davis furniture grows old gracefully. Davis designs especially for *solid* wood. Then patiently takes an average of twelve weeks to build one solid cherry piece like this Charles Donelson secretary. It makes a difference . . . one your granddaughter will appreciate, too.

For our complete story of Solid Wood furniture, send $1.00 to Dept. NY-14, Davis Cabinet Co., Nashville, Tennessee 37206.

DAVIS CABINET COMPANY
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"

Like most Out Island resorts, we're right on the water.
End of similarity.

Most beautiful beach in the Bahamas. Our own fleet of sail and power boats. Gourmet restaurant. Fresh water swimming pool. Tennis. Brand new air-conditioned rooms. Best bonefishing, reef exploring, and scuba diving anywhere. (Yes, anywhere.) See your travel agent or our international representatives, Leonard Hicks. Or write or phone us direct: P.O. Box 534, Miami, Fla. 33148. (305) 633-1961.

out island inn
GEORGE TOWN, GREAT EXUMA, BAHAMAS

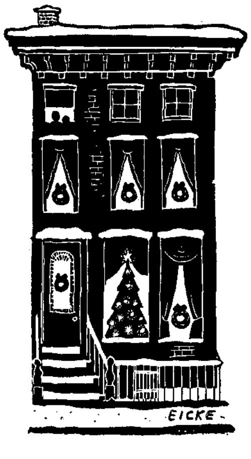
PLEASE DO DANCE IN THE AISLE
BUT LET THE WAITERS THROUGH

MYKONOS
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
SUPPER

349 W. 46 ST. (W. of Eighth Ave.) Tel. 265-1590

plex, and private passions and prejudices run just as high.

No matter how the Laurel-Langley discussions proceed, the Philippine economic crisis will have to be dealt with soon. A so-called Socio-Economic Magna Carta has just been drawn up by Congress, and, while devaluation of the peso remains possible (its official value is slightly more than twenty-five cents, but its real value is something under twenty cents), stringent import controls are likely to be introduced and tight credit restrictions continued, in the hope of stemming the outflow of dollars. The country has a balance-of-trade deficit of approximately two hundred and fifty million dollars, and its national banks are all but empty of reserves; in fact, the total indebtedness of the various government agencies and of institutions whose financial operations are guaranteed by the government amounts to seven hundred and fifty million dollars. As a result of borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, the government has just about exhausted its normal lines of credit abroad, and any further borrowing from foreign or international banks, such as the International Monetary Fund, would have to be accomplished under stipulations tantamount to partial or complete control of the national economy. In the past four years, Marcos has tried to obtain additional revenue from increased taxes, but his efforts have been only partly successful, and last year the total taxes collected were only 8.4 per cent of the gross national product—low even for the Far East. The World Bank, in a recent survey of the Philippine economy, noted that there had been some improvements in tax collection and some progress in the rebuilding of such fundamental economic facilities as roads and irrigation systems, but it also pointed out that, even with the higher tax returns, the nation would annually require an added quarter of a billion dollars by 1972-73 to maintain minimum standards in social and economic services and to keep up its current rate of internal improvement. Foreign assistance could provide perhaps a third of the required amount, the report added, but the rest would have to be supplied by the nation itself. Raw-material exports—particularly minerals, in which there is a growing boom, and also timber—may furnish part of the needed income and make the country less dependent on its agricultural base; a coming surfeit of rice in Asia will cut down on the export benefits that were initially anticipated from the development of the "miracle rice." The government has been criticized by foreign observers for wasting its limited resources by, among other things, maintaining outmoded tobacco subsidies and building eighteen largely unneeded new sugar centrals, or mills—both of which programs were alleged to have been the source of large amounts of political graft.

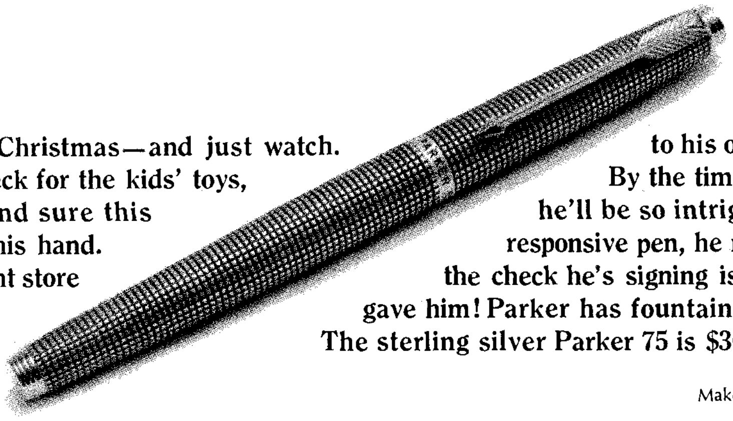


A CATALOGUE of the Philippines' ills can easily sound like a diagnosis of a dead-end society. Between three and four hundred thousand crimes are reported to the police each year, and an equal number probably go unreported. The larger percentage of them take place in greater Manila, where hardened criminals who have been released from the jails near the city tend to congregate in the slums. In the first six months of 1969, the city reported an average of three hundred offenses a day, about one-eighth of them crimes against persons. Law enforcement is often a mockery. The morning I arrived at Manila International Airport, three customs officials and one airport policeman separately offered to give me pesos for dollars at the black-market rate. A cynical American official later commented, "This society is so seething and bubbling, and so open, that the ordinary dishonest man can get ahead." His point is proved by the fact that a great deal of small-scale racketeering forms the backdrop to the major crime and corruption. The latter includes organized prostitution, especially around the military bases, and of late this has been so flagrant that at Subic Bay last year there was a strike of several hundred prostitutes in protest against the opening of clubs and bars on the base under the aegis of the Navy.

So far, the increase in school construction has had no apparent effect on the educational picture, and of those who start elementary school only fifteen per cent finish high school and only five per cent finish college. The seriousness of the unemployment problem—the current figure is about a million, with women accounting for half of it—is attested by statistics on the age groups affected. With nearly eighty per cent of the population under thirty-five, a

©1969 THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, U.S.A.

How to help your husband enjoy paying the January bills–almost.



Give him a Parker 75 for Christmas—and just watch. When he makes out the check for the kids' toys, he'll discover how solid and sure this sterling silver pen feels in his hand. When he pays the department store bill, he'll notice how the 14k gold tip adjusts precisely to his own writing personality. By the time he gets to the last bill, he'll be so intrigued by this handsome, responsive pen, he may not even notice that the check he's signing is to pay for the pen you gave him! Parker has fountain pens for as little as $5. The sterling silver Parker 75 is $30.

PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

Indulge someone.
OLD GRAND-DAD

There are times to scrimp and save and economize, but this is the season to give the best. Your choice of the decanter or the regular bottle in either gift carton. Red gift wrap holds 86 Proof . . . Blue, 100 Proof.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskeys. 86 Proof & 100 Proof

Bottled in Bond. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

third of the unemployed are between twenty and twenty-four, and nearly two-thirds of these have never even had a chance to prove they can work. Hunger is a serious problem in many parts of the country. The prices of staple commodities, including rice, rose precipitously until last summer, and though they have now dropped somewhat, they are still higher than they were three years ago, while wages have not risen commensurately. Even in agriculture, where the biggest gains are being made, productivity is too low to keep up with the population growth. The Philippines have tremendous natural resources in the waters around their thousands of miles of coast, but because the fishing industry is underdeveloped they still import fifty million pesos' worth of seafood a year. The shortage of housing is second only to that of food, and experts say that if it is not dealt with in the next five years the problem of squatters and slums will have become insoluble. Approximately a third of the existing dwelling units have no toilets, and their occupants must drink water from polluted sources. One local writer bleakly commented not long ago, "No wonder Filipinos are sometimes mistaken for wild boars."

This is the dark side of the picture. Other views, including that of the Rand Corporation, which has just prepared a report on the Philippines for the government, are brighter on some points. The Rand study stresses the nation's essential "stability" and emphasizes the fact, for instance, that crime is heavily concentrated in a few places, and thus is not as widespread as the statistics imply. By and large, the Rand report adds, the people are aware of governmental corruption, but they feel that they are better off today than they were yesterday and have faith that the government will see to it that they are still better off tomorrow. Though some of these statements may appear suspiciously rosy, the country is indeed undergoing one of its periodic phases when the zeal for reform seems to outrun the normal passivity. It is true that the new nationalism is rooted in the middle and upper classes (most of the student demonstrators are offspring of the well-to-do), but there are signs that it is beginning to reach downward, and that the peasants and workers are also listening to new voices. However, there is still little unity of purpose or agreement on goals, and there remains considerable difference of opinion about the shape and the direction of the politics of reform. Some longtime students of Philippine society feel that the most hopeful sign is a gradual trend toward more local autonomy, which they say in time will diminish the dependence on national political leaders, affording the local barrio officials and their councils more leeway. Although this trend, which is based on various legislative reforms introduced in the last ten years, would not entirely eliminate the system of carefully organized patronage, under which the political man at the top pays off the local leader for his support and the latter, in turn, cultivates a client relationship with the villagers, it could, if it were carefully nurtured, lessen the hierarchical control through local patrons and their political overlords. Barrio councils, which are supported in part by non-political government groups and private organizations, may gradually wield more direct influence over such things as credit unions and community-development projects, and also over the complicated legal machinery of land reform.

ALMOST all Filipinos concerned with these matters agree that the new role of the students is a key factor, but it is in regard to this role that some of the strongest differences of approach arise. For example, the Secretary of Education, Onofre D. Corpuz, predicted recently that "student power in the Philippines will eventually be channelled into socio-political agitation, rather than evolve into an institutionalized and permanent party in national politics. An agitational role will mean that student power will be exercised essentially as an instrument of citizen protest and as a catalyst for reform." On the other hand, F. Sionil José, the editor of the leftist quarterly *Solidarity*, in which Corpuz's article appeared, angrily wrote in a recent editorial, "Nationalism . . . is not enough; the imperative of the hour is revolution, and the weapon is no longer discussion but violence. . . . It is obvious to all of those who are familiar with the lessons of history that revolutions come because the middle class has finally been galvanized into action, and because the poorer classes have themselves realized the ignominy of their condition. . . . If I were a student today, my purpose would be revolution—both a political and a physical confrontation with the enemy—the oligarchy."

Student unrest reached a high point

Leave the househunting to us

Last year, in 5000 communities of the U.S. and Canada, we relocated 4500 families of transferred executives. Been doing it since 1955. (We also find homes in England, France, even Argentina.) Finding the perfect home for your family — that's our business. We have been successful because, first, we analyze your special requirements, your preferred mode of living. Then, through our exclusive network of member-brokers, we guide you in home purchasing, following your own prescription. What does this service cost you? Nothing! Phone or write S. de Lima for details.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111

1901 Ave. of Stars
Los Angeles 90067
(213) 553-3111

500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111

John Bull

Close your eyes (add a dash of imagination) and you'll find yourself transported back to Merry Olde England, because every hour on the hour JOHN BULL gives out with a glorious rendition of the Westminster Chimes. This attractive wall clock measures 14½x10 inches, is faced in simulated walnut and is powered by just two regular flashlight batteries, which will make it run and chime for just about 18 months. Grace your home or office with this splendid timepiece—handsome, punctual, and so very melodious.

☐ Yes, send the JOHN BULL Chime Clock. My check in the amount of $40.95 ($39.95 plus $1 for post and insur.) is enclosed. Calif. res. add 5% tax. Refund in 2 wks. if not delighted.

NAME

ADDRESS

ZIP

NY1220

haverhill's

584 Washington St.,
San Francisco, CA 94111
Phone (415) 981-5688

How to place your portfolio under investment management starting with as little as $5,000

If the money you have today is to grow in the future toward more income, or for education, travel, leisure, retirement, it must be kept working full time to achieve your investment goals.

Yet you may find that you are actually losing ground due to inflation, taxes or lack of time for investment decisions.

To help solve this problem, clients in 55 countries have turned to The Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan. It has, we believe, proved especially efficient in providing continuing capital growth supervision for portfolios of from $5,000 to $50,000—on behalf of people who recognize and can share the risks and rewards of common stock investments. The cost is modest, as low as $100 per year.

For a complimentary copy of a 42-page report describing this tested plan, its complete 10-year "performance record," and how it may help you now, simply write Dept. J-83.

THE DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management • Incorporated 1936

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $49.50. Color from $150.

Fabian Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal towpath... and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE
LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

in September of 1968, during demonstrations over Sabah, in North Borneo—a part of Malaysia to which the Philippines lay historical claim. These demonstrations quickly assumed an anti-American aspect, focussed mainly on the issue of the bases. The students really came into their own, however, in January and February of this year, when, following a work stoppage by public-school teachers, groups of students in a number of Manila's universities and some provincial colleges suddenly quit classes and took to the streets. According to a later analysis by Secretary Corpuz, the young people were belatedly reacting to what was taking place elsewhere in the world. "They know that the students of France, fired by the revolutionary inspiration of Che Guevara and Ho Chi Minh, rebelled against a status quo of society and an educational system that promised no way out of their young frustrations," he said. He felt that "the students' demands all manifested a fundamental relevance, considerable validity, and a surprising restraint," but other observers were inclined to believe that although the youths got many of the things they wanted, including lower tuition fees and more of a say in some administrative matters, they failed to come to grips with such basic problems as the improvement of instruction and the introduction of more job-oriented courses. President Marcos responded to the demonstrations by appointing a number of students to a new coördinating council, but the council has so far done very little. Although there is a certain danger that some students will be, in effect, bought off by promises of jobs in the palace or elsewhere in the government—a familiar pattern here—much of the activity seems bound to continue. This fall, student groups have again stepped up their demands for broadening curriculums, and Marcos has again promised to negotiate with them. If he fails to do more in the months ahead than he has heretofore, further demonstrations, fanned by nationalist sentiments and anti-American issues, are sure to take place. Then there is likely to be increasing Communist and other left-wing participation, which the less experienced moderate elements may find hard to contain.

On the agricultural front, there were a number of farmers' marches from central Luzon to Manila last March and April, and this, too, was a new development. Marcos met with one of the contingents and

The Japanese Steak Ceremony.

At Benihana we turn a steak into an experience you'll never forget. And we do it before your very eyes.

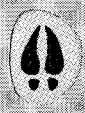
We put into this experience centuries of tradition, the skill of a Japanese chef born and trained in Japan, and the finest steak you can get.

So come. Experience a steak with us.

BENIHANA of TOKYO
YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.
120 E. 56th St. New York LT 1-0930
Open 7 days a week. Sat. and Sun. dinner only.
61 W. 56th St. New York LT 1-0931
Open 7 days a week. Sunday dinner only.
Chicago • Honolulu • Las Vegas • San Francisco

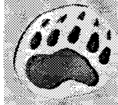
our TRACKS as TIE TACS

Rabbit

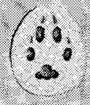


Deer

EXACT REPLICAS of Deer, Bear, Fox & Rabbit tracks, depressed in black into irregular ovals of satin finished Sterling Silver.



Bear



Fox

$4 each
add 50¢ post

N.Y. Residents Add Tax Satisfaction Guaranteed
Visit our SAFARILAND™ Showroom
or Write for FREE 76-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 247 E. 50 St., New York 10022

SAILING FOR BOYS

An eight weeks session in a magnificent environment on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Expert instruction in Boat-handling, Seamanship, Racing, Navigation and Swimming. Land Sports. Survival Training. One Hundred Boys—Ages Nine to Fifteen. $800.00. Write for Booklet.

Estab. 1929 VIKING Orleans, Mass.
Cedric Hagenbuckle Phone: 255-2739

BROADWAY JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W. 46 ST. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

promised the marchers that their demands for land reform would be seriously considered. Students and some labor unions took part in some of these demonstrations, and during the fall a mob about five hundred strong, including a group of lepers, forced its way into Malacañang Palace, where Marcos again managed to mollify the protesters, at least temporarily. Nothing like this had ever happened before, and an American friend of mine who has lived in the Philippines for thirty years commented, in amazement, "The palace break-in was real proof of the way things are changing here. Most of the demonstrators were moderates and were well-behaved, luckily for Marcos, but they showed that the government of the Philippines could, under certain circumstances, be captured by a mob."

Probably the most impressive exhibition of joint student-farmer activism occurred just before the elections, when, for fifty-eight days and nights, a group of as many as two hundred young men and women camped out in Agrifina Circle, in the heart of Manila, and carried out self-assigned research projects in government offices as part of an effort to force the authorities to make available some two hundred and twenty thousand acres of land in Luzon and Mindanao for the use of peasants, who could thus become respectable tenant farmers rather than sharecroppers. The Agrifina demonstrators, representing ten different groups of farmers, workers, and urban and rural students, remained peaceful the whole time and were extremely conscientious in going about their tasks, which consisted of digging out forgotten or "lost" titles from dusty government files and bringing them to the attention of the proper officials. (In two instances, they managed to get reluctant officials dismissed.) Title clearance is necessary before a plot of land can be turned over to a farmer. As a sharecropper, a peasant customarily works for a landlord on a fifty-fifty basis; that is, he does all the work and turns half the crop over to the owner. The primary objective of the Philippine land-reform legislation, which has existed for many years but has hardly ever been put into effect, is to transform the sharecropper system into a landlord-tenant relationship, with maximum rents of twenty-five per cent of the average value of the crop during the three previous years. The ultimate objective is to have the farmers own their land, but that step is still considered impractical, because it would in many cases give them tiny, uneconomic plots to till. President Mar-

The Europeans have finally found the ultimate in ski boots.

(They order them from America.)

LANGE

THE LANGE CO., BOX 308, BROOMFIELD, COLORADO 80020 USA.

Only a snowmobile could go as many places as our well-built Swede.

SAAB is built to be driven even above the Arctic Circle. (A good part of Sweden, where SAAB is built, lies in the Arctic.)

So you can see that, like a snowmobile, a SAAB is made with snow and ice in mind. That's why SAAB has the incredible traction and control of front wheel drive.

It has the same fresh air heater that brings the Swedes defiantly through their 8-month long winter. And the ability to fire up without fail at temperatures of 30° below.

The fact is, SAAB is the one car really made for winter driving. So if you want a true snowmobile, get a SAAB. It's not getting any warmer.

SAAB
The well-built Swede

Leasing And Overseas Delivery Plans Available

The only car in the world made by a manufacturer of advanced jet aircraft.

MORE COMFORT THAN BAREFOOT

Belgian Shoes
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

Soft-soled casuals known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail.

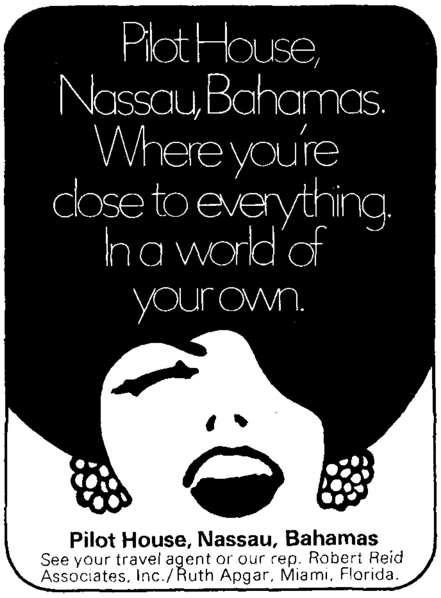
For her
MIDINETTE
Calf $29.50

☐ Red/trim black
☐ Blue/trim red
☐ Beige/trim white
☐ Blue/trim green
☐ Brown/trim black
☐ Yellow/trim white
☐ All White
☐ All Black
☐ All Navy

For a selection from 21 fashion-right colors, full color brochures on request.

My regular shoe size is________
Send________pairs @ $29.50 each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice________
Name________
Address________
City________State________

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56th St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.


Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas. Where you're close to everything. In a world of your own.

Pilot House, Nassau, Bahamas
See your travel agent or our rep. Robert Reid Associates, Inc./Ruth Apgar, Miami, Florida.

Mario's
Villa d'Este
French-Italian Cuisine
Reservations PL 9-4025
58 East 56th Street, New York
open 7 days Mario Marchi, proprietor

cos, who was sympathetic toward the Agrifina demonstrators and was moved by their show of strength and discipline to declare several additional areas open to land reform, has still to prove that he will push through constructive programs against the stubborn resistance of wealthy landowners. One of the chief obstacles to land reform has been the lack of funds for the National Land Bank and the Agricultural Credit Administration, which finance the redistribution of land. Landlords are supposed to receive some cash for their properties, but they get mostly government bonds, which they have been reluctant to accept. Marcos has now indicated that he will try to finance the National Land Bank by selling some highly desirable government land in Manila, and, it is hoped, on that basis the landlords will be willing to exchange farmland for bonds, since the bonds will represent more valuable property, and thus represent a very promising investment.

One of the principal backers of the Agrifina demonstration was the Free Farmers Federation, a sixteen-year-old organization that claims a hard-core membership of twenty-two thousand peasants and a mass base of more than one hundred thousand supporters, including fifteen thousand students. I spoke with the head of the F.F.F., a university professor named Jerry Montemayor, at his home, on the outskirts of Manila. When I arrived, his house was full of farmers, who had come into town to register complaints and obtain aid and advice from the F.F.F. One of them, a wrinkled old man named Isodor Maros, from the poor province of Bulacan, told me that his landlord wanted to revoke the farmers' tenancy, claiming that he had decided to cultivate the land himself. This was simply an excuse, Maros said, because the landlord was a businessman, not a farmer. Montemayor corroborated this, saying that it was one of several ruses that landlords regularly used in avoiding or upsetting new tenant relationships with former sharecroppers. Such legal justification for taking back land is one of the weaknesses of the present law, Montemayor pointed out. Since farmers are often ignorant about the land-reform program, he went on, one of the F.F.F.'s main functions is to establish seminars and training programs to acquaint them with all the complicated legal and political aspects involved and to help them organize efficiently and obtain technical assistance. Working with Montemayor's group are twenty priests and twenty-seven nuns—one of whom, a jovial woman called Sister Deolindis, was at Montemayor's house that day. She told me she had started out studying law and then had become a music teacher and organist. "I got so interested in social work, and the problems of peasants in particular, that I became an organizer instead of an organist," she said. Now she spends most of her time in the countryside, organizing the farmers and explaining what land reform can do for them. She rides from barrio to barrio on horseback or on the back of a carabao, the national beast of burden.

The Free Farmers Federation and other moderate groups seeking reform through parliamentary means, such as the Christian Social Movement, headed by former Senator Raul Manglapus, have benefitted from a series of splits among the Communists and the radical student, farmer, and labor organizations allied with them. Even so, the Communists represent more of a threat today than at any other time since the early nineteen-fifties. The total strength of armed Communist guerrilla bands is estimated by our State Department at no more than four hundred and fifty men, but the number of their armed sympathizers is somewhere between three and five thousand. Their base of support among the peasants of central Luzon, their traditional stronghold, is even more difficult to estimate, but it is somewhere between thirty and eighty thousand. And there is no estimate at all of the number of peasants in the barrios who support the Huks, either because of belief in their ideology and admiration for their Robin Hood-style toughness toward recalcitrant landlords, corrupt local officials, and carabao rustlers or because of coercion, terrorism, and opportunism.

The difficulty of gauging the extent of this popular support is increased by the factionalism in the Communist movement and by the fact that the motivations of its participants range from outright gangsterism to a form of Maoist ideology that seems to be over the head of the average Filipino peasant. There are at present three main armed groups. One is a remnant of the old Huk movement, headed by a Commander Sumulong, whose real name is Faustino del Mundo, and who has become a Mafia-type leader engaged primarily in profitable rackets in the city of Angeles, adjacent to Clark

If you want to create a Mild Sensation perhaps you should give one.

Around December 25th, who can say that he would not like to share the limelight in some way? Either for giving. Or by receiving.

Happily for us, we can satisfy both sides. And with Scotch, as you can plainly see.

A blend of 45 of the lightest Scotch whiskies Scotsmen have ever been able to marry. All at least eight years old.

Because we found that it takes that much time to make a smooth Scotch. So naturally, we're patient.

And then what you give (or if you're lucky enough, receive) is more than just light Scotch. It's a Mild Sensation.

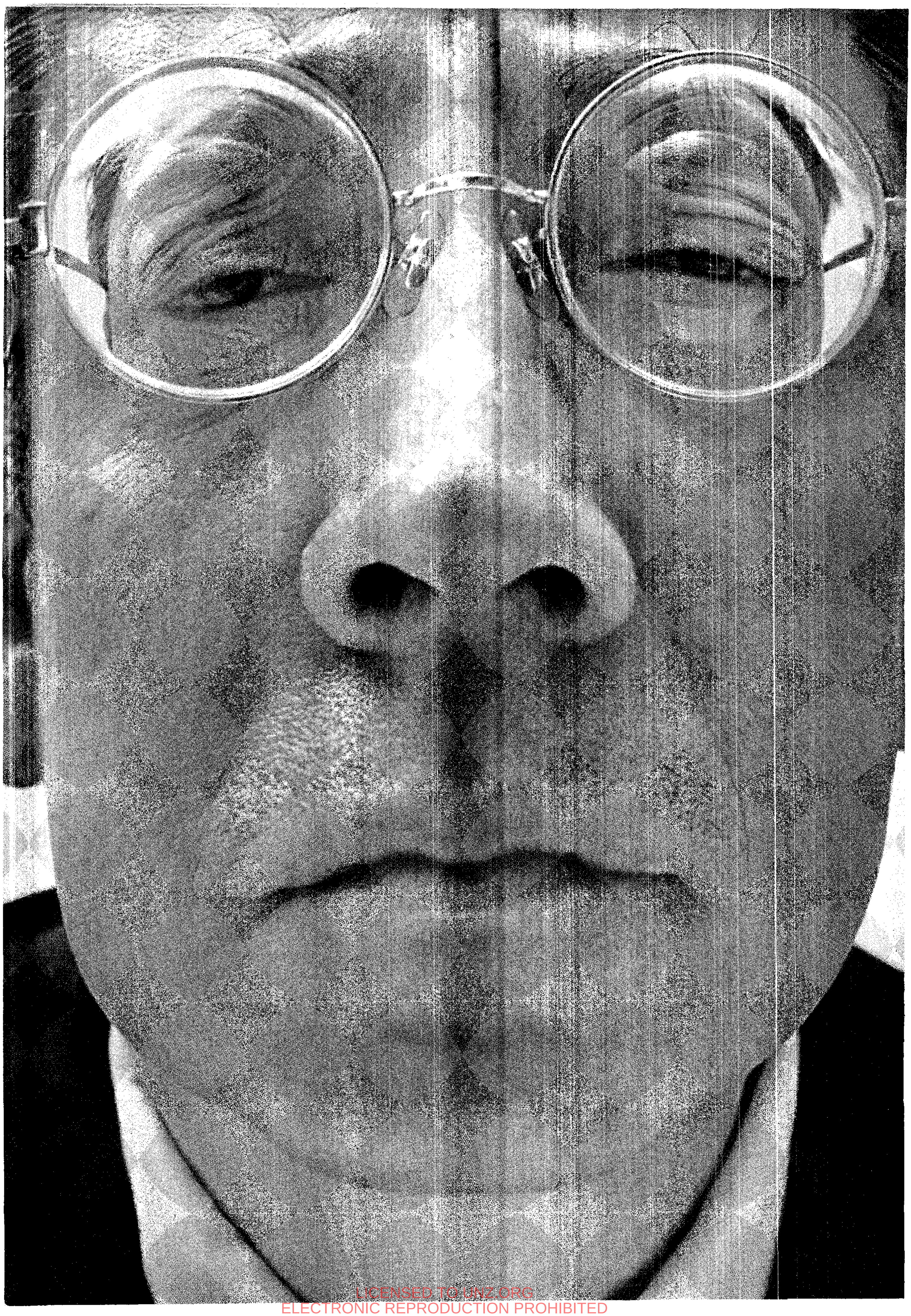
Ambassador
Scotch Whisky
Aged 8 Years
World's Lightest Scotch
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whiskies
100% Scotch Whiskies
Bottled in Scotland
Distilled and Bottled by
Taylor & Ferguson Ltd
Scotland
Ambassador
Deluxe Scotch
8 Years

Ambassador...The Mild Sensation

Mellowed 8 years

GIFT PACKAGED AT NO EXTRA COST

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF. THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1969



"Books are dangerous. I know what I'm talking about."

About 8,000,000 Americans will back up this statement.

They know that books can cause eyestrain, tension, fatigue and headaches. Books cause children to drop out of school and adults to virtually drop out of life.

These are people with acute visual impairments. People who wear glasses half an inch thick. Who bend over their magnifying glasses just trying to read a menu. Others whose eyesight is deteriorating with age.

For them, the act of reading is so painful, or the act of being seen reading is so embarrassing that they'd just as soon forget about books.

And that's more than just a shame. Because 8,000,000 people is too many good minds to go down the drain.

Fortunately, there's a new development that can reclaim these minds. And Olin helped pioneer it.

Large-type books.

It seems obvious today. But for years, nobody could foresee the enormous difference type size would make to the visually handicapped. (After all, they could always wear thicker glasses.)

There were also technical problems that stood in the way. Large-type books would use twice as much paper as normal books. Their bulk alone would make them impractical.

And large type could not insure legibility. The paper had to be exceptionally white, with a minimum of see-through and glare.

Olin was able to develop exactly what was needed. It's called Waylite® paper and it's nearly weightless. It's also just as opaque as ordinary paper but much whiter, with infinitely less glare.

At the moment, Waylite is being used in the first large-type dictionary.

It contains the entire vocabulary of the G. & C. Merriam-Webster Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary in 18-point type. (About double the size of this type.)

But the idea of large type is just beginning to gather momentum. In the future, Waylite will be keeping more and more large-type books a lot smaller.

To say nothing of keeping 8,000,000 minds a lot larger.

Olin

LATTICE URN, in lead, with metal liner. 18½" high—14" diameter top—9" diameter base. Pair $320.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

CHERUBS HOLDING SHELL OF ABUNDANCE Fountain complete with recirculating pump. In lead, 41" high—15" diameter shell. Pompeian green or other finish. $425.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.

Send 25¢—stamps—coin for 40 page catalogue illustrating many fountains and garden ornaments.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

Café Carlyle
BOBBY SHORT

Complete Dinner $7.50 served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p.
Minimum $3 p.p. after 9:30.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. at 76th ST.
TEL. 744-1600

OPENING MAY, 1970
THE CHURCHILL
PORTMAN SQUARE CENTRAL LONDON
A NEW HOTEL.
CLOSE TO EVERYTHING IN LONDON.
But nothing in London will come close to it!
A LOEW'S HOTEL, PRESTON ROBERT TISCH, PRESIDENT.

Field. The second is the so-called Arme Ng Bayan (People's Army), headed by a Commander Diwa, whose real name is Mariano de Guzman. Diwa's group is tied to the pro-Soviet wing of the old Communist Party of the Philippines, which was founded in the nineteen-twenties and was broken up by President Magsaysay in 1950. The leaders of the old Party, José and Jesús Lava, have been in jail in Manila for nearly twenty years, and are due to be released in January, along with eight cohorts. During their confinement, they have been in touch regularly with adherents in the universities and with some worker and farmer elements, among them the dominant wing of a pro-Communist peasant movement known as Masaka, which has also undergone a split in the last year. The third—and, for the moment, the strongest—armed group is the Bagong Hukbo Ng Bayan, or New People's Army, the armed branch of the C.P.P./M.L. (Communist Party of the Philippines/Marxist-Leninist), a Maoist faction organized last year. The Army has been under the control of a Commander Dante, a twenty-nine-year-old former member of the Sumulong group, whose real name is Bernabe Buscayno. Recent unofficial reports indicate that Dante, who enjoys a wider appeal among the central-Luzon peasants than any of the other Communist leaders, may have been replaced by a henchman of José Ma Sison, head of the C.P.P./M.L. and a former professor and student leader at the University of the Philippines, in Manila. Sison, who is in his early thirties, joined Dante in the Tarlac hills last spring. He is an indoctrinated Communist who made several trips to Indonesia before the failure of the Communist coup there in 1965, and who visited China in 1967. He issues endless analyses and statements that are a mixture of Indonesian and Chinese Communist doctrine, with some Cuban and Vietcong overtones, but are primarily Maoist. There is some evidence that although Sison, who is now using the alias Amado Guerrero, has had considerable influence over Dante, an uneducated peasant, the two men have not been getting along very well. For one thing, Sison apparently persuaded Dante to adopt Vietcong tunnel tactics, with the result that several of his men were trapped and captured. For another, Sison has been trying to reorganize the Communist movement with Maoist-type political commissars attached to each military unit, and Dante is thought to have regarded this as a threat to his personal

You can have a room to match your eyes, your pajamas, or your mood, and we can give you 41 other reasons why a stay at Hotel Roanoke will color you happy.

LET'S TRADE our color brochure for your name and address. In the meantime, here are a few Hotel Roanoke vital statistics:

Located just minutes from scenic Blue Ridge Parkway and historic Shenandoah Valley.

425 luxurious rooms and suites; 16 conference, meeting, banquet and ballrooms.

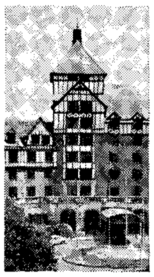
15,000 square feet of exhibit space; complete audio-visual equipment.

Memorable foods; licensed for mixed beverages.

Year-'round Olympic-size swimming pool.

10 acres of lawn, almost that many acres of thick carpet, walnut panels, snowy linens, crystal chandeliers, gurgling fountain, nearby golf, and Many Other Nice Things.

The Hotel Roanoke
Roanoke, Virginia 24006
Phone (703) 343-6992
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property Since 1882
Fred W. Walker
General Manager
Mrs. Janet Jenkins
Director of Sales



JULES PODELL PRESENTS
OLIVER
GEORGE CARLIN
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SAT. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

TOM'S Shangri-La
Res. MU 3-0996
237 Madison Ave.
near 37th Street
CANTONESE & MANDARIN COOKING
3 private rooms for meetings & parties
Ample parking after 6 P.M.

The Greatest NEW YEAR'S EVE
Celebration in All New York!
BEGINNING AT 8 P.M.
Continuous Celebration Thru Eve and Morn
HATS + NOISEMAKERS
SOUVENIRS
3 GREAT ORCHESTRAS
World's Largest, Most Elegant CAFE-RESTAURANT-BAR
NO COVER NO MINIMUM
NO TABLE RESERVATIONS
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
52nd ST. WEST OF BROADWAY

leadership. Though Peking has recognized the C.P.P./M.L. and Moscow the Arme Ng Bayan, and each faction is occasionally mentioned in its sponsor's propaganda publications or broadcasts (Peking broadcasts two half-hour programs a day in Tagalog, the principal native language), there is no evidence that either the Chinese or the Russians have given the movements here any material support.

The faction-ridden Communists have been further divided by differences among the radical labor unions and youth groups, and in the radical press, over whether the path to reform should be a legal, parliamentary one or should rely on violence. This issue has split, for one, the Movement for the Advancement of Nationalism, which was started, in 1967, as a broad and effective front embracing several organizations of different opinions. Because of this kind of splintering, which has always characterized the Filipino left, the revolutionary threat in the country seems manageable at the moment, but in view of the rising nationalist trend, the increasing anti-American manifestations, and the desire of the Philippines to become more Asian and to make accommodations with Communist as well as non-aligned nations, any effort by either Moscow or Peking to coördinate the left-wing movements here could be a real danger to the established oligarchy. Unless President Marcos takes full advantage of his new mandate, some sort of explosion, or implosion, seems inevitable sooner or later.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

OUR FORGETFUL COUNSELLORS

[*From the Winnipeg Tribune*]

DEAR ANN LANDERS: Our 19-year-old daughter is a sophomore at a well known school in the East. Judy has always been considered one of the better brought up young ladies of this town. But her language since she has been away at school is appalling. She uses some very dirty words in ordinary every-day conversation. Her father, half-kidding, said, "When you were younger I used to wash your mouth out with soap and I might have to do it again."

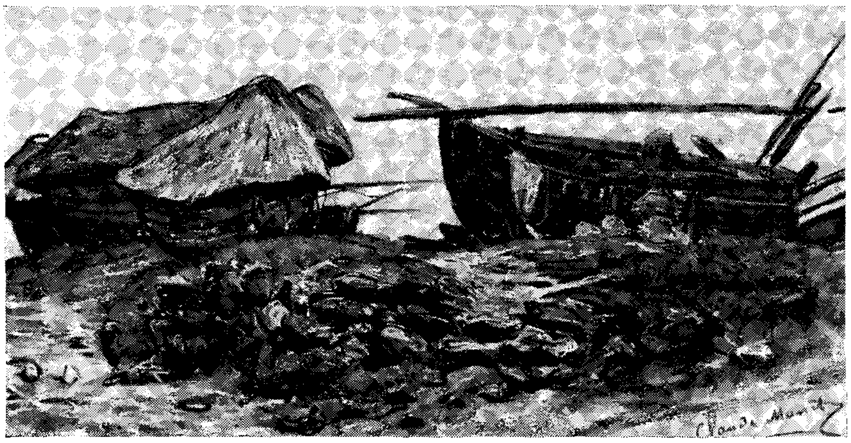
Judy's answer was, "I tell it like it is. Words are only sounds. Get with it."

What should a parent say in response?

SPEECHLESS

DEAR SPEECHLESS: A parent should say, "If you want to stay in this house you'd better use decent language to tell it like it is. We don't go for gutter talk around here and you'd better get with it."

If you have trouble getting along with your parents, if you can't get them to let you live your own life, send for Ann Landers' booklet, Bugged By Parents? How To Get More Freedom.

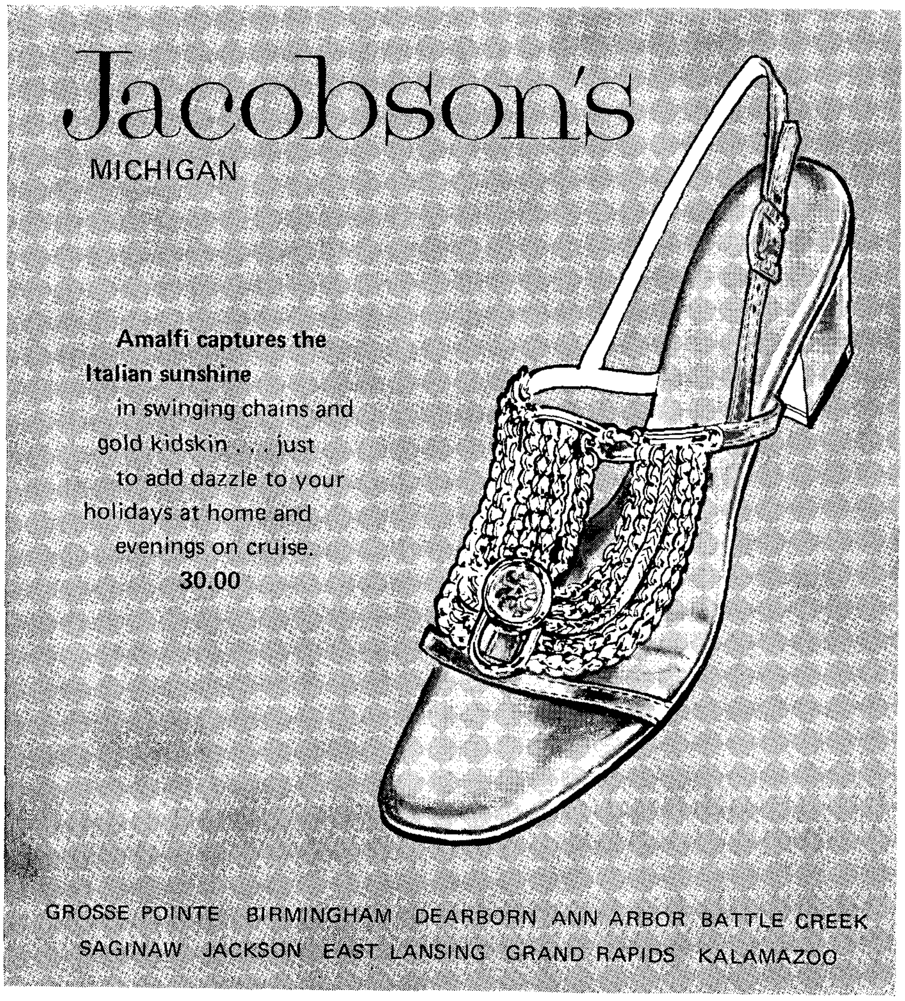


CLAUDE MONET **Pres D'Etretat**
8½ x 15½ inches st. Pastel Signed (at lower right): Claude Monet

In the European collection

Hirschl & Adler Galleries inc.

21 East 67th Street New York (212) 535-8810 Cable: Hiramart
Tuesdays through Fridays 9:30 to 5:30 Saturdays 9:30 to 5:00



Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

Amalfi captures the Italian sunshine in swinging chains and gold kidskin . . . just to add dazzle to your holidays at home and evenings on cruise.
30.00

GROSSE POINTE BIRMINGHAM DEARBORN ANN ARBOR BATTLE CREEK
SAGINAW JACKSON EAST LANSING GRAND RAPIDS KALAMAZOO

"Marvelous gift idea!"

This Delightfully Clever, Simple

POSTAGE SCALE from DENMARK

COSTS $1^00

and will save you that dollar *many times over!*

- It's a *POCKET SIZE POSTAL SCALE* which tells you instantly, with extreme accuracy, exactly how much postage is needed! No more putting on that extra stamp just because you "want to be sure"!
- Tests have actually proven it as accurate as Post Office scales!
- It's also a *LETTER OPENER* and *SEVEN INCH RULER!*
- Every *home* and *office desk*, every *briefcase*, every *pocketbook* needs one!
- Makes a perfectly marvelous personal or business gift! You don't have to worry that they may already have one, because they are always glad to receive another! (We get many orders for a dozen or more at a time. Some people must send them to everybody on their gift lists!)
- Imported from Denmark. Handsomely molded. Will last "forever." No springs — never needs adjustment! Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund, including postage.
- Not sold in stores. Please use coupon to order.

GEAR FOR GOOD LIVING, Darien, Conn. 06820

GEAR FOR GOOD LIVING, Dept. 5062
90 Heights Road, Darien, Conn. 06820

Please send DANISH POSTAL SCALES by return mail postpaid, as follows: ☐ 1 for $1.00. ☐ 3 for $2.80. ☐ 6 for $5.40. ☐ 12 for $10.00. Enclosed is cash ☐ check ☐ or money order ☐.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... Zip ....

ROSLYN KIND
is what you get for being good
from Dec. 17 to Jan. 6
Performances 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA
An HCA Hotel

MONTEGO BAY
at the
Royal Caribbean
HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

MUSICAL EVENTS

Shall We Dance?

I THINK I have remarked before about the delicate line that separates music that is suitable to the ballet from music that is not, about George Balanchine's uncanny instinct in the matter, and about the excesses of Massine and others in using things like Beethoven symphonies as ballet scores. The fact is that—to the musically sensitive listener, at least—setting ballet to great, subjective works of music is like decorating the Acropolis with bonbons. Such was the case last Wednesday night when a new ballet, "Brahms Quintet," by a young choreographer named Dennis Nahat, was performed at the Brooklyn Academy of Music by the American Ballet Theatre. The music consisted of Brahms' Quintet in G Major, Opus 111—a profoundly personal, self-contained composition, magnificently played by the Fine Arts Quartet plus Francis Tursi, guest violist. The result was a musical experience so absorbing that I could not keep my attention focussed on the stage. I daresay that Mr. Nahat's choreography was expert enough. I noticed, here and there, some nice things being done by Cynthia Gregory, Mimi Paul, Gayle Young, Eleanor d'Antuono, Terry Orr, and Ian Horvath, but my glimpses of them were intermittent, and what they did seemed to be an intrusion on my fully absorbed mind. "Brahms Quintet" is an abstract ballet, and it must be fairly good, because the audience applauded it with great enthusiasm. But this was obviously an audience without ears. The line is, as I have said, delicate. Some Brahms is fit for dancing—the "Liebeslieder Walzer," which Balanchine has used so successfully, for example. Most of his music is not.

Why, then, is Antony Tudor's "Pillar of Fire," which followed the "Quintet" on the program and which is set to Schoenberg's gloomy and equally Germanic "Verklaerte Nacht," such a successful ballet? Because the Schoenberg work is frankly theatrical, lyric, and episodic. This music is touching, but it is no deeper than the music of, say, Massenet, and, like Massenet's music, it cries out for staging. I had not before seen Sallie Wilson dance the role of Hagar in this ballet. It is a role requiring considerable dramatic presence, as those who remember Nora Kaye's Hagar recall. Miss Wilson is, I should say, Miss Kaye's ideal successor—a dancer with a dramatic flair, capable of expressing deep feeling. The two other ballets on the program were familiar—Michael Smuin's witty "Pulcinella Variations" and Balanchine's "Theme and Variations." I can report that the American Ballet Theatre, as a company, seems to be in top form this year. I have only one regret, and that concerns its repertoire. The bright, theatrical, humorous, and very American ballets of Agnes de Mille have been excluded from this repertoire.

LAST Thursday night's Philharmonic concert in Philharmonic Hall, under the baton of István Kertész, was pretty disappointing. I had thought Mr. Kertész one of the most able of the younger conductors, but for some reason he failed to live up to my expectations. Perhaps part of the trouble was his program, which consisted of Mozart's Serenade for Wind Instruments in B Flat Major, K. 361, and Béla Bartók's short but seemingly lengthy opera "Bluebeard's Castle," with two newcomers to these concerts—Olga Szonyi, mezzo-soprano, and Andras Farago, bass—in the solo roles. "Bluebeard's Castle," recounting the familiar story with a variation or two and a lot of bloody melodrama, contains some moments of beautiful, suggestive, atmospheric, and otherwise appropriate music, but they are isolated moments, and there are long stretches of tedium between them. Undoubtedly, it is more effective in a stage production than in the concert hall. It was sung in Hungarian, a language the meanings of which certainly few in the audience could even guess at. Neither Miss Szonyi nor Mr. Farago made an overwhelming impression. She has a peculiar style of vocal production, and his voice is a bit gravelly. As for the Mozart serenade, it is, as we all know, a charming, average Mozart piece, and it served to show off the virtuosity of the Philharmonic's woodwinds and brasses.

UNTIL last Tuesday evening, when she gave a recital in Carnegie Hall, I had never heard the remarkable pianist Alicia de Larrocha in anything but Spanish compositions. So

Create your own world with Masland

Whatever your decorating hang-up—groovy, camp, swinging, oh-so-old lacey or utterly practical—Masland has the carpet for you. Three in particular—"Golden Rule," (shown) "Angela" and "10 Square."

They're all made of Zefkrome® acrylic, a second-generation fiber that is resilient and long wearing. The color is locked in as the fiber is made, giving it a soft inner glow.

Masland has these carpets in solid colors and in wonderful iridescent tones. They give you a beautiful background, but none of them take over the scene. They let you do that.

ZEFKROME® ACRYLIC

The Magic of
Masland Carpets®
C. H. MASLAND & SONS Carlisle, Pa. 17013

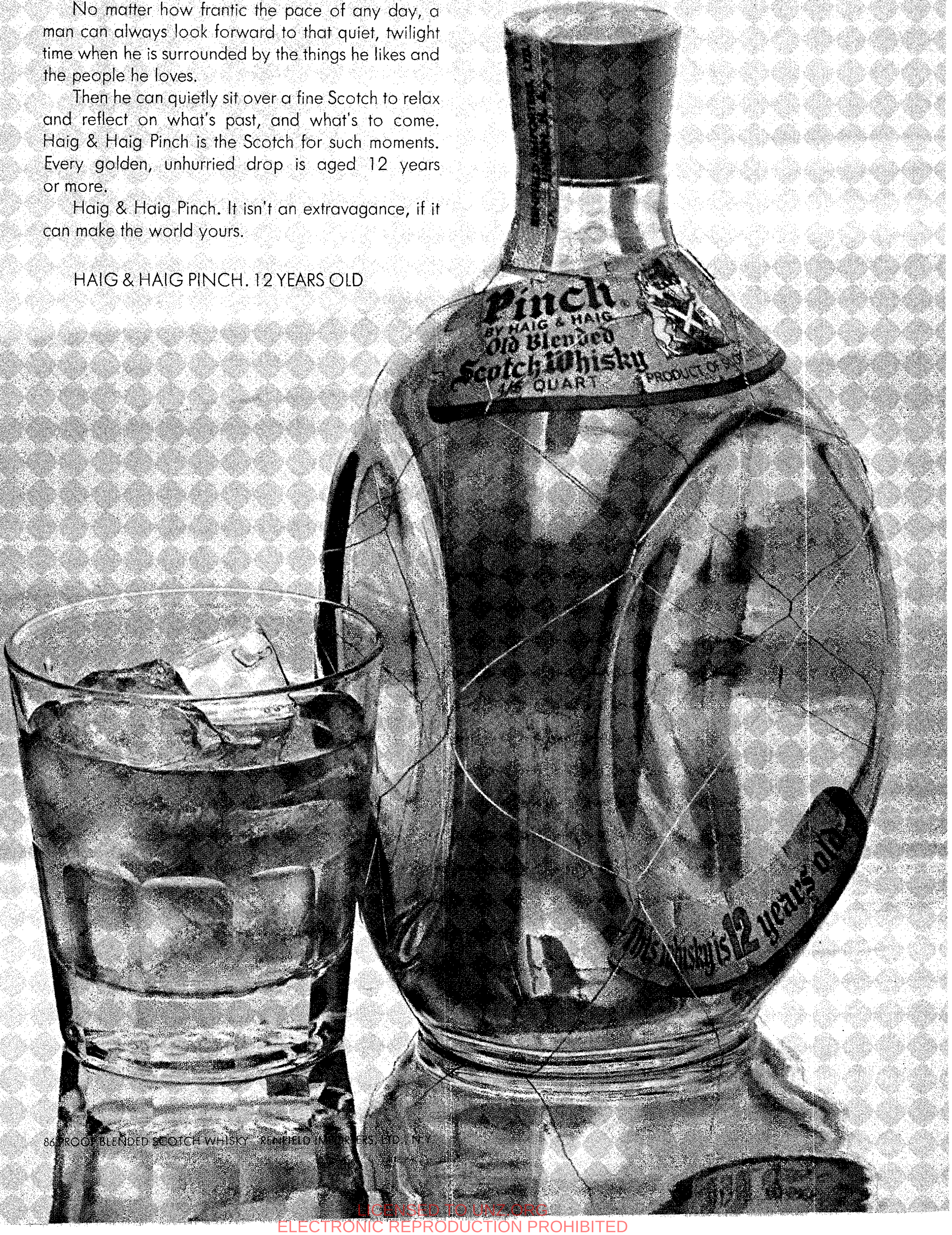
A man has at least a few moments a day to feel as though he owned the world.

No matter how frantic the pace of any day, a man can always look forward to that quiet, twilight time when he is surrounded by the things he likes and the people he loves.

Then he can quietly sit over a fine Scotch to relax and reflect on what's past, and what's to come. Haig & Haig Pinch is the Scotch for such moments. Every golden, unhurried drop is aged 12 years or more.

Haig & Haig Pinch. It isn't an extravagance, if it can make the world yours.

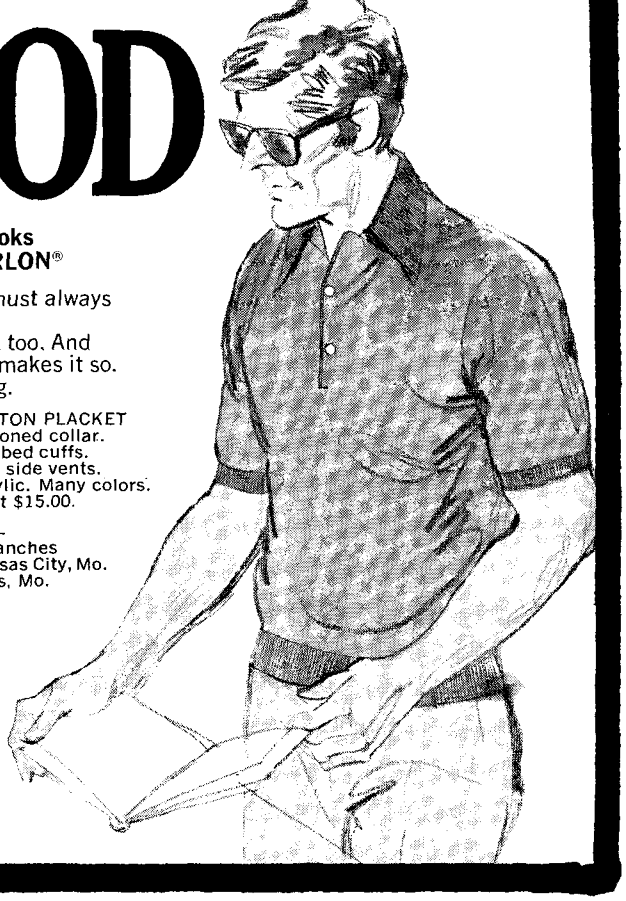
HAIG & HAIG PINCH. 12 YEARS OLD


Pinch
BY HAIG & HAIG
Old Blended
Scotch Whisky
4/5 QUART
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
This whisky is 12 years old

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

I looked forward to the chance of judging her in a more international setting. She has already shown herself to be a formidable performer, capable of tackling the most difficult technical problems and capable of the most authoritative kind of interpretation. She started off well the other night. Couperin's "Les Roseaux" was done with exemplary style, and so was Bach's "French Suite" in E Major, No. 6. In both these items, Miss de Larrocha captured uncannily the feeling of the harpsichord, the instrument for which they were presumably written. The subtle and technically demanding use of flowing staccatos that she brought to the courante and bourrée of the Bach suite was evocative of the harpsichord, and was also a tour de force for a pianist. Poulenc's "Suite Française, *d'après* Claude Gervaise" (which is also to a certain extent *d'après* Igor Stravinsky), was done with style and admirable attention to color. But in its last movement, "Carillon," Miss de Larrocha began pounding in a manner that I have not found to be typical of her. She is a small but muscular woman, capable of large, rich-sounding fortissimos. Her sound this time was anything but rich. And, for some reason, almost the whole remainder of her program was done in a fairly slapdash manner. This remainder included Mendelssohn's Caprice, Opus 33; Ginastera's early Sonata (1952); Grieg's Sonata in E Minor, Opus 7; and the Andante Spianato et Grande Polonaise, Opus 22, of Chopin. As a whole, the program was interesting and unusual. The Grieg sonata is not first-rate Grieg, but it has its points. The Ginastera sonata is fascinating because it shows a Ginastera more lyric than but just as eclectic as the one we have recently heard in his operas. The Chopin polonaise was done with great bravura, and since it is a bravura piece it ended the concert on a note of brilliance that made up for some of the less than brilliant pianism that had preceded it.

A WEEK ago Sunday afternoon, I got around to something I should have done before; I went to hear the Symphony of the New World, the country's only really integrated orchestra. About a third of its personnel is black, and it constitutes a much needed forum for black symphonic musicians. The concert took place in Philharmonic Hall. The orchestra is a good one, with fully professional standards. The only fault I could find with it was that a lack of unanimity in in-



IZOD

...for good looks
in carefree ORLON®

You know you must always
look good.
Izod knows this too. And
their knit shirt makes it so.
Be good looking.

THE THREE-BUTTON PLACKET
SHIRT. Full-fashioned collar.
Short sleeves, ribbed cuffs.
Hemmed bottom, side vents.
100% Orlon* acrylic. Many colors.
S, M, L, XL. About $15.00.

B. Altman & Co. –
New York and branches
Jack Henry – Kansas City, Mo.
Boyd's – St. Louis, Mo.

IZOD LTD
498 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.

*DuPont Reg. T.M.

Drop the hint.

Surely someone's looking for the perfect gift for you. Suggest our portable 8-track stereo because it can be taken so many ways. To a picnic, a party—wherever the heart desires.

Outdoors, it plays on batteries. (Even car or boat batteries with the optional, extra adapter.) Indoors, house current takes over. Just insert the cartridge for a beautiful experience in Stereo.

Ask for this portable 8-track stereo and our other tape models at your RCA dealer. You might even find something nice for someone else.

Space contributed as a public service by this magazine.

"...an inspiring example of the volunteer's role..."

says President Richard M. Nixon about plans of United Funds to boost total giving this year to better serve problem areas. His endorsement follows:

"It cannot be said too often that a large measure of the strength of this nation lies in the spirit of its people working in common purpose for a common cause.... A common cause to which we have traditionally responded is the annual campaign of the United Community Funds. ...This year, the Funds... have substantially augmented the goal of their local campaigns throughout the country.

"I am pleased to endorse that goal. For I have confidence in our capacity to meet the challenge of human service, and in the success of our voluntary way of getting things done .... And the United Community Funds...provide an inspiring example of the volunteer's role in our daily lives.

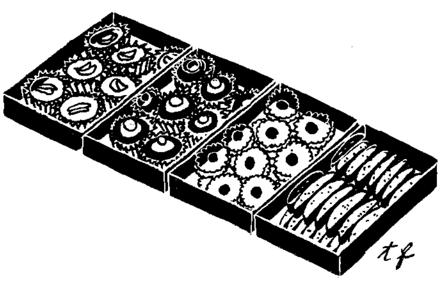
"I urge all Americans to join in this worthy effort by generously supporting their local campaign."

President Nixon shown with representatives of various United Way member agencies.

28.4 million families benefit from child care, family service, youth guidance, health programs, disaster relief and services for the Armed Forces through 31,500 United Way agencies.

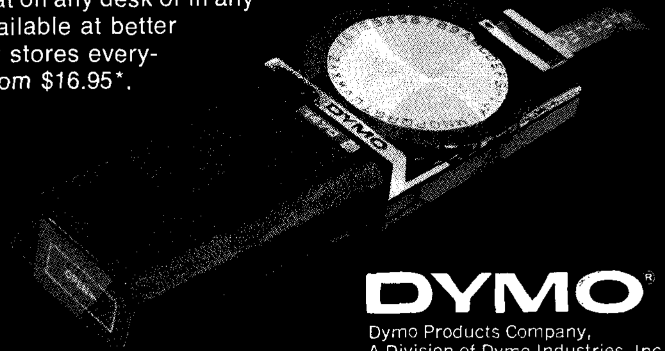
tonation deprived its cello section of the clarity of tone it might have had. The program started with something called "Markings," by the black composer Ulysses Kay—a symphonic poem, I suppose you would call it, dedicated to the memory of the late Dag Hammarskjöld. This proved to be a highly skillful composition, most of it in twelve-tone technique, but expressive despite this fact, and coming to a convulsive climax of emotion in its adagio movement. I must set down Mr. Kay as another composer who uses atonality with taste and some sense of communication.

Then came Beethoven's Triple Concerto for Violin, Cello, Piano, and Orchestra, with Harry Glickman, the orchestra's concertmaster; Kermit Moore, its first cellist; and Alan Booth, its official pianist, in the solo parts. This triple concerto has always been an unequal struggle. In it, Beethoven has written showy and exposed parts for all three solo instruments. But while the violin and piano parts are showy, they are not particularly difficult. The cello part, on the other hand, is extremely difficult, mainly because Beethoven wrote it as if he were writing for the violin, making unlimited calls on the performer's agility and on his accuracy in hitting high notes. There are not so very many cellists around who can play this part with total control and perfect intonation. Mr. Moore was out of tune several times in the high passages, and his tone in some of the lower ones was either scratchy or almost inaudible. The poor tone quality may have been the fault of his instrument, but the lapses in intonation were not. The concert wound up with Brahms' First Symphony. The conductor of the afternoon was also black. He was the thirty-four-year-old Paul Freeman, associate conductor of the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, who was making his New York début. He turned out to be a first-rate maestro and the orchestra was exceedingly responsive to him. The Brahms symphony is hardly a test of the man with the baton. But Mr. Kay's "Markings" demands all the ingenuity, taste, and flair of a mature maestro, and I am



This Christmas, let your man make a name for himself.

Give him our new Slimline Tapewriter.® It makes labels. Crisp, easy-to-read, raised white letters on colorful plastic tape. Labels for everything. To help him personalize, organize, identify, communicate. Distinctively handsome, Slimline looks great on any desk or in any home. Available at better stationery stores everywhere. From $16.95*.

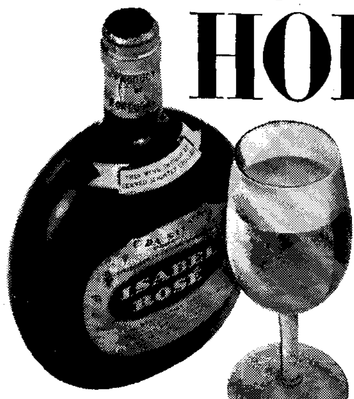


DYMO®

Dymo Products Company,
A Division of Dymo Industries, Inc.
Berkeley, California 94701

*Suggested list.

ISABEL IS THE "IN" ROSÉ FOR THE HOLIDAYS



Make your holiday gatherings unforgettable. Introduce your friends to a new friend—versatile, never-too-dry, never-too-sweet Isabel Rosé Wine, a real swinger from Portugal—the life of the party.

A wine of distinction by C. Da Silva, Oporto

1.99 the fifth
(N.Y. State price)

Imported by Charles Morgenstern Co., Inc., Freeport, N.Y.

For the Adventurous

OLYMPUS
OUZO
100 proof

The cool tantalizing
before-dinner aperitif from
the ancient Greek island of Cyprus
With dinner, select the appropriate
VENUS table wine—dry or semi-
dry white, dry red or rose.
As a final touch, try
OLYMPUS Grand Commandaria—
"The Taste of Ten Centuries"—
or Alexander 7-Star-10 year old
Brandy (80 proof), smoothest brandy
in the ancient or modern world
For classical perfection with
the NOW impact Serve OLYMPUS

These products
produced and bottled by
Crist, Haggipavlu & Sons Ltd. Est. 1844
Limassol, Cyprus
Sole U.S.A. Importer
Intercontinental Commerce, Inc.,
Washington, D.C.

Steaks renowned
'round the world
. . . the choice of
discerning gourmets

Bruno's
Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

Siambelli
50th
RISTORANTE ULTIMO
GOURMET ITALIAN CUISINE
Banquet Facilities
Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner
46 EAST 50th STREET
MU 8-2760
Diner's Club
American Express

happy to say that Mr. Freeman fulfilled all these demands.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

All the King's Boys

THE Choir of King's College, Cambridge, is, I have always thought, the best choir in Christendom, and any of its records would make a good Christmas present. Its two most recent records came out last summer. One is a performance of the Fauré Requiem (Seraphim S 60096), and the other is a performance of Ralph Vaughan Williams' Mass in G Minor (Angel S 36590). Both are extraordinary and exquisite, like all the music the choir makes. There are sixteen boys and fourteen young men in the choir, and their thirty voices are clear, pure, strong, unashamed, and unafraid. Angelic? Elfin? No, they are not unearthly, though they are unworldly. They remind me of men before the Fall. Their choirmaster, whose achievement their music is, is a Fellow of King's College named David Willcocks, and he is the conductor of the performances on both records. The Vaughan Williams Mass was written in 1921, and it is sung a cappella. It is not quite folk song and not quite plainsong but something in between, and this is because it is not altogether either English music or Catholic music—it is Anglo-Catholic music. Anglo-Catholic music is an acquired taste. So is Fauré, or so we are always told. The Requiem is not performed often, even in France. Fauré wrote it to commemorate the death of his father, and it is, I think, a work filled with love and mourning, and would move anyone given the chance to hear it. There are two soloists in the Requiem, a baritone and a soprano, and in the new recording they are both choristers—John Carol Case and Robert Chilcott. Chilcott sings the "Pie Jesu," and he sings it so softly that you sit on the edge of your chair to hear, and so beautifully that you hold your breath for fear of disturbing him.

TWO splendid new recordings of precisely the same thing have just come out: the complete harpsichord concertos of Bach. Well, almost precisely the same thing. Each album—one is from Telefunken (SCA 25022-T/1-5), the other from the Musical Heritage Society (MHS 1024/1028)—consists of fourteen concertos, but the two albums have only thirteen concertos in common. The thirteen are,

The future President of his country is open to suggestions.

Your $6.00 contribution to Freedom House/Books USA places a packet of ten books into the hands — and mind — of a young leader-to-be in one of the developing nations. He chooses the books himself, from a list of 120 major American works in history, science, biography, and literature. And he knows and appreciates that they're a person-to-person gift from an individual American.

Help us inspire young leaders to develop their nations in freedom. Make a $6.00 investment in peace.

Make checks payable to FREEDOM HOUSE/ BOOKS USA, 20 W. 40th St., New York 10018. Contributions are tax deductible.

Freedom House Books USA

A mug of ale,
a mutton chop, and
a churchwarden pipe.
No, you're not in
London...you're at

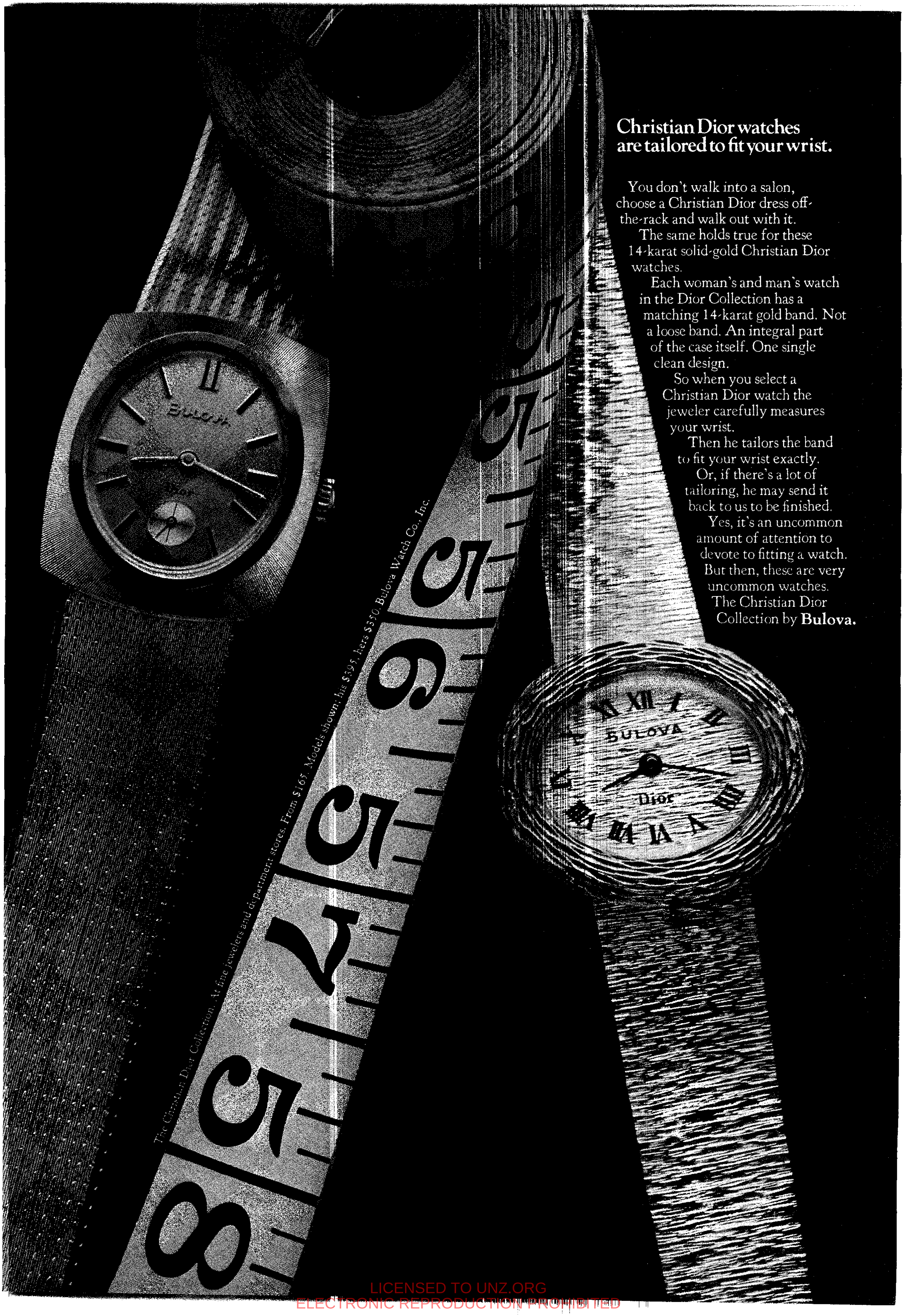
Keen's
English Chop House.
72 W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Free Dinner Parking

Takeda's JAPAN ROOM
Sukiyaki Cooked at Table
Tatami Room
Lunch Cocktails Dinner
58 West 56 Street JU 2-6153

When brand names compete,
products get better.

CONFIDENCE
BRAND
NAMES
SATISFACTION
Ever notice?

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION INC.



Christian Dior watches are tailored to fit your wrist.

You don't walk into a salon, choose a Christian Dior dress off-the-rack and walk out with it.

The same holds true for these 14-karat solid-gold Christian Dior watches.

Each woman's and man's watch in the Dior Collection has a matching 14-karat gold band. Not a loose band. An integral part of the case itself. One single clean design.

So when you select a Christian Dior watch the jeweler carefully measures your wrist.

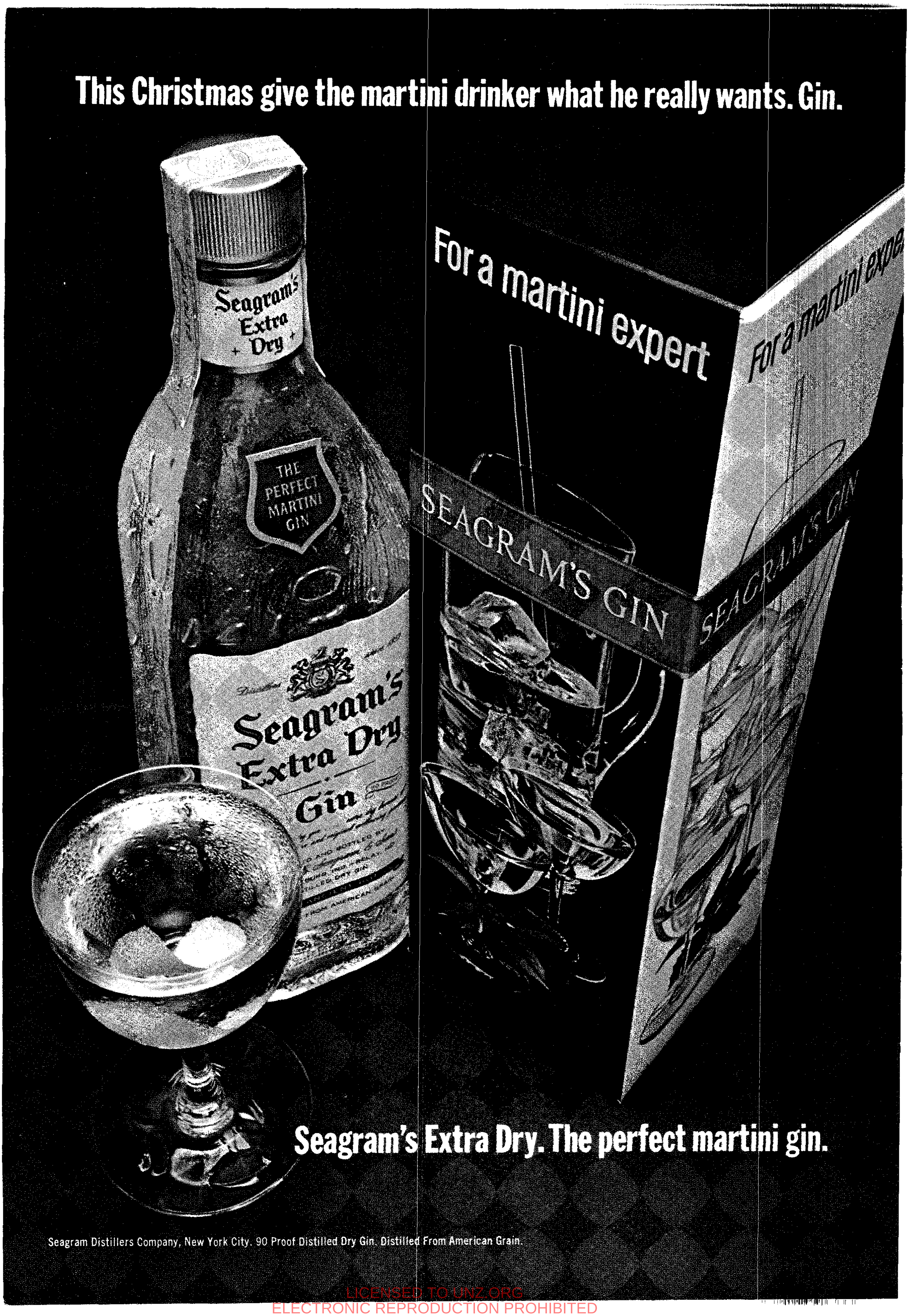
Then he tailors the band to fit your wrist exactly.

Or, if there's a lot of tailoring, he may send it back to us to be finished.

Yes, it's an uncommon amount of attention to devote to fitting a watch. But then, these are very uncommon watches.

The Christian Dior Collection by **Bulova.**

The Christian Dior Collection. At fine jewelers and department stores. From $165. Models shown: his $395, hers $350. Bulova Watch Co., Inc.


This Christmas give the martini drinker what he really wants. Gin.
Seagram's Extra Dry
THE PERFECT MARTINI GIN
Seagram's Extra Dry Gin
For a martini expert
SEAGRAM'S GIN
Seagram's Extra Dry. The perfect martini gin.

Seagram Distillers Company, New York City. 90 Proof Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled From American Grain.

briefly, six concertos for harpsichord and orchestra, three concertos for two harpsichords and orchestra, two concertos for three harpsichords and orchestra, one concerto for four harpsichords and orchestra, and a triple concerto for harpsichord, two recorders, and orchestra. The fourteenth concerto in the M.H.S. album is a concerto for harpsichord, flute, violin, and orchestra, and the fourteenth concerto in the Telefunken album is a concerto for harpsichord and orchestra that Bach meant to write but never got around to more than nine measures of. Each of the two albums contains five records, and the performances—by the Leonhardt Consort for Telefunken and by the Jean-François Paillard Chamber Orchestra for M.H.S.—are of equal excellence. There is really no way to choose between them on musical grounds, so I will move on to a discussion of prices and packaging. The M.H.S. album costs $10, and comes in a plain white box with a four-page leaflet. The Telefunken album is sumptuous—quite the best-looking record album I have ever seen—and it costs $29.75. It includes a sixteen-page booklet in English and German and an eight-page booklet in German, and it comes in a green box and a wrapper with a reproduction of a painting of Baroque court musicians on the front. Three stars to each album, and five spoons-and-forks to Telefunken.

A YOUNG American soprano named Nancy Tatum has made a record of seventeen American songs (London OS 26053), which is what I call a handsome gesture, under the circumstances. These days, Miss Tatum is a leading singer at the opera houses of Berlin, Paris, and Milan, and is in great demand all over Europe, but before she went there she lived in New York for six years, and for six years was unable to obtain work. She has a very good voice. As a girl, before she was trained for opera, she sang church solos, and her voice blends the two traditions: it is dramatic and reverent. Just right, in fact, for a recital of American songs. The songs she sings on this record are by MacDowell, Copland, Barber, Charles Tomlinson Griffes, and some others; there are two by Virgil Thomson and one by Kathleen Lockhart Manning. I particularly liked one of the Thomson songs, a charming and happy thing called "Let's Take a Walk," which is a setting of a poem by Kenneth Koch. Mrs. Manning lived from 1890 to 1951, mostly in Hollywood, and wrote two operas, "Mr.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

Special Christmas Rates

$10.00 for the first one year subscription (your own or gift)

$7.00 for each additional one year subscription

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $1.00;
Other Foreign $3.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

Wu" and "For the Soul of Rafael." Miss Tatum sings a nice song of hers called "Shoes," pretty and old-fashioned—as American as apple pie or not recognizing sopranos.

THE November Schwann Catalogue lists twenty-two recordings of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in B Flat Minor, Opus 23. Columbia has now issued a twenty-third, with Gary Graffman as the soloist, accompanied by the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell (MS 7339), and I, for one, couldn't be more pleased. This old war-horse has been given the spirit of a yearling and the conformation of a triple-crown winner. Graffman clocks in at 19:47, 7:08, and 6:48, for a total running time of— But that is enough of that. I would not have believed that I could be made to hear anything new in the Tchaikovsky First, but the Messrs. Graffman and Szell bring out passages that I was stupid enough to think Tchaikovsky not capable of writing. This is a very musical performance, and at the same time it is a fine, noisy performance. Graffman plays with dash and with delicacy, and the Cleveland Orchestra plays as well as it has to to please Mr. Szell, which means that it is letter-perfect and spirit-stirring.

—ANTHONY HISS

•

CHATTING ABOUT LADY'S DRESS SYSTEM
by Moon-hsia

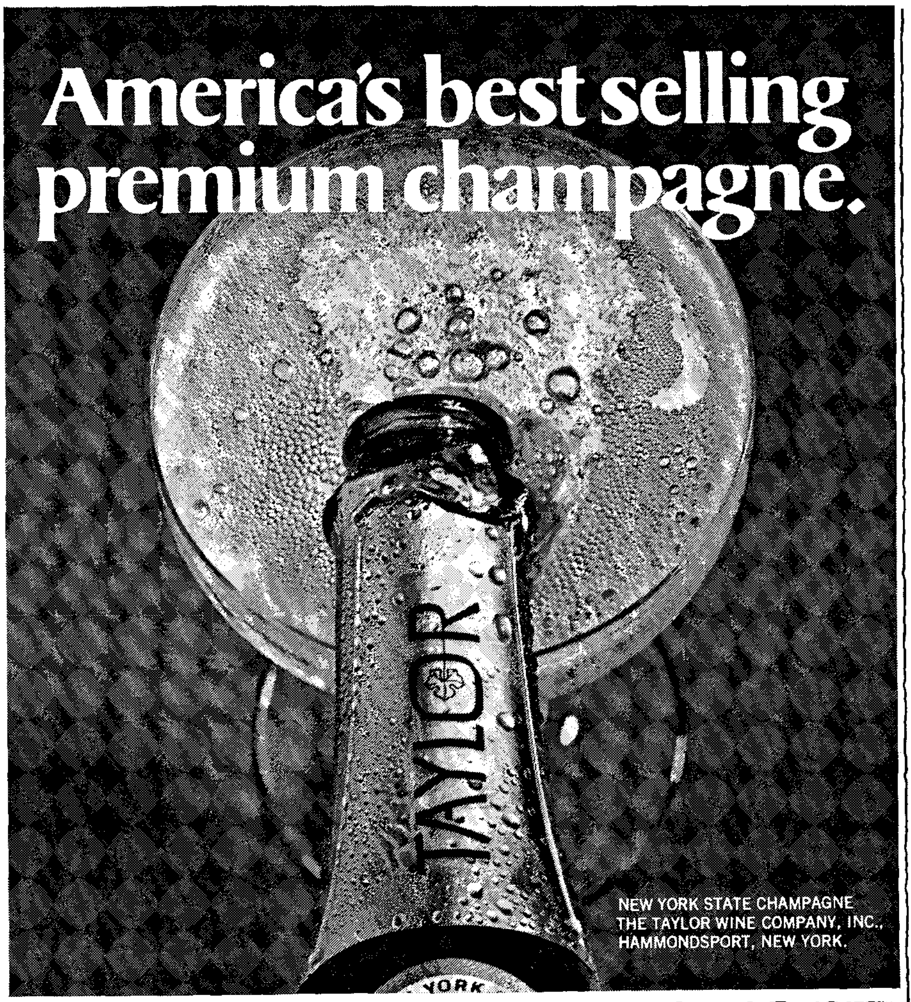
While walking along the street and road of Bangkok, I saw usually the different peoples from the various nation. They wore very distinct differences of dress besides their skins that I found. ... Since the fashion of mini propagated upon whole world, the capital of Thai was also seen wearing by girls wandering along the streets. Their tendency from higher than knees to approach the thigh. If the lass wearing upon it, we don't think of too much ridiculous. However, if the lady's flesh of the thigh twinkling and dangling before human sight, there will be sexual expression. The place of tropical like Thailand, the titbits of sex were thus increased very fast.—*From a book published for the ladies'-tailor trade in Taipei.*

Twinkle, twinkle, little thigh,
In the capital of Thai.

•

Then there's Janie Coffee, who seems to be an exception....
She manages Courtney, 3 months, and Todd, 5, and the family dog, Sanka, does the cooking and cleaning in addition to entertaining at their home at 13650 Spring Grove.—*Dallas Times Herald.*

His salads are on the hairy side, but he's a wonderful host.


America's best selling premium champagne.

NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
THE TAYLOR WINE COMPANY, INC.,
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

"A Christmas present for the discriminating." —*Publishers' Weekly*

"Two beautiful volumes, spirited illustrations by Jacob Landau, the entire work an admirable enterprise."—*New York Review of Books.* "A delightful publication ... as the editors remind us, 'Hoffman must be read.'"—*Saturday Review.*

SELECTED WRITINGS OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN edited by Leonard J. Kent and Elizabeth C. Knight

Slipcased. $17.50. From January 1, 1970, $20.00

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre. After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Get all that Florida has to offer at the Lido Biltmore

The exclusive Lido Biltmore offers you—private beach, tennis, fishing, shuffleboard, 18-hole golf course...evening get-togethers, parties...luxurious accommodations, superb cuisine, service and hospitality—the best of Florida! Come to the Lido Biltmore.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see travel agent, or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, New York, N.Y. 10020. Telephone: LT 1-3462.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

Present at the Creation, by Dean Acheson (Norton). President Truman's last Secretary of State, who until 1964 was determined never to give a personal accounting of his years in the Department, changed his mind, and has produced a work of extraordinary historical value. However, although it is written with great precision and a good deal of wit, reading it is a hard test of endurance. No principle of selectivity has been employed. Events that now seem of marginal importance are treated in the same exhaustive, and at times exhausting, detail as those that, in retrospect, seem crucial. It is, quite simply, a record of *everything* in which Mr. Acheson found himself involved between 1941 and 1953, and because of this the book will have fewer readers than buyers. But for those willing to undertake the labor the rewards will be large. Considering the fact that the author is and always has been a man of strong opinions and has seldom seen any need to reconsider them, this is a book of remarkable objectivity. There is scarcely a self-serving line in it, and very little preaching—though, to be sure, everything he writes rests on the assumption that American foreign policy in the period with which he deals invariably served the national interest and was expressive of an at least adequate morality. Those who think otherwise may deplore this underlying conviction, but if they wish to make a responsible case against it, they will have to consider this long and most impressive account of what occurred before things went so demonstrably wrong. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

Mencken, by Carl Bode (Southern Illinois). This biography of H. L. Mencken, by a professor at the University of Maryland, is very full on the Baltimore side of his life—the family home on Hollins Street, in which he lived most of his life; his attendance at the Saturday Night Club, where he played his favorite Brahms and Beethoven and drank a good deal of beer; and his years on the Baltimore newspapers, with which, from 1899, he maintained a lifelong connection as reporter, editor, columnist, and adviser. In spite of his ridicule of academic scholars, he seems always to have had some sense of deficiency because of not having gone to college, but his training in newspaper work, by its pressure to produce day-by-day opinions, probably had the effect of blunting his sense of consistency and accurately drawn distinctions, and was undoubtedly more effective in developing a language both colloquial and literary and a forthright dynamic style than a college degree would have been. The book has much new information on Mencken's friendships and love affairs. It is a pity that it is mostly written in a prose of clichés—with which Mencken himself would undoubtedly have become impatient—diversified here and there by an attempt to imitate his pungent colloquialism, which does not go with the flatness of the rest. This is, however, one supposes, the best it will be possible to get until Mencken's diary and other papers, in the two restricted lots in the New York Public Library and the Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore, are made available—which, according to his stipulations, will not occur until 1971 and 1981, respectively. There are also, Mr. Bode tells us, long manuscripts entitled "Thirty-five Years of Newspaper Work" and "My Life as Author and Editor," which will not be available until 1991. Ten dollars.

Harvard: Through Change and Through Storm, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Norton). A cheerful anatomy-*cum*-history of the first American college, in which Mr. Kahn does not necessarily confine himself to the chronological meaning of that adjective. He opens with an account of the events of April, 1969, when what had happened at Berkeley and Columbia and San Francisco State, and what, it was felt, could not happen at Harvard, happened. That unpleasantness out of the way, he goes on to explore what must be practically every aspect of Harvard life, from the inner workings of the Dean's Office and the history of Harvard-

HARPER NOVELS OF SUSPENSE

ANDERS BODELSEN
Think of a Number
A Danish bank clerk *thinks* he has committed the perfect crime. "A fine suspense tale." — *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $4.95

ARTHUR MALING
Decoy
A bewildered fugitive turns pursuer in this "zestful diversion." — *N. Y. Times.* "A nice attention gripper." — *Saturday Review.* $4.95

MYRICK LAND
Quicksand
The New York magazine world supplies the feverish setting for "a truly breathless thriller . . ." — *The New Yorker.* $4.95

J. J. MARRIC
Gideon's Power
In this brand-new, better-than-ever Gideon, the Commander grapples with everything from power failures to child murder. $4.95

LEONARD GREENBAUM
Out of Shape
Crime on a Michigan campus. "One of the half-dozen most interesting books I have read this year." — Malcolm Boyd. $5.95

DICK FRANCIS
Three to Show
In one big volume, three winners — Dead Cert, Nerve and Odds Against — by "a magnificent suspense novelist." — *N. Y. Times.* $8.95

E. RICHARD JOHNSON
The Inside Man
The new thriller by the author of the Edgar-winning *Silver Street* is "crisp, enjoyable."—Allen J. Hubin, *N. Y. Times Book Review.* $4.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

HARPER NOVELS OF SUSPENSE

Part of you is riding with him.

If you're the kind of person who gets a kick out of watching Americans compete in international athletic contests, we have a worthy cause for you.

If you're the kind of person who feels proud when an American athlete brings home a medal, we have a worthy cause for you.

The United States Ski Team.

They represent Uncle Sam all over the world. But Uncle Sam doesn't foot the bill. Everytime they win, America wins. And everytime they lose, America loses. But Uncle Sam doesn't foot the bill. That's why The United States Ski Team has got to come to you.

Please help equip the team that represents you. Help train the team that represents you. Help the boys and girls win, who win for you. Please send a contribution to: The United States Ski Team, 1726 Champa St., Denver, Colo.

Help equip the U.S. Ski Team
Help train the U.S. Ski Team
Help the U.S. Ski Team

US
SA

Ask about a membership in the United States Ski Association.

Radcliffe relations to the reason that horsemeat steak, although never called for, is still on the menu at the Faculty Club. Mr. Kahn has an eye for choice trivia and minutiae, and Harvard is a mother lode of such stuff. His book is more than a collection of anecdotes and impressions, however; he has managed to put together a very satisfactory informal portrait of a whole university.

THE PRINCE OF PLEASURE AND HIS REGENCY 1811-20, by J. B. Priestley (Harper & Row). An illustrated popular history of the age in which the future George IV ruled England during his father's madness—an age characterized, on the one hand, by Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, and the rest, and, on the other, by the Oriental excesses of the Brighton Pavilion and, after George III's death, by the farce of Queen Caroline's trial for adultery. Mr. Priestley sets it all down engagingly, although his own opinions are somewhat too obtrusive: He presents Byron and Shelley as victims rather than victimizers in their relations with women, and, of the story that Lady Caroline Lamb was served up in the buff at a dinner party, protests, "Most men, myself included, would rather have a genuine pie on the dinner table than a naked girl." Sumptuous illustrations, many in color. Fifteen dollars.

NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS, by Lorus and Margery Milne (Prentice-Hall). Mr. and Mrs. Milne, both well-regarded natural historians, are here privileged to provide the descriptive text for a collection of ornithological paintings by Marie Nonnast Bohlen. Their art is overwhelmed by hers. Mrs. Bohlen paints in the active, occasionally narrative manner of Audubon. That is to say, her birds are seen in their natural setting, in a natural stance, in a natural occupation. The collection—splendidly reproduced in true color—numbers three hundred and fourteen species (or roughly half the species still extant in the continental United States and Canada), and it is stunning. Twenty-five dollars.

•

Porsche '59 Super Cab. $1695 Fully equipt. Xlnt cond. Must sell to apprec.
MILLER IMPORTS
—*Los Angeles Times*.

That's true of a lot of things.

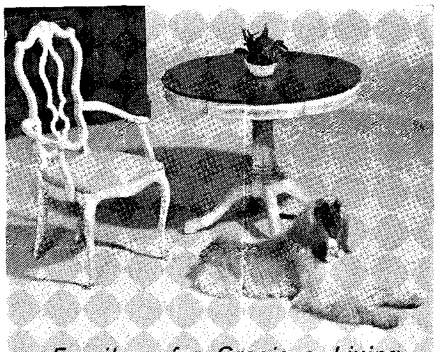
◆◆

CHANDLER'S
240W52NDST
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

Now there are two prime steak houses. Choose between Chandler's East and the exciting, new Chandler's West in the heart of the theatre district . . . both serve the same superlative steaks, chops, roast beef, luscious live trout and lobsters . . . seven days a week at the conventional hours and after-theatre, too. Reservations:

CHANDLER'S WEST 240 W 52nd St 581-4772
CHANDLER'S EAST 49 E 49th St 751-1960

◆◆



Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at 964 Third Ave., New York City. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 75¢ to Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-69.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF

CUTTY SARK
SCOTCH WHISKY
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD LONDON
Distilled and Bottled in Scotland under British Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
3 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Home for Christmas

*...a tradition with a special
meaning for the storm-tossed,
sea-weary men of the CUTTY SARK.
And today, by tradition,
more Americans welcome
the Christmas Season with
Cutty Sark than with
any other Scotch.
Make it a Cutty Christmas.
You'll be in the best of company.*

**Give No.1
Give the best
Give Cutty**

ILLUSTRATION: VINCENT ZENONE, 1966: ADAPTED FROM "LA FAMILLE," MARIE LAURENCIN, 1908

Universally Recognized Buyers & Builders of Great Stamp Collections
RAYMOND H. WEILL CO. • Roger G. Weill • Raymond H. Weill • 407 Royal Street, New Orleans